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THE BLIND SCHOLAR AND HIS DAUGHTER.

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Romola.

PROEM.

MORE than three centuries and a half ago, in the mid spring-time of 1492, we are sure that the star-quenching angel of the dawn, as he travelled with broad slow wing from the Levant to the Pillars of Hercules, and from the summits of the Caucasus across all the snowy Alpine ridges to the dark nakedness of the western isles, saw nearly the same outline of firm land and unstable sea—saw the same great mountain shadows on the same valleys as he has seen to-day—saw olive mounts, and pine forests, and the broad plains, green with young corn or rain-freshened grass—saw the domes and spires of cities rising by the river sides or mingled with the sedge-like masts on the many-curved sea coast, in the same spots where they rise to-day. And as the faint light of his course pierced into the dwellings of men, it fell, as now, on the rosy warmth of nestling children; on the haggard waking of sorrow and sickness; on the hasty uprising of the hard-handed labourer; and on the late sleep of the night-student, who had been questioning the stars or the sages, or his own soul, for that hidden knowledge which would break through the barrier of man's brief life, and show its dark path, that seemed to bend no whither, to be an arc in an immeasurable circle of light and glory. The great river courses which have shaped the lives of men have hardly changed; and those other streams, the life-currents that ebb and flow in human hearts, pulsate to the same great needs, the same great loves and terrors. As our thought follows close in the slow wake of the dawn, we are impressed with the broad sameness of the human lot, which never alters in the main headings of its history—hunger and labour, seed-time and harvest, love and death.

Even if, instead of following the dim daybreak, our imagination pauses on a certain historical spot, and awaits the fuller morning, we may see a world-famous city, which has hardly changed its outline since the days of Columbus, seeming to stand as an almost unviolated symbol, amidst the flux of human things, to remind us that we still resemble the men of the past more than we differ from them, as the great mechanical principles on which those domes and towers were raised must make a likeness in human building that will be broader and deeper than all possible change. And doubtless, if the spirit of a Florentine citizen, whose eyes were closed for the last time while Columbus was still waiting and arguing for the three poor vessels with which he was to set sail from the port of Palos, could return from the shades, and pause where our thought is pausing, he would believe that there must still be fellowship and understanding for him among the inheritors of his birth-place.

Let us suppose that such a Shade has been permitted to revisit the glimpses of the golden morning, and is standing once more on the famous hill of San Miniato, which overlooks Florence from the south.

The Spirit is clothed in his habit as he lived: the folds of his well-lined black silk garment or *lucco* hang in grave unbroken lines from neck to ankle; his plain cloth cap, with its *becchetto*, or long hanging strip of drapery, to serve as a scarf in case of need, surmounts a penetrating face, not, perhaps, very handsome, but with a firm, well-cut mouth, kept distinctly human by a close-shaven lip and chin. It is a face charged with memories of a keen and various life passed below there on the banks of the gleaming river; and as he looks at the scene before him, the sense of familiarity is so much stronger than the perception of change, that he thinks it might be possible to descend once more amongst the streets, and take up that busy life where he left it. For it is not only the mountains and the westward-bending river that he recognizes; not only the dark sides of Mount Morello opposite to him, and the long valley of the Arno that seems to stretch its gray low-tufted luxuriance to the far-off ridges of Carrara; and the steep height of Fiesole, with its crown of monastic walls and cypresses; and all the green and gray slopes sprinkled with villas which he can name as he looks at them. He sees other familiar objects much closer to his daily walks. For though he misses the seventy or more towers that once surmounted the walls, and encircled the city as with a regal diadem, his eyes will not dwell on that blank; they are drawn irresistibly to the unique tower springing, like a tall flower-stem drawn towards the sun, from the square turreted mass of the Old Palace in the very heart of the city—the tower that looks none the worse for the four centuries that have passed since he used to walk under it. The great dome, too, greatest in the world, which, in his early boyhood, had been only a daring thought in the mind of a small quick-eyed man—there it raises its large curves still, eclipsing the hills. And the

well-known bell-towers—Giotto's, with its distant hint of rich colour, and the graceful spired Badia, and the rest—he looked at them all from the shoulder of his nurse.

"Surely," he thinks, "Florence can still ring her bells with the solemn hammer-sound that used to beat on the hearts of her citizens and strike out the fire there. And here, on the right, stands the long dark mass of Santa Croce, where we buried our famous dead, laying the laurel on their cold brows and fanning them with the breath of praise and of banners. But Santa Croce had no spire then: we Florentines were too full of great building projects to carry them all out in stone and marble; we had our frescoes and our shrines to pay for, not to speak of rapacious condottieri, bribed royalty, and purchased territories, and our façades and spires must needs wait. But what architect can the Frati Minori* have employed to build that spire for them? If it had been built in my day, Filippo Brunelleschi or Michelozzo would have devised something of another fashion than that—something worthy to crown the church of Arnolfo."

At this the Spirit, with a sigh, lets his eyes travel on to the city walls, and now he dwells on the change there with wonder at these modern times. Why have five out of the eleven convenient gates been closed? And why, above all, should the towers have been levelled that were once a glory and defence? Is the world become so peaceful, then, and do Florentines dwell in such harmony, that there are no longer conspiracies to bring ambitious exiles home again with armed bands at their back? These are difficult questions: it is easier and pleasanter to recognize the old than to account for the new. And there flows Arno, with its bridges just where they used to be—the Ponte Vecchio, least like other bridges in the world, laden with the same quaint shops, where our Spirit remembers lingering a little, on his way, perhaps, to look at the progress of that great palace which Messer Luca Pitti had set a-building with huge stones got from the Hill of Bogoli† close behind, or, perhaps, to transact a little business with the cloth-dressers in Oltrarno. The exorbitant line of the Pitti roof is hidden from San Miniato; but the yearning of the old Florentine is not to see Messer Luca's too ambitious palace which he built unto himself; it is to be down among those narrow streets and busy humming Piazze where he inherited the eager life of his fathers. Is not the anxious voting with black and white beans still going on down there? Who are the *Priori* in these months, eating soberly-regulated official dinners in the Palazzo Vecchio, with removes of tripe and boiled partridges, seasoned by practical jokes against the ill-fated butt among those potent signors? Are not the significant banners still hung from

* The Franciscans.

† Now Boboli.

the windows—still distributed with decent pomp under Orcagna's Loggia every two months?

Life had its zest for the old Florentine when he, too, trod the marble steps and shared in those dignities. His politics had an area as wide as his trade, which stretched from Syria to Britain, but they had also the passionate intensity, and the detailed practical interest, which could belong only to a narrow scene of corporate action; only to the members of a community shut in close by the hills and by walls of six miles' circuit, where men knew each other as they passed in the street, set their eyes every day on the memorials of their commonwealth, and were conscious of having not only the right to vote, but the chance of being voted for. He loved his honours and his gains, the business of his counting-house, of his guild, of the public council-chamber; he loved his enmities, too, and fingered the white bean which was to keep a hated name out of the *borsa* with more complacency than if it had been a golden florin. He loved to strengthen his family by a good alliance, and went home with a triumphant light in his eyes after concluding a satisfactory *parentado*, or marriage for his son or daughter, under his favourite loggia in the evening cool; he loved his game at chess under that same loggia, and his biting jest, and even his coarse joke, as not beneath the dignity of a man eligible for the highest magistracy. He had gained an insight into all sorts of affairs at home and abroad: he had been of the "Ten" who managed the war department, of the "Eight" who attended to home discipline, of the *Priori* or *Signori* who were the heads of the executive government; he had even risen to the supreme office of *Gonfaloniere*; he had made one in embassies to the Pope and to the Venetians; and he had been commissary to the hired army of the Republic, directing the inglorious bloodless battles in which no man died of brave breast wounds—*virtuosi colpi*—but only of casual falls and trappings. And in this way he had learned to distrust men without bitterness; looking on life mainly as a game of skill, but not dead to traditions of heroism and clean-handed honour. For the human soul is hospitable, and will entertain conflicting sentiments and contradictory opinions with much impartiality. It was his pride, besides, that he was duly tinctured with the learning of his age, and judged not altogether with the vulgar, but in harmony with the ancients: he, too, in his prime, had been eager for the most correct manuscripts, and had paid many florins for antique vases and for disinterred busts of the ancient immortals—some, perhaps, *truncis naribus*, wanting as to the nose, but not the less authentic; and in his old age he had made haste to look at the early sheets of that fine Homer which was among the early glories of the Florentine press. But he had not, for all that, neglected to hang up a waxen image or double of himself under the protection of the Madonna Annunziata, or to do penance for his sins in

large gifts to the shrines of saints whose lives had not been modelled on the study of the classics; he had not even neglected making liberal bequests towards buildings for the *Frati*, against whom he had levelled many a jest.

For the Unseen Powers were mighty. Who knew—who was sure—that there was any name given to them behind which there was no angry force to be appeased, no intercessory pity to be won? Were not gems medicinal, though they only pressed the finger? Were not all things charged with occult virtues? Lucretius might be right—he was an ancient and a great poet; Luigi Pulci, too, who was suspected of not believing anything from the roof upward (*dal tetto in su*), had very much the air of being right over the supper-table, when the wine and *riboboli* were circulating fast, though he was only a poet in the vulgar tongue. There were even learned personages who maintained that Aristotle, wisest of men (unless, indeed, Plato were wiser?), was a thoroughly irreligious philosopher; and a liberal scholar must entertain all speculations. But the negatives might, after all, prove false; nay, seemed manifestly false, as the circling hours swept past him, and turned round with graver faces. For had not the world become Christian? Had he not been baptized in San Giovanni, where the dome is awful with the symbols of coming judgment, and where the altar bears a crucified Image disturbing to perfect complacency in oneself and the world? Our resuscitated Spirit was not a pagan philosopher, nor a philosophizing pagan poet, but a man of the fifteenth century, inheriting its strange web of belief and unbelief; of Epicurean levity and fetichistic dread; of pedantic impossible ethics uttered by rote, and crude passions acted out with childish impulsiveness; of inclination towards a self-indulgent paganism, and inevitable subjection to that human conscience which, in the unrest of a new growth, was filling the air with strange prophecies and presentiments.

He had smiled, perhaps, and shaken his head dubiously, as he heard simple folk talk of a Pope Angelico, who was to come by-and-by and bring in a new order of things, to purify the Church from simony, and the lives of the clergy from scandal—a state of affairs too different from what existed under Innocent the Eighth for a shrewd merchant and politician to regard the prospect as worthy of entering into his calculations. But he felt the evils of the time, nevertheless; for he was a man of public spirit, and public spirit can never be wholly immoral, since its essence is care for a common good. That very Quaresima, or Lent, of 1492, in which he died, still in his erect old age, he had listened in San Lorenzo, not without a mixture of satisfaction, to the preaching of a Dominican friar, who denounced with a rare boldness the worldliness and vicious habits of the clergy, and insisted on the duty of Christian men not

to live for their own ease when wrong was triumphing in high places, and not to spend their wealth in outward pomp even in the churches, when their fellow-citizens were suffering from want and sickness. The *Frate* carried his doctrine rather too far for elderly ears; yet it was a memorable thing to see a preacher move his audience to such a pitch that the women even took off their ornaments, and delivered them up to be sold for the benefit of the needy.

"He was a noteworthy man, that Prior of San Marco," thinks our Spirit; "somewhat arrogant and extreme, perhaps, especially in his denunciations of speedy vengeance. Ah, *Iddio non paga il Sabato* *—the wages of men's sins often linger in their payment, and I myself saw much established wickedness of long-standing prosperity. But a *Frate Predicatore* who wanted to move the people—how could he be moderate? He might have been a little less defiant and curt, though, to Lorenzo de' Medici, whose family had been the very makers of San Marco: was that quarrel ever made up? And our Lorenzo himself, with the dim outward eyes and the subtle inward vision, did he get over that illness at Careggi? It was but a sad, uneasy-looking face that he would carry out of the world which had given him so much, and there were strong suspicions that his handsome son would play the part of Rehoboam. How has it all turned out? Which party is likely to be banished and have its houses sacked just now? Is there any successor of the incomparable Lorenzo, to whom the great Turk is so gracious as to send over presents of rare animals, rare relics, rare manuscripts, or fugitive enemies, suited to the tastes of a Christian Magnifico who is at once lettered and devout—and also slightly vindictive? And what famous scholar is dictating the Latin letters of the Republic—what fiery philosopher is lecturing on Dante in the Duomo, and going home to write bitter invectives against the father and mother of the bad critic who may have found fault with his classical spelling? Are our wiser heads leaning towards alliance with the Pope and the *Regno*, † or are they rather inclining their ears to the orators of France and of Milan?

"There is knowledge of these things to be had in the streets below, on the beloved *Marmi* in front of the churches, and under the sheltering *Loggie*, where surely our citizens have still their gossips and debates, their bitter and merry jests as of old. For are not the well-remembered buildings all there? The changes have not been so great in those uncounted years. I will go down and hear—I will tread the familiar pavement, and hear once again the speech of Florentines."

* "God does not pay on a Saturday."

† The name given to Naples by way of distinction among the Italian States.

Go not down, good Spirit! for the changes are great, and the speech of Florentines would sound as a riddle in your ears. Or, if you go, mingle with no politicians on the Marmi, or elsewhere; ask no questions about trade in the Calimara; confuse yourself with no inquiries into scholarship, official or monastic. Only look at the sunlight and shadows on the grand walls that were built solidly, and have endured in their grandeur; look at the faces of the little children, making another sunlight amid the shadows of age; look, if you will, into the churches, and hear the same chants, see the same images as of old—the images of willing anguish for a great end, of beneficent love and ascending glory; see upturned living faces and lips moving to the old prayers for help. These things have not changed. The sunlight and shadows bring their old beauty and waken the old heart-strings at morning, noon, and even-tide; the little children are still the symbol of the eternal marriage between love and duty; and men still yearn for the reign of peace and righteousness—still own *that* life to be the highest, which is a conscious voluntary sacrifice. For the Pope Angelico is not come yet.



CHAPTER I.

THE SHIPWRECKED STRANGER.



HE Loggia de' Cerchi stood in the heart of old Florence, within a labyrinth of narrow streets behind the Badia, now rarely threaded by the stranger, unless in a dubious search for a certain severely-simple door-place, bearing this inscription :

QUI NACQUE IL DIVINO POETA.

To the ear of Dante, the same streets rang with the shout and clash of fierce battle between rival families; but in the fifteenth century, they were only noisy with the unhistorical quarrels and broad jests of wool-carders in the cloth-producing quarters of San Martino and Garbo.

Under this loggia, in the early morning of the 9th of April, 1492, two men had their eyes fixed on each other : one was stooping slightly, and looking downward with the scrutiny of curiosity; the other, lying on the pavement, was looking upward with the startled gaze of a suddenly-awakened dreamer.

The standing figure was the first to speak. He was a grey-haired, broad-shouldered man, of the type which, in Tuscan phrase, is moulded with the fist and polished with the pickaxe; but the self-important gravity which had written itself out in the deep lines about his brow and mouth seemed intended to correct any contemptuous inferences from the hasty workmanship which Nature had bestowed on his exterior. He had deposited a large well-filled bag, made of skins, on the pavement, and before him hung a pedlar's basket, garnished partly with small woman's-ware, such as thread and pins, and partly with fragments of glass, which had probably been taken in exchange for those commodities.

"Young man," he said, pointing to a ring on the finger of the reclining figure, "when your chin has got a stiffer crop on it, you'll know better than to take your nap in street corners with a ring like that on your forefinger. By the holy 'vangels! if it had been anybody but me standing over you two minutes ago—but Bratti Ferravecchj is not the man to steal. The cat couldn't eat her mouse if she didn't catch it alive, and Bratti

couldn't relish gain if it had no taste of a bargain. Why, young man, one San Giovanni, three years ago, the Saint sent a dead body in my way—a blind beggar, with his cap well-lined with pieces—but, if you'll believe me, my stomach turned against the *testoni* I'd never bargained for, till it came into my head that San Giovanni owed me the pieces for what I spend yearly at the Festa: besides, I buried the body and paid for a mass—and so I saw it was a fair bargain. But how comes a young man like you, with the face of Messer San Michele, to be sleeping on a stone bed with the wind for a curtain?"

The deep guttural sounds of the speaker were scarcely intelligible to the newly-waked, bewildered listener, but he understood the action of pointing to his ring: he looked down at it, and, with a half-automatic obedience to the warning, took it off and thrust it within his doublet, rising at the same time and stretching himself.

"Your tunic and hose match ill with that jewel, young man," said Bratti, deliberately. "Anybody might say the saints had sent *you* a dead body; but if you took the jewels, I hope you buried him—and you can afford a mass or two for him into the bargain."

Something like a painful thrill appeared to dart through the frame of the listener, and arrest the careless stretching of his arms and chest. For an instant he turned on Bratti with a sharp frown; but he immediately recovered an air of indifference, took off the red Levantine cap which hung like a great purse over his left ear, pushed back his long dark-brown curls, and glancing at his dress, said, smilingly,

"You speak truth, friend: my garments are as weather-stained as an old sail, and they are not old either, only, like an old sail, they have had a sprinkling of the sea as well as the rain. The fact is, I'm a stranger in Florence, and when I came in foot-sore last night I preferred flinging myself in a corner of this hospitable porch to hunting any longer for a chance hostelry, which might turn out to be a nest of blood-suckers of more sorts than one."

"A stranger in good sooth," said Bratti, "for the words come all melting out of your throat, so that a Christian and a Florentine can't tell a hook from a hanger. But you're not from Genoa? More likely from Venice, by the cut of your clothes?"

"At this present moment," said the stranger, smiling, "it is of less importance where I come from than where I can go to for a mouthful of breakfast. This city of yours turns a grim look on me just here: can you show me the way to a more lively quarter, where I can get a meal and a lodging?"

"That I can," said Bratti, "and it is your good fortune, young man, that I have happened to be walking in from Rovezzano this morning, and turned out of my way to Mercato Vecchio to say an Ave at the Badia. That, I say, is your good fortune. But it remains to be seen what is my profit in the matter. Nothing for nothing, young man. If I show you the way to Mercato Vecchio, you'll swear by your patron saint to let me

have the bidding for that stained suit of yours, when you set up a better—as doubtless you will.”

“Agreed, by San Niccolò,” said the other, laughing. “But now let us set off to this said Mercato, for I promise you I feel the want of a better lining to this doublet of mine which you are coveting.”

“Coveting? Nay,” said Bratti, heaving his bag on his back and setting out. But he broke off in his reply, and burst out in loud, harsh tones, not unlike the creaking and grating of a cart-wheel: “*Chi abbaratta—baratta—b’ratta—chi abbaratta cenci e vetri—b’ratta ferri vecchj?*”*

“It’s worth but little,” he said presently, relapsing into his conversational tone. “Hose and altogether, your clothes are worth but little. Still, if you’ve a mind to set yourself up with a lute worth more than any new one, or with a sword that’s been worn by a Ridolfi, or with a paternoster of the best mode, I could let you have a great bargain, by making an allowance for the clothes; for, simple as I stand here (*così fatto come tu mi vedi*), I’ve got the best-furnished shop in the Ferravecchj, and it’s close by the Mercato. The Virgin be praised! it’s not a pumpkin I carry on my shoulders. But I don’t stay caged in my shop all day: I’ve got a wife and a raven to stay at home and mind the stock. *Chi abbaratta—baratta—b’ratta?* . . . And now, young man, where do you come from, and what’s your business in Florence?”

“I thought you liked nothing that came to you without a bargain,” said the stranger. “You’ve offered me nothing yet in exchange for that information.”

“Well, well; a Florentine doesn’t mind bidding a fair price for news: it stays the stomach a little, though he may win no hose by it. If I take you to the prettiest damsel in the Mercato to get a cup of milk—that will be a fair bargain.”

“Nay; I can find her myself, if she be really in the Mercato; for pretty heads are apt to look forth of doors and windows. No, no. Besides, a sharp trader, like you, ought to know that he who bids for nuts and news, may chance to find them hollow.”

“Ah! young man,” said Bratti, with a sideway glance of some admiration, “you were not born of a Sunday—the salt shops were open when you came into the world. You’re not a Hebrew, eh?—come from Spain or Naples, eh? Let me tell you the Frati Minori are trying to make Florence as hot as Spain for those dogs of hell that want to get all the profits of usury to themselves and leave none for Christians; and when you walk the Calimara with a piece of yellow cloth in your cap, it will spoil your beauty more than a sword-cut across that smooth olive cheek of yours.—*Abbaratta, baratta—chi abbaratta?*—I tell you, young man, gray cloth is against yellow cloth; and there’s as much gray cloth in Florence as would make a gown and cowl for the Duomo, and there’s not so much yellow cloth as would make hose for Saint Christopher—blessed be his

* “Who wants to exchange rags, broken glass, or old iron?”

name, and send me a sight of him this day!—*Abbaratta, baratta, b'ratta—chi abbaratta?* ”

“All that is very amusing information you are parting with for nothing,” said the stranger, rather scornfully; “but it happens not to concern me. I am no Hebrew.”

“See, now!” said Bratti, triumphantly; “I’ve made a good bargain with mere words. I’ve made you tell me something, young man, though you’re as hard to hold as a lamprey. San Giovanni be praised! a blind Florentine is a match for two one-eyed men. But here we are in Mercato.”

They had now emerged from the narrow streets into a broad piazza, known to the elder Florentine writers as the Mercato Vecchio, or the Old Market. This piazza, though it had been the scene of a provision market from time immemorial, and may perhaps, says fond imagination, be the very spot to which the Fesulean ancestors of the Florentines descended from their high fastness to traffic with the rustic population of the valley, had not been shunned as a place of residence by Florentine wealth. In the early decades of the fifteenth century, which was now near its end, the Medici and other powerful families of the *popolani grassi*, or commercial nobility, had their houses there, not, perhaps, finding their ears much offended by the loud roar of mingled dialects, or their eyes much shocked by the butchers’ stalls, which the old poet Antonio Pucci accounts a chief glory, or *dignità*, of a market that, in his esteem, eclipsed the markets of all the earth beside. But the glory of mutton and veal (well attested to be the flesh of the right animals; for were not the skins, with the heads attached, duly displayed, according to the decree of the Signoria?) was just now wanting to the Mercato, the time of Lent not being yet over. The proud corporation, or “Art,” of butchers was in abeyance, and it was the great harvest-time of the market-gardeners, the cheesemongers, the vendors of macaroni, corn, eggs, milk, and dried fruits: a change which was apt to make the women’s voices predominant in the chorus. But in all seasons there was the experimental ringing of pots and pans, the chinking of the money-changers, the tempting offers of cheapness at the old-clothes’ stalls, the challenges of the dicers, the vaunting of new linens and woollens, of excellent wooden-ware, kettles, and frying-pans; there was the choking of the narrow inlets with mules and carts, together with much uncomplimentary remonstrance in terms remarkably identical with the insults in use by the gentler sex of the present day, under the same imbrowning and heating circumstances. Ladies and gentlemen, who came to market, looked on at a larger amount of amateur fighting than could easily be seen in these later times, and beheld more revolting rags, beggary, and rascaldom, than modern householders could well picture to themselves. As the day wore on, the hideous drama of the gaming-house might be seen here by any chance open-air spectator—the quivering eagerness, the blank despair, the sobs, the blasphemy, and the blows:—

“E vedesi chi perde con gran soffi,
E bestemmiar colla mano alla mascella,
E ricever e dar dimolti ingoffi.”

But still there was the relief of prettier sights: there were brood-rabbits, not less innocent and astonished than those of our own period; there were doves and singing-birds to be bought as presents for the children; there were even kittens for sale, and here and there a handsome *gattuccio*, or "Tom," with the highest character for mousing; and, better than all, there were young, softly rounded cheeks and bright eyes, freshened by the start from the far-off castello* at daybreak, not to speak of older faces with the unfading charm of honest goodwill in them—such as are never quite wanting in scenes of human industry. And high on a pillar in the centre of the place—a venerable pillar, fetched from the church of San Giovanni—stood Donatello's stone statue of Plenty, with a fountain near it, where, says old Pucci, the good wives of the market freshened their utensils, and their throats also—not because they were unable to buy wine, but because they wished to save the money for their husbands—" *Ma pe' mariti voglion risparmiare.*"

But on this particular morning a sudden change seemed to have come over the face of the market. The *deschi*, or stalls, were indeed partly dressed with their various commodities, and already there were purchasers assembled, on the alert to secure the finest, freshest vegetables and the most unexceptionable butter. But when Bratti and his companion entered the piazza, it appeared that some common pre-occupation had for the moment distracted the attention both of buyers and sellers from their proper business. Most of the traders had turned their backs on their goods, and had joined the knots of talkers who were concentrating themselves at different points in the piazza. A vendor of old clothes, in the act of hanging out a pair of long hose, had distractedly hung them round his neck in his eagerness to join the nearest group; an oratorical cheesemonger, with a piece of cheese in one hand and a knife in the other, was incautiously making notes of his emphatic pauses on that excellent specimen of *marzolino*; and elderly market-women, with their egg-baskets in a dangerously oblique position, contributed a wailing fugue of invocation.

In this general distraction, the Florentine boys, who were never wanting in any street scene, and were of an especially mischievous sort—as who should say, very sour crabs indeed—saw a great opportunity. Some made a rush at the nuts and dried figs, others preferred the farinaceous delicacies at the cooked provision stalls—delicacies to which certain four-footed dogs also, who had learned to take kindly to Lenten fare, applied a discriminating nostril, and then disappeared with much rapidity under the nearest shelter; while the mules, not without some kicking and plunging among impeding baskets, were stretching their muzzles towards the aromatic green-meat.

"Diavolo!" said Bratti, as he and his companion came, quite unnoticed, upon the noisy scene; "the Mercato is gone as mad as if the most Holy Father had excommunicated us again. I must know what this is. But never fear: it seems a thousand years to you till you see the

* Walled village.

pretty Tessa, and get your cup of milk ; but keep hold of me, and I'll hold to my bargain. Remember, I'm to have the first bid for your suit, specially for the hose, which, with all their stains, are the best *panno di garbo*—as good as ruined, though, with mud and weather stains."

"Olà, Monna Trecca," Bratti proceeded, turning towards an old woman on the outside of the nearest group, who for the moment has suspended her wail to listen, and shouting close in her ear, "Here are the mules upsetting all your bunches of parsley: is the world coming to an end, then?"

"Monna Trecca" (equivalent to "Dame Greengrocer") turned round at this unexpected trumpeting in her right ear, with a half-fierce, half-bewildered look, first at the speaker, then at her disarranged commodities, and then at the speaker again.

"A bad Easter and a bad year to you, and may you die by the sword!" she burst out, rushing towards her stall, but directing this first volley of her wrath against Bratti, who, without heeding the malediction, quietly slipped into her place, within hearing of the narrative which had been absorbing her attention; making a sign at the same time to the young stranger to keep near him.

"I tell you I saw it myself," said a fat man, with a bunch of newly-purchased leeks in his hand. "I was in Santa Maria Novella, and saw it myself. The woman started up and threw out her arms, and cried out and said she saw a big bull with fiery horns coming down on the church to crush it. I saw it myself."

"Saw what, Goro?" said a man of slim figure, whose eye twinkled rather roguishly. He wore a close jerkin, a skull-cap lodged carelessly over his left ear as if it had fallen there by chance, a delicate linen apron tucked up on one side, and a razor stuck in his belt. "Saw the bull, or only the woman?"

"Why, the woman, to be sure; but it's all one, *mi pare*: it doesn't alter the meaning—*va!*" answered the fat man, with some contempt.

"Meaning? no, no; that's clear enough," said several voices at once, and then followed a confusion of tongues, in which "Lights shooting over San Lorenzo for three nights together"—"Thunder in the clear starlight"—"Lantern of the Duomo struck with the sword of St. Michael"—"*Palle*"*—"All smashed"—"*Lasso!*"—"Lions tearing each other to pieces"—"Ah! and they might well"—"*Boto † caduto in Santissima Nunziata!*"—"Died like the best of Christians"—"God will have pardoned him"—were often-repeated phrases, which shot across each other like storm-driven hailstones, each speaker feeling rather the necessity of utterance than of finding a listener. Perhaps the only silent members of the group were Bratti, who, as a new comer, was busy in mentally piecing together the flying fragments of information; the man of the

* Arms of the Medici.

† A votive image of Lorenzo, in wax, hung up in the Church of the Annunziata, supposed to have fallen at the time of his death. *Boto* is popular Tuscan for *Voto*.

razor; and a thin-lipped, eager-looking personage in spectacles, wearing a pen-and-ink case at his belt.

"*Ebbene*, Nello," said Bratti, skirting the group till he was within hearing of the barber. "It appears the Magnifico is dead—rest his soul!—and the price of wax will rise?"

"Even as you say," answered Nello; and then added, with an air of extra gravity, but with marvellous rapidity, "and his waxen image in the Nunziata fell at the same moment, they say; or at some other time, whenever it pleases the Frati Serviti, who know best. And several cows and women have had still-born calves this Quaresima; and for the bad eggs that have been broken since the carnival, nobody has counted them! Ah! a great man—a great politician—a greater poet than Dante. And yet the cupola didn't fall, only the lantern. *Che miracolo!*"

A sharp and lengthened "Pst!" was suddenly heard darting across the pelting storm of gutturals. It came from the pale man in spectacles, and had the effect he intended; for the noise ceased, and all eyes in the group were fixed on him with a look of expectation.

"Tis well said you Florentines are blind," he began, in an incisive high voice. "It appears to me, you need nothing but a diet of hay to make cattle of you. What! do you think the death of Lorenzo is the scourge God has prepared for Florence? Go! you are sparrows chattering praise over the dead hawk. What! a man who was trying to slip a noose over every neck in the Republic that he might tighten it at his pleasure! You like that; you like to have the election of your magistrates turned into closet-work, and no man to use the rights of a citizen unless he is a Medicean. That is what is meant by qualification now: *netto di specchio** no longer means a man who pays his dues to the Republic: it means a man who'll wink at robbery of the people's money—at robbery of their daughters' dowries; who'll play the chamberer and the philosopher by turns—listen to bawdy songs at the Carnival, and cry '*Bellissimo!*'—and listen to sacred lauds, and cry again, '*Bellissimo!*' But this is what you love: you grumble and raise a riot over your *quattrini bianchi*" (white farthings); "but you take no notice when the public treasury has got a hole in the bottom for the gold to run into Lorenzo's drains. You like to pay for *staffieri* to walk before and behind one of your citizens, that he may be affable and condescending to you. 'See, what a tall Pisan we keep,' say you, 'to march before him with the drawn sword flashing in our eyes; and yet Lorenzo smiles at us. What goodness!' And you think the death of a man, who would soon have saddled and bridled you as the Sforza has saddled and bridled Milan—you think his death is the scourge God is warning you of by portents. I tell you there is another sort of scourge in the air."

* The phrase used to express the absence of disqualification, i. e. the not being entered as a debtor in the public book (*specchio*).

"Nay, nay, Ser Cioni, keep astride your politics, and never mount your prophecy; politics is the better horse," said Nello. "But if you talk of portents, what portent can be greater than a pious notary? Balaam's ass was nothing to it."

"Ay, but a notary out of work, with his ink-bottle dry," said another bystander, very much out at elbows. "Better don a cowl at once, Ser Cioni; everybody will believe in your fasting."

The notary turned and left the group with a look of indignant contempt, disclosing, as he did so, the sallow but mild face of a short man who had been standing behind him, and whose bent shoulders told of some sedentary occupation.

"By San Giovanni, though," said the fat purchaser of leeks, with the air of a person rather shaken in his theories, "I'm not sure there isn't some truth in what Ser Cioni says. For I know I've good reason to find fault with the quattrini bianchi myself. Grumble, did he say? Suffocation! I should think we do grumble; and, let anybody say the word, I'll turn out *in piazza* with the readiest, sooner than have our money altered in our hands as if the magistracy were so many necromancers. And it's true Lorenzo might have hindered such work if he would—and for the bull with the flaming horns, why, as Ser Cioni says, there may be many meanings to it, for the matter of that; it may have more to do with the taxes than we think. For when God above sends a sign, it's not to be supposed he'd have only one meaning."

"Spoken like an oracle, Goro!" said the barber. "Why, when we poor mortals can pack two or three meanings into one sentence, it were mere blasphemy not to believe that your miraculous bull means everything that any man in Florence likes it to mean."

"Thou art pleased to scoff, Nello," said the sallow, round-shouldered man, no longer eclipsed by the notary, "but it is not the less true that every revelation, whether by visions, dreams, portents, or the written word, has many meanings, which it is given to the illuminated only to unfold."

"Assuredly," answered Nello. "Haven't I been to hear the Frate in San Lorenzo? But then, I've been to hear Fra Menico da Ponzo in the Duomo too; and according to him, your Fra Girolamo, with his visions and interpretations, is running after the wind of Mongibello, and those who follow him are like to have the fate of certain swine that ran headlong into the sea—or some hotter place. With San Domenico roaring *è vero* in one ear, and San Francisco screaming *è falso* in the other, what is a poor barber to do—unless he were illuminated? But it's plain our Goro here is beginning to be illuminated, for he already sees that the bull with the flaming horns means first himself, and secondly all the other aggrieved taxpayers of Florence, who are determined to gore the magistracy on the first opportunity."

"Goro is a fool!" said a bass voice, with a note that dropped like the sound of a great bell in the midst of much tinkling. "Let him carry home his leeks and shake his flanks over his wool-beating. He'll mend

matters more that way than by showing his tun-shaped body *in piazza*, as if everybody might measure his grievances by the size of his paunch. The *gravezze* (burdens, *i. e.* taxes) that harm him most are his heavy carcass and his idleness."

The speaker had joined the group only in time to hear the conclusion of Nello's speech, but he was one of those figures for whom all the world instinctively makes way, as it would for a battering-ram. He was not much above the middle height, but the impression of enormous force which was conveyed by his capacious chest and brawny arms bared to the shoulder, was deepened by the keen sense and quiet resolution expressed in his glance and in every furrow of his cheek and brow. He had often been an unconscious model to Domenico Ghirlandajo, when that great painter was making the walls of the churches reflect the life of Florence, and translating pale aerial traditions into the deep colour and strong lines of the faces he knew. The naturally dark tint of his skin was additionally bronzed by the same powdery deposit that gave a polished black surface to his leathern apron—a deposit which habit had probably made a necessary condition of perfect ease, for it was not washed off with punctilious regularity.

Goro turned his fat cheek and glassy eye on the frank speaker with a look of deprecation rather than of resentment.

"Why, Niccolò," he said, in an injured tone, "I've heard you sing to another tune than that, often enough, when you've been laying down the law at San Gallo on a festa. I've heard you say yourself, that a man wasn't a mill-wheel, to be on the grind, grind, as long as he was driven, and then stick in his place without stirring when the water was low. And you're as fond of your vote as any man in Florence—ay, and I've heard you say, if Lorenzo——"

"Yes, yes," said Niccolò. "Don't you be bringing up my speeches again after you've swallowed them, and handing them about as if they were none the worse. I vote and I speak when there's any use in it: if there's hot metal on the anvil, I lose no time before I strike; but I don't spend good hours in tinkling on cold iron, or in standing on the pavement as thou dost, Goro, with snout upward, like a pig under an oak-tree. And as for Lorenzo—who's dead and gone before his time—he was a man who had an eye for curious iron-work; and if anybody says he wanted to make himself a tyrant, I say, '*Sia*; I'll not deny which way the wind blows when every man can see the weathercock.' But that only means that Lorenzo was a crested hawk, and there are plenty of hawks without crests whose claws and beaks are as good for tearing. Though if there was any chance of a real reform, so that Marzocco* might shake his mane and roar again, instead of dipping his head to lick the feet of anybody that will mount and ride him, I'd strike a good blow for it."

"And that reform is not far off, Niccolò," said the sallow, mild-faced man, seizing his opportunity like a missionary among the too light-minded

* The stone Lion, emblem of the Republic.

heathens, "for a time of tribulation is coming, and the scourge is at hand. And when the Church is purged of cardinals and prelates who traffic in her inheritance that their hands may be full to pay the price of blood, and to satisfy their own lusts, the State will be purged too—and Florence will be purged of men who love to see avarice and lechery under the red hat and the mitre because it gives them the screen of a more hellish vice than their own."

"Ay, as Goro's broad body would be a screen for my narrow person in case of missiles," said Nello; "but if that excellent screen happened to fall, I were stifled under it, surely enough. That is no bad image of thine, Nanni—or, rather of the Frate's; for I fancy there is no room in the small cup of thy understanding for any other liquor than what he pours into it."

"And it were well for thee, Nello," replied Nanni, "if thou could'st empty thyself of thy scoffs and thy jests, and take in that liquor too. The warning is ringing in the ears of all men: and it's no new story; for the Abbot Joachim prophesied of the coming time three hundred years ago, and now Fra Girolamo has got the message afresh. He has seen it in a vision, even as the prophets of old: he has seen the sword hanging from the sky."

"Ay, and thou wilt see it thyself, Nanni, if thou wilt stare upward long enough," said Niccolò; "for that pitiable tailor's work of thine makes thy noddle so overhang thy legs, that thy eyeballs can see nought above the stitching-board but the roof of thy own skull."

The honest tailor bore the jest without bitterness, bent on convincing his hearers of his doctrine rather than of his dignity. But Niccolò gave him no opportunity for replying; for he turned away to the pursuit of his market business, probably considering further dialogue as a tinkling on cold iron.

"*Ebbene*," said the man with the hose round his neck, who had lately migrated from another knot of talkers, "they are safest who cross themselves and jest at nobody. Do you know that the Magnifico sent for the Frate at the last, and couldn't die without his blessing?"

"Was it so—in truth?" said several voices. "Yes, yes—God will have pardoned him." "He died like the best of Christians." "Never took his eyes from the holy crucifix." "And the Frate will have given him his blessing?"

"Well, I know no more," said he of the hosen; "only Guccio there met a *staffiere* going back to Careggi, and he told him the Frate had been sent for yesternight, after the Magnifico had confessed and had the holy sacraments."

"It's likely enough the Frate will tell the people something about it in his sermon this morning; is it not true, Nanni?" said Goro. "What do you think?"

But Nanni had already turned his back on Goro, and the group was rapidly thinning; some being stirred by the impulse to go and hear "new things" from the Frate ("new things" were the nectar of Florentines); others by the sense that it was time to attend to their private business. In this general movement, Bratti got close to the barber, and said,—

"Nello, you've a ready tongue of your own, and are used to worming secrets out of people when you've once got them well-lathered. I picked up a stranger this morning as I was coming in from Rovezzano, and I can spell him out no better than I can the letters on that scarf I bought from the French cavalier. It isn't my wits are at fault,—I want no man to help me tell peas from paternosters,—but when you come to foreign fashions, a fool may happen to know more than a wise man."

"Ay, thou hast the wisdom of Midas, who could turn rags and rusty nails into gold, even as thou dost," said Nello, "and he had also something of the ass about him. But where is thy bird of strange plumage?"

Bratti was looking round, with an air of disappointment.

"Diavolo!" he said, with some vexation. "The bird's flown. It's true he was hungry, and I forgot him. But we shall find him in the Mercato, within scent of bread and savours, I'll answer for him.

"Let us make the round of the Mercato, then," said Nello.

"It isn't his feathers that puzzle me," continued Bratti, as they pushed their way together. "There isn't much in the way of cut and cloth on this side the Holy Sepulchre that can puzzle a Florentine."

"Or frighten him, either," said Nello, "after he has seen an Inglese or a Tedesco."

"No, no," said Bratti, cordially; "one may never lose sight of the Cupola and yet know the world, I hope. Besides, this stranger's clothes are good Italian merchandise, and the hose he wears were dyed in Ognisanti before ever they were dyed with salt water, as he says. But the riddle about him is——"

Here Bratti's explanation was interrupted by some jostling as they reached one of the entrances of the piazza, and before he could resume it, they had caught sight of the enigmatical object they were in search of.

CHAPTER II.

A BREAKFAST FOR LOVE.

AFTER Bratti had joined the knot of talkers, the young stranger, hopeless of learning what was the cause of the general agitation, and not much caring to know what was probably of little interest to any but born Florentines, soon became tired of waiting for Bratti's escort; and chose to stroll round the piazza, looking out for some vendor of eatables who might happen to have less than the average curiosity about public news. But as if at the suggestion of a sudden thought, he thrust his hand into a purse or wallet that hung at his waist, and explored it again and again with a look of frustration.

"Not an obolus, by Jupiter!" he murmured, in a language which was not Tuscan or even Italian. "I thought I had one poor piece left. I must get my breakfast for love, then!"

He had not gone many steps farther before it seemed likely that he had found a quarter of the market where that medium of exchange might not be rejected.

In a corner, away from any group of talkers, two mules were standing, well adorned with red tassels and collars. One of them carried wooden milk-vessels, the other a pair of panniers filled with herbs and salads. Resting her elbow on the neck of the mule that carried the milk, there leaned a young girl, apparently not more than sixteen, with a red hood surrounding her face, which was all the more baby-like in its prettiness from the entire concealment of her hair. The poor child, perhaps, was weary after her labour in the morning twilight in preparation for her walk to market from some castello three or four miles off, for she seemed to have gone to sleep in that half-standing, half-leaning posture. Nevertheless, our stranger had no compunction in awaking her, but the means he chose were so gentle that it seemed to the damsel in her dream as if a little sprig of thyme had touched her lips while she was stooping to gather the herbs. The dream was broken, however, for she opened her blue baby-eyes, and started up with astonishment and confusion to see the young stranger standing close before her. She heard him speaking to her in a voice which seemed so strange and soft, that even if she had been more collected she would have taken it for granted that he said something hopelessly unintelligible to her, and her first movement was to turn her head a little away, and lift up a corner of her green serge mantle as a screen. He repeated his words—

"Forgive me, pretty one, for awaking you. I'm dying with hunger, and the scent of milk makes breakfast seem more desirable than ever."

He had chosen the words "*muoio di fame*," because he knew they would be familiar to her ears; and he had uttered them playfully, with the intonation of a mendicant. This time he was understood; the corner of the mantle was dropped, and in a few moments a large cup of fragrant milk was held out to him. He paid no further compliments before raising it to his lips, and while he was drinking, the little maiden found courage to look up at the long brown curls of this singular-voiced stranger, who had asked for food in the tones of a beggar, but who, though his clothes were much damaged, was unlike any beggar she had ever seen.

While this process of survey was going on, there was another current of feeling that carried her hand into a bag which hung by the side of the mule, and when the stranger set down his cup, he saw a large piece of bread held out towards him, and caught a glance of the blue eyes that seemed intended as an encouragement to him to take this additional gift.

"But perhaps that is your own breakfast," he said. "No, I have had enough without payment. A thousand thanks, my gentle one."

There was no rejoinder in words; but the piece of bread was pushed a little nearer to him, as if in impatience at his refusal; and as the long dark eyes of the stranger rested on the baby face, it seemed to be gathering more and more courage to look up and meet them.

"Ah, then, if I must take the bread," he said, laying his hand on it, "I shall get bolder still, and beg for another kiss to make the bread sweeter."

His speech was getting wonderfully intelligible in spite of the strange voice, which had at first almost seemed a thing to make her cross herself. She blushed deeply, and lifted up a corner of her mantle to her mouth again. But just as the too presumptuous stranger was leaning forward, and had his fingers on the arm that held up the screening mantle, he was startled by a harsh voice close upon his ear.

"Who are *you*—with a murrain to you? No honest buyer, I'll warrant, but a hanger-on of the dicers—or something worse. Go! dance off, and find fitter company, or I'll give you a tune to a little quicker time than you'll like."

The young stranger drew back and looked at the speaker with a glance provokingly free from alarm and deprecation, and his slight expression of saucy amusement broke into a broad beaming smile as he surveyed the figure of his threatener. She was a stout but brawny woman, with a man's jerkin slipped over her green serge gamurra or gown, and the peaked hood of some departed mantle fastened round her sunburnt face, which, under all its coarseness and premature wrinkles, showed a half-sad, half-ludicrous maternal resemblance to the tender baby-face of the little maiden—the sort of resemblance which often seems a more croaking, shudder-creating prophecy than that of the death's head.

There was something irresistibly propitiating in that bright young smile, but Monna Ghita was not a woman to betray any weakness, and she went on speaking, apparently with heightened exasperation.

"Yes, yes, you can grin as well as other monkeys in cap and jerkin. You're a minstrel or a mountebank, I'll be sworn; you look for all the world as silly as a tumbler when he's been upside down and has got on his heels again. And what fool's tricks hast thou been after, Tessa?" she added, turning to her daughter, whose frightened face was more inviting to abuse. "Giving away the milk and victuals, it seems; ay, ay, thou'dst carry water in thy ears for any idle vagabond that didn't like to stoop for it, thou silly staring rabbit! Turn thy back, and lift the herbs out of the panniers, else I'll make thee say a few Aves without counting."

"Nay, Madonna," said the stranger, with a pleading smile, "don't be angry with your pretty Tessa for taking pity on a hungry traveller, who found himself unexpectedly without a quattrino. Your handsome face looks so well when it frowns, that I long to see it illuminated by a smile."

"*Va, va!* I know what paste you are made of. You may tickle me with that straw a good long while before I shall laugh, I can tell you. Get along, with a bad Easter! else I'll make a beauty spot or two on that face of yours that shall spoil your kissing on this side Advent."

As Monna Ghita lifted her formidable talons by way of complying with the first and last requisite of elquence, Bratti, who had come up a minute or two before, had been saying to his companion, "What think you of this *pappagallo*, Nello? Doesn't his tongue smack of Venice?"

"Nay, Bratti," said the barber in an under tone, "thy wisdom has much of the ass in it, as I told thee just now; especially about the ears. This stranger is a Greek, else I'm not the barber who has had the sole and exclusive shaving of the excellent Demetrio, and drawn more than one sorry tooth from his learned jaw. And this youth might be taken to have come straight from Olympus—at least when he has had a touch of my razor."

"*Orsù! Monna Ghita!*" continued Nello, not sorry to see some sport; "what has happened to cause such a thunder-storm? Has this young stranger been misbehaving himself?"

"By San Giovanni!" said the cautious Bratti, who had not shaken off his original suspicions concerning the shabbily-clad possessor of jewels, "he did right to run away from *me*, if he meant to get into mischief. I can swear that I found him under the Loggia de' Cerchi, with a ring on his finger such as I've seen worn by Bernardo Rucellai himself. Not another rusty nail's worth do I know about him."

"*Che, che,*" said Nello, eyeing the stranger good-humouredly, "the fact is, this *bello giovane* has been a little too presumptuous in admiring the charms of Monna Ghita, and has attempted to kiss her while her daughter's back is turned; for I observe that the pretty Tessa is too busy to look this way at present. Was it not so, Messer?" Nello concluded, in a tone of courtesy.

"You have divined the offence like a soothsayer," said the stranger, laughingly. "Only that I had not had the good fortune to find Monna Ghita here at first. I begged a cup of milk from her daughter, and had accepted this gift of bread, for which I was making a humble offering of gratitude, before I had had the higher pleasure of being face to face with these ripe charms which I was perhaps too bold in admiring."

"*Va, va!* be off, every one of you," and stay in purgatory till I pay to get you out, will you?" said Monna Ghita, fiercely, elbowing Nello, and leading forward her mule so as to compel the stranger to jump aside. "Tessa, thou simpleton, bring forward thy mule a bit, the cart will be upon us."

As Tessa turned to take the mule's bridle, she cast one timid glance at the stranger, who was now moving with Nello out of the way of an approaching market-cart; and the glance was just long enough to seize the beckoning movement of his hand, which indicated that he had been watching for this opportunity of an adieu.

"*Ebbene,*" said Bratti, raising his voice to speak across the cart; "I leave you with Nello, young man, for there's no pushing my bag and basket any farther, and I have business at home. But you'll remember our bargain, because if you found Tessa without me, it was not my fault. Nello will show you my shop in the Ferravecchj, and I'll not turn my back on you."

"A thousand thanks, friend!" said the stranger, laughing, and then turned away with Nello up the narrow street which led most directly to the Piazza del Duomo.

CHAPTER III.

THE BARBER'S SHOP.

"To tell you the truth," said the young stranger to Nello, as they got a little clearer of the entangled vehicles and mules, "I am not sorry to be handed over by that patron of mine to one who has a less barbarous accent, and a less enigmatical business. Is it a common thing among you Florentines for an itinerant trafficker in broken glass and rags to talk of a shop where he sells lutes and swords?"

"Common? No: our Bratti is not a common man. He has a theory, and lives up to it, which is more than I can say for any philosopher I have the honour of shaving," answered Nello, whose loquacity, like an over-full bottle, could never pour forth a small dose. "Bratti means to extract the utmost possible amount of pleasure, that is to say, of hard bargaining, out of this life; winding it up with a bargain for the easiest possible passage through purgatory, by giving Holy Church his winnings when the game is over. He has had his will made to that effect on the cheapest terms a notary could be got for. But I have often said to him, 'Bratti, thy bargain is a limping one, and thou art on the lame side of it. Does it not make thee a little sad to look at the pictures of the *Paradiso*? Thou wilt never be able there to chaffer for rags and rusty nails: the saints and angels want neither pins nor tinder; and except with San Bartolommeo, who carries his skin about in an inconvenient manner, I see no chance of thy making a bargain for second-hand clothing.' But, *Dio mi perdoni*," added Nello, changing his tone, and crossing himself, "this light talk ill beseems a morning when Lorenzo lies dead, and the Muses are tearing their hair—always a painful thought to a barber; and you yourself, Messer, are probably under a cloud, for when a man of your speech and presence takes up with so sorry a night's lodging, it argues some misfortune to have befallen him."

"What Lorenzo is that whose death you speak of?" said the stranger, appearing to have dwelt with too anxious an interest on this point to have noticed the indirect inquiry that followed it.

"What Lorenzo? There is but one Lorenzo, I imagine, whose death could throw the Mercato into an uproar, set the lantern of the Duomo leaping in desperation, and cause the lions of the Republic to feel under an immediate necessity to devour one another. I mean Lorenzo de' Medici, the Pericles of our Athens—if I may make such a comparison in the ear of a Greek."

"Why not?" said the other, laughingly; "for I doubt whether Athens, even in the days of Pericles, could have produced so learned a barber."

"Yes, yes; I thought I could not be mistaken," said the rapid Nello, "else I have shaved the venerable Demetrio Calcondila to little purpose;

but pardon me, I am lost in wonder: your Italian is better than his, though he has been in Italy forty years—better even than that of the accomplished Marullo, who may be said to have married the Italic Muse in more senses than one, since he has married our learned and lovely Alessandra Scala."

"It will lighten your wonder to know that I come of a Greek stock, planted in Italian soil much longer than the mulberry-trees which have taken so kindly to it. I was born at Bari, and my—I mean, I was brought up by an Italian—and, in fact, may rather be called a Græculus than a Greek. The Greek dye was subdued in me, I suppose, till I had been dipped over again by long abode and much travel in the land of gods and heroes. And, to confess something of my private affairs to you, this same Greek dye, with a few ancient gems I have about me, is the only fortune shipwreck has left me. But—when the towers fall, you know, it is an ill-business for the small nest-builders—the death of your Pericles makes me wish I had rather turned my steps towards Rome, as I should have done, but for a fallacious Minerva in the shape of an Augustinian monk. 'At Rome,' he said, 'you will be lost in a crowd of hungry scholars; but at Florence, every corner is penetrated by the sunshine of Lorenzo's patronage: Florence is the best market in Italy for such commodities as yours.'"

"Gnaffè, and so it will remain, I hope," said Nello. "Lorenzo was not the only patron and judge of learning in our city—heaven forbid! Because he was a large melon, every other Florentine is not a pumpkin, *mi pare*. Have we not Bernardo Rucellai, and Alamanno Rinuccini, and plenty more? And if you want to be informed on such matters, I, Nello, am your man. It seems to me a thousand years till I can be of service to a *bel erudito* like yourself. And, first of all, in the matter of your hair. That beard, my fine young man, must be parted with, were it as dear to you as the nymph of your dreams. Here at Florence, we love not to see a man with his nose projecting over a cascade of hair. But, remember, you will have passed the Rubicon, when once you have been shaven: if you repent, and let your beard grow after it has acquired stoutness by a struggle with the razor, your mouth will by-and-by show no longer what Messer Angelo calls the divine prerogative of lips, but will appear like a dark cavern fringed with horrent brambles."

"That is a terrible prophecy," said the Greek, "especially if your Florentine maidens are many of them as pretty as the little Tessa I stole a kiss from this morning."

"Tessa? she is a rough-handed contadina: you will rise into the favour of dames, who bring no scent of the mule-stables with them. But to that end, you must not have the air of a *sgherro*, or a man of evil repute: you must look like a courtier, and a scholar of the more polished sort, such as our Pietro Crinito—like one, who sins among well-bred, well-fed people, and not one who sucks down vile *vino di sotto* in a chance tavern."

"With all my heart," said the stranger. "If the Florentine Graces demand it, I am willing to give up this small matter of my beard, but——"

CHAPTER III.

THE BARBER'S SHOP.

"To tell you the truth," said the young stranger to Nello, as they got a little clearer of the entangled vehicles and mules, "I am not sorry to be handed over by that patron of mine to one who has a less barbarous accent, and a less enigmatical business. Is it a common thing among you Florentines for an itinerant trafficker in broken glass and rags to talk of a shop where he sells lutes and swords?"

"Common? No: our Bratti is not a common man. He has a theory, and lives up to it, which is more than I can say for any philosopher I have the honour of shaving," answered Nello, whose loquacity, like an over-full bottle, could never pour forth a small dose. "Bratti means to extract the utmost possible amount of pleasure, that is to say, of hard bargaining, out of this life; winding it up with a bargain for the easiest possible passage through purgatory, by giving Holy Church his winnings when the game is over. He has had his will made to that effect on the cheapest terms a notary could be got for. But I have often said to him, 'Bratti, thy bargain is a limping one, and thou art on the lame side of it. Does it not make thee a little sad to look at the pictures of the *Paradiso*? Thou wilt never be able there to chaffer for rags and rusty nails: the saints and angels want neither pins nor tinder; and except with San Bartolommeo, who carries his skin about in an inconvenient manner, I see no chance of thy making a bargain for second-hand clothing.' But, *Dio mi perdoni*," added Nello, changing his tone, and crossing himself, "this light talk ill beseems a morning when Lorenzo lies dead, and the Muses are tearing their hair—always a painful thought to a barber; and you yourself, Messer, are probably under a cloud, for when a man of your speech and presence takes up with so sorry a night's lodging, it argues some misfortune to have befallen him."

"What Lorenzo is that whose death you speak of?" said the stranger, appearing to have dwelt with too anxious an interest on this point to have noticed the indirect inquiry that followed it.

"What Lorenzo? There is but one Lorenzo, I imagine, whose death could throw the Mercato into an uproar, set the lantern of the Duomo leaping in desperation, and cause the lions of the Republic to feel under an immediate necessity to devour one another. I mean Lorenzo de' Medici, the Pericles of our Athens—if I may make such a comparison in the ear of a Greek."

"Why not?" said the other, laughingly; "for I doubt whether Athens, even in the days of Pericles, could have produced so learned a barber."

"Yes, yes; I thought I could not be mistaken," said the rapid Nello, "else I have shaved the venerable Demetrio Calcondila to little purpose;

but pardon me, I am lost in wonder: your Italian is better than his, though he has been in Italy forty years—better even than that of the accomplished Marullo, who may be said to have married the Italic Muse in more senses than one, since he has married our learned and lovely Alessandra Scala.”

“It will lighten your wonder to know that I come of a Greek stock, planted in Italian soil much longer than the mulberry-trees which have taken so kindly to it. I was born at Bari, and my—I mean, I was brought up by an Italian—and, in fact, may rather be called a Græculus than a Greek. The Greek dye was subdued in me, I suppose, till I had been dipped over again by long abode and much travel in the land of gods and heroes. And, to confess something of my private affairs to you, this same Greek dye, with a few ancient gems I have about me, is the only fortune shipwreck has left me. But—when the towers fall, you know, it is an ill-business for the small nest-builders—the death of your Pericles makes me wish I had rather turned my steps towards Rome, as I should have done, but for a fallacious Minerva in the shape of an Augustinian monk. ‘At Rome,’ he said, ‘you will be lost in a crowd of hungry scholars; but at Florence, every corner is penetrated by the sunshine of Lorenzo’s patronage: Florence is the best market in Italy for such commodities as yours.’”

“*Gnaffè*, and so it will remain, I hope,” said Nello. “Lorenzo was not the only patron and judge of learning in our city—heaven forbid! Because he was a large melon, every other Florentine is not a pumpkin, *mi pare*. Have we not Bernardo Rucellai, and Alamanno Rinuccini, and plenty more? And if you want to be informed on such matters, I, Nello, am your man. It seems to me a thousand years till I can be of service to a *bel erudito* like yourself. And, first of all, in the matter of your hair. That beard, my fine young man, must be parted with, were it as dear to you as the nymph of your dreams. Here at Florence, we love not to see a man with his nose projecting over a cascade of hair. But, remember, you will have passed the Rubicon, when once you have been shaven: if you repent, and let your beard grow after it has acquired stoutness by a struggle with the razor, your mouth will by-and-by show no longer what Messer Angelo calls the divine prerogative of lips, but will appear like a dark cavern fringed with horrent brambles.”

“That is a terrible prophecy,” said the Greek, “especially if your Florentine maidens are many of them as pretty as the little Tessa I stole a kiss from this morning.”

“Tessa? she is a rough-handed contadina: you will rise into the favour of dames, who bring no scent of the mule-stables with them. But to that end, you must not have the air of a *sgherro*, or a man of evil repute: you must look like a courtier, and a scholar of the more polished sort, such as our Pietro Crinito—like one, who sins among well-bred, well-fed people, and not one who sucks down vile *vino di sotto* in a chance tavern.”

“With all my heart,” said the stranger. “If the Florentine Graces demand it, I am willing to give up this small matter of my beard, but——”

"Yes, yes," interrupted Nello. "I know what you would say. It is the *bella zazzera*—the hyacinthine locks, you do not choose to part with; and there is no need. Just a little pruning—ecco!—and you will look not unlike the illustrious prince Pico di Mirandola in his prime. And here we are in good time in the Piazza San Giovanni, and at the door of my shop. But you are pausing, I see: naturally, you want to look at our wonder of the world; our Duomo, our Santa Maria del Fiore. Well, well, a mere glance; but I beseech you to leave a closer survey till you have been shaved: I am quivering with the inspiration of my art even to the very edge of my razor. Ah, then, come round this way."

The mercurial barber seized the arm of the stranger, and led him to a point, on the south side of the piazza, from which he could see at once the huge dark shell of the cupola, the slender soaring grace of Giotto's campanile, and the quaint octagon of San Giovanni in front of them, showing its unique gates of storied bronze, which still bore the somewhat dimmed glory of their original gilding. The inlaid marbles were then fresher in their pink, and white, and purple, than they are now, when the winters of four centuries have turned their white to the rich ochre of well-mellowed meerschaum; the façade of the cathedral did not stand ignominious in faded stucco, but had upon it the magnificent promise of the half-completed marble inlaying and statued niches, which Giotto had devised a hundred and fifty years before; and as the campanile in all its harmonious variety of colour and form led the eyes upward, high into the pure air of that April morning, it seemed a prophetic symbol, telling that human life must somehow and some time shape itself into accord with that pure aspiring beauty.

But this was not the impression it appeared to produce on the Greek. His eyes were irresistibly led upward, but as he stood with his arms folded and his curls falling backward, there was a slight touch of scorn on his lip, and when his eyes fell again, they glanced round with a scanning coolness which was rather piquing to Nello's Florentine spirit.

"*Ebbene, bel giovane,*" he said, with some impatience, "you seem to make as little of our cathedral as if you were the angel Gabriel come straight from Paradise. I should like to know if you have ever seen finer work than our Giotto's tower, or any cupola that would not look a mere mushroom by the side of Brunelleschi's there, or any marbles finer or more cunningly wrought than these that our Signoria got from far-off quarries, at a price that would buy a dukedom. Come, now, have you ever seen anything to equal them?"

"If you asked me that question with a scimitar at my throat, after the Turkish fashion, or even your own razor," said the young Greek, smiling gaily, and moving on towards the gates of the Baptistery, "I daresay you might get a confession of the true faith from me. But with my throat free from peril, I venture to tell you that your buildings smack too much of Christian barbarism for my taste. I have a shuddering sense of what there is inside—hideous smoked Madonnas; fleshless saints in

mosaic, staring down idiotic astonishment and rebuke from the apse; skin-clad skeletons hanging on crosses, or stuck all over with arrows, or stretched on gridirons; women and monks with heads aside in perpetual lamentation. I have seen enough of those wry-necked favourites of heaven at Constantinople. But what is this bronze door rough with imagery? These women's figures seem moulded in a different spirit from those starved and staring saints I spoke of: these heads in high relief speak of a human mind within them, instead of looking like an index to perpetual spasms and colic."

"Yes, yes," said Nello, with some triumph. "I think we shall show you by-and-by that our Florentine art is not in a state of barbarism. These gates, my fine young man, were moulded half a century ago, by our Lorenzo Ghiberti, when he counted hardly so many years as you do."

"Ah, I remember," said the stranger, turning away, like one whose appetite for contemplation was soon satisfied. "I have heard that your Tuscan sculptors and painters have been studying the antique a little. But with monks for models, and the legends of mad hermits and martyrs for subjects, the vision of Olympus itself would be of small use to them."

"I understand," said Nello, with a significant shrug, as they walked along. "You are of the same mind as Michele Marullo, ay, and as Angelo Poliziano himself, in spite of his canonicate, when he relaxes himself a little in my shop, after his lectures, and talks of the gods awaking from their long sleep and making the woods and streams vital once more. But he rails against the Roman scholars who want to make us all talk Latin again: 'My ears,' he says, 'are sufficiently flayed by the barbarisms of the learned, and if the vulgar are to talk Latin I would as soon have been in Florence the day they took to beating all the kettles in the city because the bells were not enough to stay the wrath of the saints.' Ah, Messer Greco, if you want to know the flavour of our scholarship, you must frequent my shop: it is the focus of Florentine intellect, and in that sense the navel of the earth—as my great predecessor, Burchiello, said of *his* shop, on the more frivolous pretension that his street of the Calimara was the centre of our city. And here we are at the sign of 'Apollo and the Razor.' Apollo, you see, is bestowing the razor on the Triptolemus of our craft, the first reaper of beards, the sublime *Anonimo*, whose mysterious identity is indicated by a shadowy hand."

"I see thou hast had custom already, Sandro," continued Nello, addressing a solemn-looking dark-eyed youth, who made way for them on the threshold. "And now make all clear for this signor to sit down. And prepare the finest scented lather, for he has a learned and a handsome chin."

"You have a pleasant little adytum there, I see," said the stranger, looking through a latticed screen which divided the shop from a room of about equal size, opening into a still smaller walled enclosure, where a few

bays and laurels surrounded a stone Hermes. "I suppose your conclave of *eruditi* meets there?"

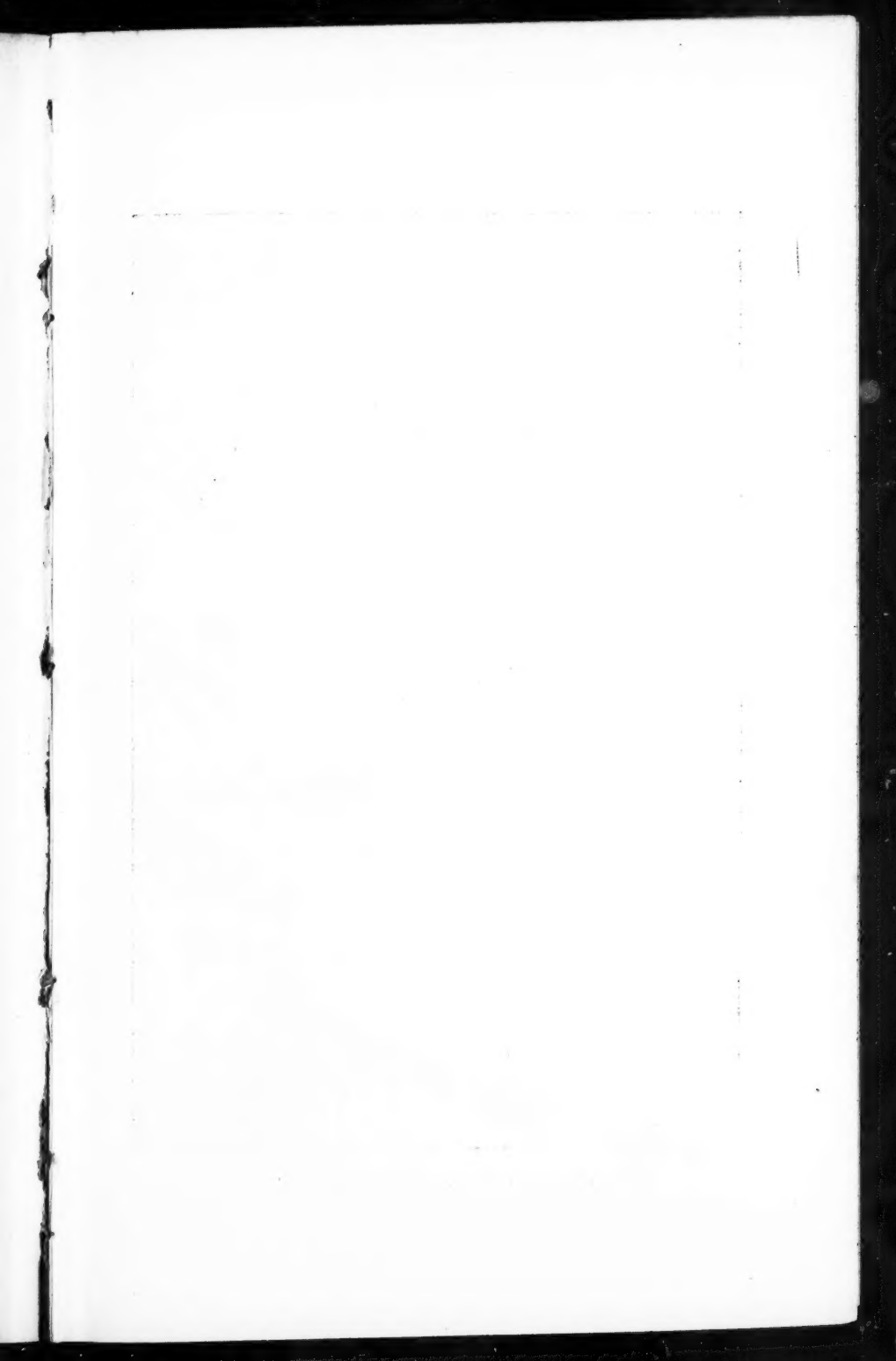
"There, and not less in my shop," said Nello, leading the way into the inner room, in which were some benches, a table, with one book in manuscript and one printed in capitals lying open upon it, a lute, a few oil-sketches, and a model or two of hands and ancient masks. "For my shop is a no less fitting haunt of the Muses, as you will acknowledge when you feel the sudden illumination of understanding and the serene vigour of inspiration that will come to you with a clear chin. Ah! you can make that lute discourse, I perceive. I, too, have some skill that way, though the serenata is useless when daylight discloses a visage like mine, looking no fresher than an apple that has stood the winter. But look at that sketch—it is a fancy of Piero di Cosimo's, a strange freakish painter, who says he saw it by long looking at a mouldy wall."

The sketch Nello pointed to represented three masks—one a drunken laughing Setyr, another a sorrowing Magdalen, and the third, which lay between them, the rigid, cold face of a Stoic: the masks rested obliquely on the lap of a little child, whose cherub features rose above them with something of the supernal promise in the gaze which painters had by that time learned to give to the Divine Infant.

"A symbolical picture, I see," said the young Greek, touching the lute while he spoke, so as to bring out a slight musical murmur. "The child, perhaps, is the Golden Age, wanting neither worship nor philosophy. And the Golden Age can always come back as long as men are born in the form of babies, and don't come into the world in cassock or furred mantle. Or the child may mean the wise philosophy of Epicurus, removed alike from the gross, the sad, and the severe."

"Ah! everybody has his own interpretation for that picture," said Nello; "and if you ask Piero himself what he meant by it, he says his pictures are an appendix which Messer Domeneddio has been pleased to make to the universe, and if any man is in doubt what they mean, he had better inquire of Holy Church. He has been asked to paint a picture after the sketch, but he puts his fingers to his ears and shakes his head at that: the fancy is passed, he says—a strange animal, our Piero. But now all is ready for your initiation into the mysteries of the razor."

"Mysteries they may well be called," continued the barber, with rising spirits at the prospect of a long monologue, as he imprisoned the young Greek in the shroud-like shaving-cloth; "mysteries of Minerva and the Graces. I get the flower of men's thoughts, because I seize them in the first moment after shaving. (Ah! you wince a little at the lather: it tickles the outlying limits of the nose, I admit). And that is what makes the peculiar fitness of a barber's shop to become a resort of wit and learning. For, look now at a druggist's shop: there is a dull conclave at the sign of *Il Moro*, that pretends to rival mine; but what sort of inspiration, I beseech you, can be got from the scent of nauseous vegetable decoctions?—to say nothing of the fact that you no sooner





"SUPPOSE YOU LET ME LOOK AT MYSELF."

pass the threshold than you see a doctor of physic, like a gigantic spider, disguised in fur and scarlet, waiting for his prey; or even see him blocking up the doorway seated on a bony hack, inspecting saliva. (Your chin a little elevated, if it please you: contemplate that angel who is blowing the trumpet at you from the ceiling. I had it painted expressly for the regulation of my clients' chins.) Besides, your druggist, who herborises and decocts, is a man of prejudices: he has poisoned people according to a system, and is obliged to stand up for his system to justify the consequences. Now a barber can be dispassionate; the only thing he necessarily stands by is the razor, always providing he is not an author. That was the flaw in my great predecessor Burchiello—he was a poet, and had consequently a prejudice about his own poetry. I have escaped that; I saw very early that authorship is a narrowing business, in conflict with the liberal art of the razor, which demands an impartial affection for all men's chins. Ecco, Messer! the outline of your chin and lip are as clear as a maiden's; and now fix your mind on a knotty question—ask yourself whether you are bound to spell Virgil with an *i* or an *e*, and say if you do not feel an unwonted clearness on the point. Only, if you decide for the *i*, keep it to yourself till your fortune is made, for the *e* hath the stronger following in Florence. Ah! I think I see a gleam of still quicker wit in your eye. I have it on the authority of our young Niccolò Machiavelli, himself keen enough to discern *il pelo nell'uovo*, as we say, and a great lover of delicate shaving, though his beard is hardly of two years' date, that no sooner do the hairs begin to push themselves, than he perceives a certain grossness of apprehension creeping over him.

"Suppose you let me look at myself," said the stranger, laughing. "The happy effect on my intellect is perhaps obstructed by a little doubt as to the effect on my appearance."

"Behold yourself in this mirror, then; it is a Venetian mirror from Murano, the true *nosce teipsum*, as I have named it, compared with which the finest mirror of steel or silver is mere darkness. See now, how by diligent shaving, the nether region of your face may preserve its human outline, instead of presenting no distinction from the physiognomy of a bearded owl or a Barbary ape. I have seen men whose beards have so invaded their cheeks, that one might have pitied them as the victims of a sad, brutalizing chastisement befitting our Dante's *Inferno*, if they had not seemed to strut with a strange triumph in their extravagant hairiness."

"It seems to me," said the Greek, still looking into the mirror, "that you have taken away some of my capital with your razor—I mean a year or two of age, which might have won me more ready credit for my learning. Under the inspection of a patron whose vision has grown somewhat dim, I shall have a perilous resemblance to a maiden of eighteen in the disguise of hose and jerkin."

"Not at all," said Nello, proceeding to clip the too extravagant curls; "your proportions are not those of a maiden. And for your age, I myself

remember seeing Angelo Poliziano begin his lectures on the Latin language when he had a younger beard than yours; and between ourselves, his juvenile ugliness was not less signal than his precocious scholarship. Whereas you—no, no, your age is not against you; but between ourselves, let me hint to you that your being a Greek, though it be only an Apulian Greek, is not in your favour. Certain of our scholars hold that your Greek learning is but a wayside degenerate plant until it has been transplanted into Italian brains, and that now there is such a plentiful crop of the superior quality, your native teachers are mere propagators of degeneracy. Ecco! your curls are now of the right proportion to neck and shoulders; rise, Messer, and I will free you from the encumbrance of this cloth. *Gnaffè!* I almost advise you to retain the faded jerkin and hose a little longer; they give you the air of a fallen prince."

"But the question is," said the young Greek, leaning against the high back of a chair, and returning Nello's contemplative admiration with a look of inquiring anxiety; "the question is, in what quarter I am to carry my princely air, so as to rise from the said fallen condition. If your Florentine patrons of learning share this scholarly hostility to the Greeks, I see not how your city can be a hospitable refuge for me, as you seemed to say just now."

"*Pian piano*—not so fast," said Nello, sticking his thumbs into his belt and nodding to Sandro to restore order. "I will not conceal from you that there is a prejudice against Greeks among us; and though, as a barber, unsnared by authorship, I share no prejudices, I must admit that the Greeks are not always such pretty youngsters as yourself: their erudition is often of an uncombed, unmannerly aspect, and encrusted with a barbarous utterance of Italian, that makes their converse hardly more euphonious than that of a Tedesco in a state of vinous loquacity. And then, again, excuse me—we Florentines have liberal ideas about speech, and consider that an instrument which can flatter and promise so cleverly as the tongue, must have been partly made for those purposes; and that truth is a riddle for eyes and wit to discover, which it were a mere spoiling of sport for the tongue to betray. Still we have our limits beyond which we call dissimulation treachery. But it is said of the Greeks that their honesty begins at what is the hanging-point with us, and that since the old Furies went to sleep, your Christian Greek is of so easy a conscience that he would make a stepping-stone of his father's corpse."

The flush on the stranger's face indicated what seemed so natural a movement of resentment, that the good-natured Nello hastened to atone for his want of reticence.

"Be not offended, *bel giovane*; I am but repeating what I hear in my shop; as you may perceive, my eloquence is simply the cream which I skim off my clients' talk. Heaven forbid I should fetter my impartiality by entertaining an opinion. And for that same scholarly objection to the Greeks," added Nello, in a more mocking tone, and with a significant

grimace, "the fact is, you are heretics, Messer ; jealousy has nothing to do with it : if you would just change your opinion about Leaven, and alter your Doxology a little, our Italian scholars would think it a thousand years till they could give up their chairs to you. Yes, yes ; it is chiefly religious scruple, and partly also the authority of a great classic,—Juvenal, is it not ? He, I gather, had his bile as much stirred by the swarm of Greeks as our Messer Angelo, who is fond of quoting some passage about their incorrigible impudence—*audacia perdit*."

"Pooh ! the passage is a compliment," said the Greek, who had recovered himself, and seemed wise enough to take the matter gaily—

"Ingenium velox, audacia perdit, sermo
Promptus, et Isæo torrentior."

A rapid intellect and ready eloquence may carry off a little impudence."

"Assuredly," said Nello. "And since, as I see, you know Latin literature as well as Greek, you will not fall into the mistake of Giovanni Argiropulo, who ran full tilt against Cicero, and pronounced him all but a pumpkin-head. For, let me give you one bit of advice, young man—trust a barber who has shaved the best chins, and kept his eyes and ears open for twenty years—oil your tongue well when you talk of the ancient Latin writers, and give it an extra dip when you talk of the modern. A wise Greek may win favour among us ; witness our excellent Demetrio, who is loved by many, and not hated immoderately even by the most renowned scholars."

"I discern the wisdom of your advice so clearly," said the Greek, with the bright smile which was continually lighting up the fine form and colour of his young face, "that I will ask you for a little more. Who now, for example, would be the most likely patron for me ? Is there a son of Lorenzo who inherits his tastes ? Or is there any other wealthy Florentine specially addicted to purchasing antique gems ? I have a fine Cleopatra cut in sardonyx, and one or two other intagli and camei, both curious and beautiful, worthy of being added to the cabinet of a prince. Happily, I had taken the precaution of fastening them within the lining of my doublet before I set out on my voyage. Moreover, I should like to raise a small sum for my present need on this ring of mine" (here he took out the ring and replaced it on his finger), "if you could recommend me to any honest trafficker."

"Let us see, let us see," said Nello, perusing the floor, and walking up and down the length of his shop. "This is no time to apply to Piero de' Medici, though he has the will to make such purchases if he could always spare the money ; but I think it is another sort of Cleopatra that he covets most. . . . Yes, yes, I have it. What you want is a man of wealth, and influence, and scholarly tastes—not one of your learned porcupines, bristling all over with critical tests, but one whose Greek and Latin are of a comfortable laxity. And that man is Bartolommeo Scala, the secretary of our republic. He came to Florence

as a poor adventurer himself—a miller's son—a "branny monster," as he has been nicknamed by our honey-lipped Poliziano, who agrees with him as well as my teeth agree with lemon-juice. And, by-the-by, that may be a reason why the secretary may be the more ready to do a good turn to a strange scholar. For, between you and me, *bel giovane*—trust a barber who has shaved the best scholars—friendliness is much such a steed as Ser Benghi's: it will hardly show much alacrity unless it has got the thistle of hatred under its tail. However, the secretary is a man who'll keep his word to you, even to the halving of a fennel seed; and he is not unlikely to buy some of your gems."

"But how am I to get at this great man?" said the Greek, rather impatiently.

"I was coming to that," said Nello. "Just now everybody of any public importance will be full of Lorenzo's death, and a stranger may find it difficult to get any notice. But in the meantime, I could take you to a man who, if he has a mind, can help you to a chance of a favourable interview with Scala sooner than anybody else in Florence—worth seeing, for his own sake too, to say nothing of his collections, or of his daughter Romola, who is as fair as the Florentine lily before it got quarrelsome, and turned red."

"But if this father of the beautiful Romola makes collections, why should he not like to buy some of my gems himself?"

Nello shrugged his shoulders. "For two good reasons—want of sight to look at the gems, and want of money to pay for them. Our old Bardo de' Bardi is so blind that he can see no more of his daughter than, as he says, a glimmering of something bright when she comes very near him: doubtless her golden hair, which, as Messer Luigi Pulci says of his Meridiana's, '*raggia come stella per sereno*.' Ah, here come some clients of mine, and I shouldn't wonder if one of them could serve your turn about that ring."

CHAPTER IV.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

"GOOD-DAY, Messer Domenico," said Nello to the foremost of the two visitors who entered the shop, while he nodded silently to the other. "You come as opportunely as cheese on macaroni. Ah! you are in haste—wish to be shaved without delay—ecco! And this is a morning when every one has grave matter on his mind. Florence orphaned—the very pivot of Italy snatched away—heaven itself at a loss what to do next. *Lasso!* Well, well, the sun is nevertheless travelling on towards dinner-time again; and, as I was saying, you come like *cacio alla lasagna*. For this young stranger was wishing for an honourable trader who would advance him a sum on a certain ring of value, and if I had counted every

goldsmith and money-lender in Florence on my fingers, I couldn't have found a better name than Menico Cennini. Besides, he hath other ware in which you deal—Greek learning, and young eyes—a double implement which you printers are always in need of.”

The grave elderly man, son of that Bernardo Cennini, who, twenty years before, having heard of the new process of printing carried on by Germans, had cast his own types in Florence, remained necessarily in lathered silence and passivity while Nello showered this talk in his ears, but turned a slow sideway gaze on the stranger.

“This fine young man has unlimited Greek, Latin, or Italian at your service,” continued Nello, fond of interpreting by very ample paraphrase. “He is as great a wonder of juvenile learning as Francesco Filelfo or our own incomparable Poliziano. A second Guarino, too, for he has had the misfortune to be shipwrecked, and has doubtless lost a store of precious manuscripts that might have contributed some correctness even to your correct editions, Domenico. Fortunately, he has rescued a few gems of rare value. His name is—you said your name, Messer, was ——?”

“Tito Melema,” said the stranger, slipping the ring from his finger, and presenting it to Cennini, whom Nello, not less rapid with his razor than with his tongue, had now released from the shaving-cloth.

Meanwhile the man who had entered the shop in company with the goldsmith—a tall figure, about fifty, with a short trimmed beard, wearing an old felt hat and a thread-bare mantle—had kept his eye fixed on the Greek, and now said abruptly,

“Young man, I am painting a picture of Sinon deceiving old Priam, and I should be glad of your face for my Sinon, if you'd give me a sitting.”

Tito Melema started and looked round with a pale astonishment in his face as if at a sudden accusation; but Nello left him no time to feel at a loss for an answer: “Piero,” said the barber, “thou art the most extraordinary compound of humours and fancies ever packed into a human skin. What trick wilt thou play with the fine visage of this young scholar to make it suit thy traitor? Ask him rather to turn his eyes upward, and thou may'st make a Saint Sebastian of him that will draw troops of devout women, or, if thou art in a classical vein, put myrtle about his curls and make him a young Bacchus, or say rather a Phœbus Apollo, for his face is as warm and bright as a summer morning; it made me his friend in the space of a *credo*.”

“Ay, Nello,” said the painter, speaking with abrupt pauses; “and if thy tongue can leave off its everlasting chirping long enough for thy understanding to consider the matter, thou may'st see that thou hast just shown the reason why the face of Messer will suit my traitor. A perfect traitor should have a face which vice can write no marks on—lips that will lie with a dimpled smile—eyes of such agate-like brightness and depth that no infamy can dull them—cheeks that will rise from a murder and not look haggard. I say not this young man is a traitor: I mean, he has a face that would make him the more perfect traitor if he had the heart of

one, which is saying neither more nor less than that he has a beautiful face, informed with rich young blood, that will be nourished enough by food, and keep its colour without much help of virtue. He may have the heart of a hero along with it; I aver nothing to the contrary. Ask Domenico there if the lapidaries can always tell a gem by the sight alone. And now I'm going to put the tow in my ears, for thy chatter and the bells together are more than I can endure; so say no more to me, but trim my beard."

With these last words Piero (called "di Cosimo," from his master, Cosimo Rosselli) drew out two bits of tow, stuffed them in his ears, and placed himself in the chair before Nello, who shrugged his shoulders and cast a grimacing look of intelligence at the Greek, as much as to say, "A whimsical fellow, you perceive! Everybody holds his speeches as mere jokes."

Tito, who had stood transfixed, with his long dark eyes resting on the unknown man who had addressed him so equivocally, seemed recalled to his self-command by Piero's change of position, and, apparently satisfied with his explanation, was again giving his attention to Cennini, who presently said,—

"This is a curious and a valuable ring, young man. This intaglio of the fish with the crested serpent above it, in the black stratum of the onyx, or rather nicolo, is well shown by the surrounding blue of the upper stratum. The ring has, doubtless, a history?" added Cennini, looking up keenly at the young stranger.

"Yes, indeed," said Tito, meeting the scrutiny very frankly. "The ring was found in Sicily, and I have understood from those who busy themselves with gems and sigils, that both the stone and intaglio are of virtue to make the wearer fortunate, especially at sea, and also to restore to him whatever he may have lost. But," he continued smiling, "though I have worn it constantly since I quitted Greece, it has not made me altogether fortunate at sea, you perceive, unless I am to count escape from drowning as a sufficient proof of its virtue. It remains to be seen whether my lost chests will come to light; but to lose no chance of such a result, Messer, I will pray you only to hold the ring for a short space as pledge for a small sum far beneath its value, and I will redeem it as soon as I can dispose of certain other gems which are secured within my doublet, or indeed as soon as I can earn something by any scholarly employment, if I may be so fortunate as to meet with such."

"That may be seen, young man, if you will come with me," said Cennini. "My brother Pietro, who is a better judge of scholarship than I, will perhaps be able to supply you with a task that may test your capabilities. Meanwhile, take back your ring until I can hand you the necessary florins, and, if it please you, come along with me."

"Yes, yes," said Nello, "go with Messer Domenico, you cannot go in better company; he was born under the constellation that gives a man skill, riches, and integrity, whatever that constellation may be, which is

of the less consequence because babies can't choose their own horoscopes, and indeed, if they could, there might be an inconvenient rush of babies at particular epochs. Besides, our Phoenix, the incomparable Pico, has shown that your horoscopes are all a nonsensical dream—which is the less troublesome opinion. *Addio, bel giovane!* don't forget to come back to me."

"No fear of that," said Tito, beckoning a farewell, as he turned round his bright face at the door. "You are to do me a great service:—that is the most positive security for your seeing me again."

"Say what thou wilt, Piero," said Nello, as the young stranger disappeared, "I shall never look at such an outside as that without taking it as a sign of a loveable nature. Suffocation! why, thou wilt say next that Lionardo, whom thou art always raving about, ought to have made his Judas as beautiful as St. John! But thou art as deaf as the top of Mount Morello with that accursed tow in thy ears. Well, well: I'll get a little more of this young man's history from him before I take him to Bardo Bardi."

CHAPTER V.

THE BLIND SCHOLAR AND HIS DAUGHTER.

THE Via de' Bardi, a street noted in the history of Florence, lies in Oltrarno, or that portion of the city which clothes the southern bank of the river. It extends from the Ponte Vecchio to the Piazza de' Mozzi at the head of the Ponte alle Grazie; its right-hand line of houses and walls being backed by the rather steep ascent which in the fifteenth century was known as the Hill of Bogoli, the famous stone-quarry whence the city got its pavement—of dangerously unstable consistence when penetrated by rains; its left-hand buildings flanking the river and making on their northern side a length of quaint, irregularly-pierced façade, of which the waters give a softened loving reflection as the sun begins to decline towards the western heights. But quaint as these buildings are, some of them seem to the historical memory a too modern substitute for the famous houses of the Bardi family, destroyed by popular rage in the middle of the fourteenth century.

They were a proud and energetic stock, these Bardi: conspicuous among those who clutched the sword in the earliest world-famous quarrels of Florentines with Florentines, when the narrow streets were darkened with the high towers of the nobles, and when the old tutelar god Mars, as he saw the gutters reddened with neighbours' blood, might well have smiled at the centuries of lip-service paid to his rival, the Baptist. But the Bardi hands were of the sort that not only clutch the sword-hilt with vigour, but love the more delicate pleasure of fingering minted metal: they were matched, too, with true Florentine eyes, capable of discerning that

power was to be won by other means than by rending and riving, and by the middle of the fourteenth century we find them risen from their original condition of *popolani* to be possessors, by purchase, of lands and strongholds, and the feudal dignity of Counts of Vernio, disturbing to the jealousy of their republican fellow-citizens. These lordly purchases are explained by our seeing the Bardi disastrously signalized only a few years later as standing in the very front of European commerce—the Christian Rothschilds of that time—undertaking to furnish specie for the wars of our Edward the Third, and having revenues “in kind” made over to them; especially in wool, most precious of freights for Florentine galleys. Their august debtor left them with an august deficit, and alarmed Sicilian creditors made a too sudden demand for the payment of deposits, causing a ruinous shock to the credit of the Bardi and that of associated houses, which was felt as a commercial calamity along all the coasts of the Mediterranean. But, like more modern bankrupts, they did not, for all that, hide their heads in humiliation; on the contrary, they seem to have held them higher than ever, and to have been among the most arrogant of those *grandi*, who under certain noteworthy circumstances, open to all who will read the honest pages of Giovanni Villani, drew upon themselves the exasperation of the armed people in 1343. The Bardi, who had made themselves fast in their street between the two bridges, kept these narrow inlets, like panthers at bay, against the oncoming gonfalons of the people, and were only made to give way by an assault from the hill behind them. Their houses by the river, to the number of twenty-two (*palagi e case grandi*), were sacked and burnt, and many among the chief of those who bore the Bardi name were driven from the city. But an old Florentine family was many-rooted, and we find the Bardi maintaining importance and rising again and again to the surface of Florentine affairs in a more or less creditable manner, implying an untold family history that would have included even more vicissitudes and contrasts of dignity and disgrace, of wealth and poverty, than are usually seen on the background of wide kinship.* But the Bardi never resumed their proprietorship in the old street on the banks of the river, which in 1492 had long been associated with other names of mark, and especially with the Neri, who possessed a considerable range of houses on the side towards the hill. In one of these Neri houses there lived, however, a descendant of the Bardi, and of that very branch which a century and a half before had become Counts of Vernio: a descendant who had inherited the old family

* A sign that such contrasts were peculiarly frequent in Florence is the fact that Saint Antonine, Prior of San Marco, and afterwards archbishop, in the first half of this fifteenth century, founded the society of Buonomini di San Martino (Good Men of St. Martin) with the main object of succouring the *poveri vergognosi*—in other words, paupers of good family. In the records of the famous Panciatichi family we find a certain Girolamo in this century who was reduced to such a state of poverty that he was obliged to seek charity for the mere means of sustaining life, though other members of his family were enormously wealthy.

pride and energy, the old love of pre-eminence, the old desire to leave a lasting track of his footsteps on the fast-whirling earth. But the family passions lived on in him under altered conditions: this descendant of the Bardi was not a man swift in street warfare, or one who loved to play the signor, fortifying strongholds and asserting the right to hang vassals, or a merchant and usurer of keen daring, who delighted in the generalship of wide commercial schemes: he was a man with a deep-veined hand cramped by much copying of manuscripts, who ate sparing dinners, and wore threadbare clothes, at first from choice and at last from necessity; who sat among his books and his marble fragments of the past, and saw them only by the light of those far-off younger days which still shone in his memory: he was a moneyless, blind old scholar—the Bardo de' Bardi to whom Nello, the barber, had promised to introduce the young Greek, Tito Melema.

The house in which Bardo lived was situated on the side of the street nearest the hill, and was one of those large sombre masses of stone building pierced by comparatively small windows, and surmounted by what may be called a roofed terrace or loggia, of which there are many examples still to be seen in the venerable city. Grim doors, with conspicuous scrolled hinges, having high up on each side of them a small window defended by iron bars, opened on a groined entrance court, empty of everything but a massive lamp-iron suspended from the centre of the groin. A smaller grim door on the left hand admitted to the stone staircase, and the rooms on the ground floor. These last were used as a warehouse by the proprietor; so was the first floor; and both were fitted with precious stores, destined to be carried, some perhaps to the banks of the Scheldt, some to the shores of Africa, some to the isles of the Egean, or to the banks of the Euxine. Maso, the old serving-man, who returned from the Mercato, with the stock of cheap vegetables, had to make his slow way up to the second story before he reached the door of his master, Bardo, through which we are about to enter only a few mornings after Nello's conversation with the Greek.

We follow Maso across the ante-chamber to the door on the left hand, through which we pass as he opens it. He merely looks in and nods, while a clear young voice says, "Ah, you are come back, Maso. It is well. We have wanted nothing."

The voice came from the farther end of a long, spacious room, surrounded with shelves, on which books and antiquities were arranged in scrupulous order. Here and there, on separate stands in front of the shelves, were placed a beautiful feminine torso; a headless statue, with an uplifted muscular arm wielding a bladeless sword; rounded, dimpled, infantine limbs severed from the trunk, inviting the lips to kiss the cold marble; some well-preserved Roman busts; and two or three vases of Magna Grecia. A large table in the centre was covered with antique bronze lamps and small vessels in dark pottery. The colour of these objects was chiefly pale or sombre: the vellum bindings, with their deep-ridged backs, gave little relief to the marble livid with long burial; the

once splendid patch of carpet at the farther end of the room had long been worn to dimness; the dark bronzes wanted sunlight upon them to bring out their tinge of green, and the sun was not yet high enough to send gleams of brightness through the narrow windows that looked on the Via de' Bardi.

The only spot of bright colour in the room was made by the hair of a tall maiden of seventeen or eighteen, who was standing before a carved *leggio*, or reading-desk, such as is often seen in the choirs of Italian churches. The hair was of a reddish gold colour, enriched by an unbroken small ripple, such as may be seen in the sunset clouds on grandest autumnal evenings. It was confined by a black fillet above her small ears, from which it rippled forward again, and made a natural veil for her neck above her square-cut gown of black *rascia*, or serge. Her eyes were bent on a large volume placed before her: one long, white hand rested on the reading-desk, and the other clasped the back of her father's chair.

The blind father sat with head uplifted and turned a little aside towards his daughter, as if he were looking at her. His delicate paleness, set off by the black velvet cap which surmounted his drooping white hair, made all the more perceptible the likeness between his aged features and those of the young maiden, whose cheeks were also without any tinge of the rose. There was the same refinement of brow and nostril in both, counterbalanced by a full though firm mouth and powerful chin, which gave an expression of proud tenacity and latent impetuosity: an expression carried out in the backward poise of the girl's head, and the grand line of her neck and shoulders. It was a type of face of which one could not venture to say whether it would inspire love or only that unwilling admiration which is mixed with dread: the question must be decided by the eyes, which often seem charged with a more direct message from the soul. But the eyes of the father had long been silent, and the eyes of the daughter were bent on the Latin pages of Politian's *Miscellanea*, from which she was reading aloud at the eightieth chapter, to the following effect:—

“There was a certain nymph of Thebes named Chariclo, especially
 “dear to Pallas; and this nymph was the mother of Teiresias. But once
 “when in the heat of summer, Pallas, in company with Chariclo, was
 “bathing her disrobed limbs in the Heliconian Hippocrene, it happened
 “that Teiresias coming as a hunter to quench his thirst at the same
 “fountain, inadvertently beheld Minerva unveiled, and immediately became
 “blind. For it is declared in the Saturnian laws, that he who beholds the
 “gods against their will, shall atone for it by a heavy penalty. . . .
 “When Teiresias had fallen into this calamity, Pallas, moved by the tears
 “of Chariclo, endowed him with prophecy and length of days, and even
 “caused his prudence and wisdom to continue after he had entered among
 “the shades, so that an oracle spake from his tomb: and she gave him a
 “staff, wherewith, as by a guide, he might walk without stumbling. . . .
 “And hence Nonnus, in the fifth book of the *Dionysiaca*, introduces

"Actæon exclaiming that he calls Teiresias happy, since, without dying, "and with the loss of his eyesight merely, he had beheld Minerva unveiled, "and thus, though blind, could for evermore carry her image in his soul."

At this point in the reading, the daughter's hand slipped from the back of the chair and met her father's, which he had that moment uplifted; but she had not looked round, and was going on, though with a voice a little altered by some suppressed feeling, to read the Greek quotation from Nonnus, when the old man said—

"Stay, Romola; reach me my own copy of Nonnus. It is a more correct copy than any in Poliziano's hands, for I made emendations in it which have not yet been communicated to any man. I finished it in 1477, when my sight was fast failing me."

Romola walked to the farther end of the room, with the queenly step which was the simple action of her tall, finely-wrought frame, without the slightest conscious adjustment of herself.

"Is it in the right place, Romola?" asked Bardo, who was perpetually seeking the assurance that the outward fact continued to correspond with the image which lived to the minutest detail in his mind.

"Yes, father; at the west end of the room, on the third shelf from the bottom, behind the bust of Hadrian, above Apollonius Rhodius and Callimachus, and below Lucan and Silius Italicus."

As Romola said this, a fine ear would have detected in her clear voice and distinct utterance, a faint suggestion of weariness struggling with habitual patience. But as she approached her father and saw his arms stretched out a little with nervous excitement to seize the volume, her hazel eyes filled with pity; she hastened to lay the book on his lap, and kneeled down by him, looking up at him as if she believed that the love in her face must surely make its way through the dark obstruction that shut out everything else. At that moment the doubtful attractiveness of Romola's face, in which pride and passion seemed to be quivering in the balance with native refinement and intelligence, was transfigured to the most loveable womanliness by mingled pity and affection: it was evident that the deepest fount of feeling within her had not yet wrought its way to the less changeable features, and only found its outlet through her eyes.

But the father, unconscious of that soft radiance, looked flushed and agitated as his hand explored the edges and back of the large book.

"The vellum is yellowed in these thirteen years, Romola."

"Yes, father," said Romola, gently; "but your letters at the back are dark and plain still—fine Roman letters; and the Greek character," she continued, laying the book open on her father's knee, "is more beautiful than that of any of your bought manuscripts."

"Assuredly, child," said Bardo, passing his finger across the page, as if he hoped to discriminate line and margin. "What hired amanuensis can be equal to the scribe who loves the words that grow under his hand, and to whom an error or indistinctness in the text is more painful than

a sudden darkness or obstacle across his path? And even these mechanical printers who threaten to make learning a base and vulgar thing—even they must depend on the manuscript over which we scholars have bent with that insight into the poet's meaning which is closely akin to the *mens divini* of the poet himself; unless they would flood the world with grammatical falsities and inexplicable anomalies that would turn the very fountains of Parnassus into a deluge of poisonous mud. But find the passage in the fifth book, to which Poliziano refers—I know it very well.

Seating herself on a low stool, close to her father's knee, Romola took the book on her lap and read the four verses containing the exclamation of Actæon.

"It is true, Romola," said Bardo, when she had finished; "it is a true conception of the poet; for what is that grosser, narrower light by which men behold merely the petty scene around them, compared with that far-stretching, lasting light which spreads over centuries of thought, and over the life of nations, and makes clear to us the minds of the immortals who have reaped the great harvest and left us to glean in their furrows? For me, Romola, even when I could see, it was with the great dead that I lived; while the living often seemed to me mere spectres—shadows dispossessed of true feeling and intelligence; and unlike those Lamie, to whom Poliziano, with that superficial ingenuity which I do not deny to him, compares our inquisitive Florentines, because they put on their eyes when they went abroad, and took them off when they got home again, I have returned from the converse of the streets as from a forgotten dream, and have sat down among my books, saying with Petrarca, the modern who is least unworthy to be named after the ancients, '*Libri medullitus delectant, colloquuntur, consulunt, et viva quadam nobis atque arguta familiaritate junguntur.*'"

"And in one thing you are happier than your favourite Petrarca, father," said Romola, affectionately humouring the old man's disposition to dilate in this way; "for he used to look at his copy of Homer and think sadly that the Greek was a dead letter to him: so far, he had the inward blindness that you feel is worse than your outward."

"True, child; for I carry within me the fruits of that fervid study which I gave to the Greek tongue under the teaching of the younger Crisolora, and Filelfo, and Argiropulo, though that great work in which I had desired to gather, as into a firm web, all the threads that my research had laboriously disentangled, and which would have been the vintage of my life, was cut off by the failure of my sight and my want of a fitting coadjutor; for the sustained zeal and unconquerable patience demanded from those who would tread the unbeaten paths of knowledge are still less reconcilable with the wandering, vagrant propensity of the feminine mind than with the feeble powers of the feminine body."

"Father," said Romola, with a sudden flush and in an injured tone, "I read anything you wish me to read; and I will look out any passages for you, and make whatever notes you want."

Bardo shook his head, and smiled with a bitter sort of pity. "As well try to be a pentathlos and perform all the five feats of the palaestra with the limbs of a nymph. Have I forgotten thy fainting in the mere search for the references I needed to explain a single passage of Callimachus?"

"But, father, it was the weight of the books, and Maso can help me,—it was not want of attention and patience."

Bardo shook his head again. "It is not mere bodily organs that I want: it is the sharp edge of a young mind to pierce the way for my somewhat blunted faculties. For blindness acts like a dam, sending the streams of thought backward along the already-travelled channels and hindering the course onward. If my son had not forsaken me, deluded by debasing fanatical dreams, worthy only of an energumen whose dwelling is among tombs, I might have gone on and seen my path broadening to the end of my life; for he was a youth of great promise. . . . But it has closed in now," the old man continued, after a short pause; "it has closed in now;—all but the narrow track he has left me to tread—alone, in my blindness."

Romola started from her seat, and carried away the large volume to its place again, stung too acutely by her father's last words to remain motionless as well as silent; and when she turned away from the shelf again, she remained standing at some distance from him, stretching her arms downward and clasping her fingers tightly as she looked with a sad dreariness in her young face at the lifeless objects around her—the parchment backs, the unchanging mutilated marble, the bits of obsolete bronze and clay.

Bardo, though usually susceptible to Romola's movements and eager to trace them, was now too entirely pre-occupied by the pain of rankling memories to notice her departure from his side.

"Yes," he went on, "with my son to aid me. I might have had my due share in the triumphs of this century: the names of the Bardi, father and son, might have been held reverently on the lips of scholars in the ages to come; not on account of frivolous verses or philosophic treatises, which are superfluous and presumptuous attempts to imitate the inimitable, such as allure vain men like Panhormita, and from which even the admirable Poggio did not keep himself sufficiently free; but because we should have given a lamp whereby men might have studied the supreme productions of the past. For why is a young man like Poliziano, who was not yet born when I was already held worthy to maintain a discussion with Thomas of Sarzana, to have a glorious memory as a commentator on the Pandects—why is Ficino, whose Latin is an offence to me, and who wanders purblind among the superstitious fancies that marked the decline at once of art, literature, and philosophy, to descend to posterity as the very high priest of Platonism, while I, who am more than their equal, have not effected anything but scattered work, which will be appropriated by other men? Why? but because my son, whom I had brought

up to replenish my ripe learning with young enterprise, left me and all liberal pursuits that he might lash himself and howl at midnight with besotted friars—that he might go wandering on pilgrimages befitting men who know of no past older than the missal and the crucifix?—left me when the night was already beginning to fall on me.”

In these last words the old man's voice, which had risen high in indignant protest, fell into a tone of reproach so tremulous and plaintive that Romola, turning her eyes again towards the blind aged face, felt her heart swell with forgiving pity. She seated herself by her father again, and placed her hand on his knee—too proud to obtrude consolation in words that might seem like a vindication of her own value, yet wishing to comfort him by some sign of her presence.

“Yes, Romola,” said Bardo, automatically letting his left hand, with its massive prophylactic rings, fall a little too heavily on the delicate blue-veined back of the girl's right, so that she bit her lip to prevent herself from starting. “If even Florence only is to remember me, it can but be on the same ground that it will remember Niccolò Niccoli—because I forsook the vulgar pursuit of wealth in commerce that I might devote myself to collecting the precious remains of ancient art and wisdom, and leave them, after the example of the munificent Romans, for an everlasting possession to my fellow-citizens. But why do I say Florence only? If Florence remembers me, will not the world remember me? . . . Yet,” added Bardo, after a short pause, his voice falling again into a saddened key, “Lorenzo's untimely death has raised a new difficulty. I had his promise—I should have had his bond—that my collection should always bear my name and should never be sold, though the harpies might clutch everything else; but there is enough for them—there is more than enough—and for thee, too, Romola, there will be enough. Besides, thou wilt marry; Bernardo reproaches me that I do not seek a fitting *parentado* for thee, and we will delay no longer, we will think about it.”

“No, no, father; what could you do? besides, it is useless: wait till some one seeks me,” said Romola, hastily.

“Nay, my child, that is not the paternal duty. It was not so held by the ancients, and in this respect Florentines have not degenerated from their ancestral customs.”

“But I will study diligently,” said Romola, her eyes dilating with anxiety. “I will become as learned as Cassandra Fedele: I will try and be as useful to you as if I had been a boy, and then perhaps some great scholar will want to marry me, and will not mind about a dowry; and he will like to come and live with you, and he will be to you in place of my brother . . . and you will not be sorry that I was a daughter.”

There was a rising sob in Romola's voice as she said the last words, which touched the fatherly fibre in Bardo. He stretched his hand upward a little in search of her golden hair, and as she placed her head under his hand, he gently stroked it, leaning towards her as if his eyes discerned some glimmer there.

"Nay, *Romola mia*, I said not so: if I have pronounced an anathema on a degenerate and ungrateful son, I said not that I could wish thee other than the sweet daughter thou hast been to me. For what son could have tended me so gently in the frequent sickness I have had of late? And even in learning thou art not, according to thy measure, contemptible. Something perhaps were to be wished in thy capacity of attention and memory, not incompatible even with the feminine mind. But as Calcondila bore testimony, when he aided me to teach thee, thou hast a ready apprehension, and even a wide-glancing intelligence. And thou hast a man's nobility of soul: thou hast never fretted me with thy petty desires as thy mother did. It is true, I have been careful to keep thee aloof from the debasing influence of thy own sex, with their sparrow-like frivolity and their enslaving superstition, except, indeed, from that of our cousin Brigida, who may well serve as a scarecrow and a warning. And though—since I agree with the divine Petrarca, when he declares, quoting the *Aulularia* of Plautus, who again was indebted for the truth to the supreme Greek intellect, 'Optimam feminam nullam esse, alia licet alia peior sit'—I cannot boast that thou art entirely lifted out of that lower category to which Nature assigned thee, nor even that in erudition thou art on a par with the more learned women of this age; thou art nevertheless—yes, *Romola mia*," said the old man, his pedantry again melting into tenderness, "thou art my sweet daughter, and thy voice is as the lower notes of the flute, 'dulcis, durabilis, clara, pura, secans aëra et auribus sedens,' according to the choice words of Quintilian; and Bernardo tells me thou art fair, and thy hair is like the brightness of the morning, and indeed it seems to me that I discern some radiance from thee. Ah! I know how all else looks in this room, but thy form I only guess at. Thou art no longer the little woman six years old, that faded for me into darkness: thou art tall, and thy arm is but little below mine. Let us walk together."

The old man rose, and Romola, soothed by these beams of tenderness, looked happy again as she drew his arm within hers, and placed in his right hand the stick which rested at the side of his chair. While Bardo had been sitting, he had seemed hardly more than sixty: his face, though pale, had that refined texture in which wrinkles and lines are never deep; but now that he began to walk he looked as old as he really was—rather more than seventy; for his tall spare frame had the student's stoop of the shoulders, and he stepped with the undecided gait of the blind.

"No, *Romola*," he said, pausing against the bust of Hadrian, and passing his stick from the right to the left that he might explore the familiar outline with a "seeing hand." "There will be nothing else to preserve my memory and carry down my name as a member of the great republic of letters—nothing but my library and my collection of antiquities. And they are choice," continued Bardo, pressing the bust and speaking in a tone of insistence. "The collections of Niccolò I know were larger: but take any collection which is the work of a single man—that of the great Boccaccio even, which Niccolò bought—mine will surpass it.

That of Poggio was contemptible compared with mine. It will be a great gift to unborn scholars. And there is nothing else. For even if I were to yield to the wish of Aldo Manuzio when he sets up his press at Venice, and give him the aid of my annotated manuscripts, I know well what would be the result: some other scholar's name would stand on the title-page of the edition—some scholar who would have fed on my honey and then declared in his preface that he had gathered it all himself fresh from Hymettus. Else, why have I refused the loan of many an annotated codex? why have I refused to make public any of my translations? why? but because scholarship is a system of licensed robbery, and your man in scarlet and furred robe who sits in judgment on thieves, is himself a thief of the thoughts and the fame that belong to his fellows. But against that robbery Bardo de' Bardi shall struggle—though blind and forsaken, he shall struggle. I too have a right to be remembered—as great a right as Pontanus or Merula, whose names will be foremost on the lips of posterity, because they sought patronage and found it; because they had tongues that could flatter, and blood that was used to be nourished from the client's basket. I have a right to be remembered."

The old man's voice had become at once loud and tremulous, and a pink flush overspread his proud, delicately-cut features, while the habitually raised attitude of his head gave the idea that behind the curtain of his blindness he saw some imaginary high tribunal to which he was appealing against the injustice of Fame.

Romola was moved with sympathetic indignation, for in her nature too there lay the same large claims, and the same spirit of struggle against their denial. She tried to calm her father by a still prouder word than his.

"Nevertheless, father, it is a great gift of the gods to be born with a hatred and contempt of all injustice and meanness. Yours is a higher lot, never to have lied and truckled, than to have shared honours won by dishonour. There is strength in scorn, as there was in the martial fury by which men became insensible to wounds."

"It is well said, Romola. It is a Promethean word thou hast uttered," answered Bardo, after a little interval in which he had begun to lean on his stick again, and to walk on. "And I indeed am not to be pierced by the shafts of Fortune. My armour is the *æs triplex* of a clear conscience, and a mind nourished by the precepts of philosophy. 'For men,' says Epictetus, 'are disturbed not by things themselves, but by their opinions or thoughts concerning those things.' And again, 'whosoever will be free, let him not desire or dread that which it is in the power of others either to deny or inflict: otherwise, he is a slave.' And of all such gifts as are dependent on the caprice of fortune or of men, I have long ago learned to say, with Horace—who, however, is too wavering in his philosophy, vacillating between the precepts of Zeno and the less worthy maxims of Epicurus, and attempting, as we say, 'duabus sellis sedere'—concerning such accidents, I say, with the pregnant brevity of the poet—

'Sunt qui non habeant, est qui non curat habere.'

He is referring to gems, and purple, and other insignia of wealth ; but I may apply his words not less justly to the tributes men pay us with their lips and their pens, which are also matters of purchase, and often with base coin. Yes, '*Inanis*'—hollow, empty—is the epithet justly bestowed on Fame."

They made the tour of the room in silence after this; but Bardo's lip-born maxims were as powerless over the passion which had been moving him, as if they had been written on parchment and hung round his neck in a sealed bag; and he presently broke forth again in a new tone of insistence.

"*Inanis*? yes, if it is a lying fame; but not if it is the just meed of labour and a great purpose. I claim my right: it is not fair that the work of my brain and my hands should not be a monument to me—it is not just that my labour should bear the name of another man. It is but little to ask," the old man went on, bitterly, "that my name should be over the door—that men should own themselves debtors to the Bardi Library in Florence. They will speak coldly of me, perhaps: 'a diligent collector and transcriber,' they will say, 'and also of some critical ingenuity, but one who could hardly be conspicuous in an age so fruitful in illustrious scholars. Yet he merits our pity, for in the latter years of his life he was blind, and his only son, to whose education he had devoted his best years ——' Nevertheless, my name will be remembered, and men will honour me: not with the breath of flattery, purchased by mean bribes, but because I have laboured, and because my labour will remain. Debts! I know there are debts; and there is thy dowry, Romola, to be paid. But there must be enough—or, at least, there can lack but a small sum, such as the Signoria might well provide. And if Lorenzo had not died, all would have been secured and settled. But now"

At this moment Maso opened the door, and advancing to his master, announced that Nello, the barber, had desired him to say, that he was come with the Greek scholar whom he had asked leave to introduce.

"It is well," said the old man. "Bring them in."

Bardo, conscious that he looked more dependent when he was walking, liked always to be seated in the presence of strangers, and Romola, without needing to be told, conducted him to his chair. She was standing by him at her full height, in quiet majestic self-possession, when the visitors entered; and the most penetrating observer would hardly have divined that this proud pale face, at the slightest touch on the fibres of affection or pity, could become passionate with tenderness, or that this woman, who imposed a certain awe on those who approached her, was in a state of girlish simplicity and ignorance concerning the world outside her father's books.

French System of Believing the Poor.

As the newspapers remind us daily, our Poor Law is now on its trial. The cotton famine has added so much to the pauperism of the country that at this moment the number of poor in receipt of parochial relief is unparalleled; and we know that the popular dread of the union-house, the shame of eating workhouse bread, keeps the starvation of many thousands out of the public sight. Unhappily, too, there is no hope that the dismal roll of pauperism is yet made up to its greatest sum. The difficulties of "relief" have only begun; and therefore it is that we have directed our attention to the system adopted in France for aiding the distressed and destitute.

It is a prevalent impression in this country that there is no legal relief for the poor in France, because there is no class answering to our "paupers," and no workhouses. But although no dingy brick buildings, nor palatial structures, destined for the reception of the indigent, meet the traveller's eye in France, and although there are neither paid overseers, nor surly masters, nor salaried union doctors connected with the administration of aid to the distressed in that country, still there can be no doubt that the poor are there much more tenderly treated, and more efficiently relieved too, than in England. Amongst us, relief attended with enormous expense is thanklessly received, because it is almost always contemptuously, and but too often brutally, administered; and because, here, poverty is regarded as a crime to be punished, rather than as a misfortune to be alleviated: whereas in France, the revenue destined to succour those requiring public assistance is dispensed with an economy which permits almost all the receipts to go directly to the purpose for which they are designed, and alms are given in a manner calculated to assuage the humiliated feelings of the recipients; the rule most strongly insisted upon in the official instructions issued to the directors of the "*Bureaux de Bienfaisance*" in France being the truly Christian one, "that in the distribution of relief they must always remember that misfortune does not obliterate shame or destroy self-respect, and that one of their most important duties is to succour the unfortunate without causing them a blush."

Before the great Revolution of 1789, the sick, the infirm, the aged and the destitute were relieved in France by the convents and monasteries, whose ample revenues enabled them to provide liberally for the necessities of the surrounding poor, and by the public hospitals, which were numerous and richly endowed; but in the first outburst of unbridled licence and infidelity which followed that memorable event, religion and everything

pertaining to its sustenance was swept away, and public charity ceased when the sources from which its support was derived were directed to other purposes.

In 1793, and the following year, the sufferings of the French people were extreme, and some attempts were then made to establish a system of relieving the poor; but it was only after the Reign of Terror had fairly passed away, and when the national mind was in some measure reassured by the brilliant victories which saved France from invasion, and by a comparative state of internal tranquillity, that the government had sufficient time or power to devote itself to a serious consideration of the means necessary to alleviate the misery of the indigent and afflicted. On the 27th November, 1796, the Directory introduced and succeeded in passing a law which, with unimportant modifications, is that under which public relief to the poor is at this moment administered in France.

The French system of poor relief is entirely and strictly confined to outdoor assistance, save only that portion of it which is administered through the "hospices" and hospitals; the former serving as asylums for deserted children and those whom old age or incurable infirmities may have rendered incapable of earning their bread, and the latter appropriated to the reception of those suffering from acute disease, or accidents which necessitate medical advice and assistance. By the law of 1796 a tax of one penny per ten francs (8s.) was imposed for the benefit of charitable establishments on all tickets sold for admission to theatres where plays were acted, where balls or concerts were given, or horsemanship performed, and also on the rents of the boxes of such establishments which were let by the season or year. By a decree of 21st August, 1806, there was further appropriated to the same purposes one-fourth of the gross receipts of all balls, concerts, races, exhibitions of fireworks, and all other sorts of entertainments to which the public are admitted by tickets or subscriptions. This last tax was designed to bring within the range of the law the rural communes where there are no theatres, but in which there are annual "duccasses" (parochial fêtes), which generally last for three days, and other reunions or dances of more or less importance. And by a subsequent decree, all lands originally belonging to hospitals, and which had been usurped by the nation, were restored to those institutions, together with a pecuniary indemnity for the misappropriated rents. In addition to the taxes levied on the amusements of the people, the directors of relief are empowered to order collections for the poor to be made in the churches of all religious denominations, to have boxes for the receipt of donations set up in all public places of business or amusement, and, if need be, to make domiciliary quests once a quarter throughout the commune. They have, besides, at their disposal fees on the sale of burial-places, and a certain sum contributed by the municipalities, the amount of which is regulated according to the number of those considered as fitting objects of charity. Independently of the resources already enumerated, and which are placed under the control of the Bureaux, there is always provision

made in the Budget of the Minister of the Interior for extraordinary distress beyond the means of local charity. In such cases, this money is applied to the employment of able-bodied labourers in the suffering districts on public works of national utility. The "hospices" and hospitals are entirely or in part supported by the confiscated estates restored to them under the first empire; and when their own resources prove insufficient, the deficiency is made good by grants from the municipalities. The old and infirm inmates are employed in performing any light work required within the house which is not beyond their strength; and for this they receive small gratuities, which they expend on tobacco and snuff, or in procuring for themselves what they term "*petits douceurs*" (little delicacies), in addition to the ordinary diet of the establishment. As regards the deserted children, along with receiving an excellent education the boys are taught trades, and the girls are instructed in every description of embroidery and needlework, and in all the duties of domestic servants. At sixteen years of age they leave, and after being once placed are never permitted to return. These institutions are also governed by committees of five, named by the Préfet, with the "Maire" as official president; the members go out in rotation, as do the members of the "Bureaux de Bienfaisance," with which, however, they have no connection, as the same persons cannot belong to both bodies. From resources apparently so trifling, and by means of taxes which are almost imperceptible to those who pay them, all persons really entitled to public support receive it; and that class, according to the definition of the law, includes those who are thrown out of work by exceptional circumstances, those whose families are too numerous to be supported by the personal earnings of the father, deserted children, and all who from age or incurable infirmities, are incapable of winning their bread by their labour.

Although the system of relieving the poor is carried out through the agency of unpaid officials in France, still the acts of those benevolent persons who devote their time gratuitously to provide for the wants of the deserving poor, are as strictly watched over by the constituted authorities as if they were well-paid public servants; the manner in which they discharge their duties is marked and reported upon, and dismissal is the certain consequence of inattention or neglect: a disgrace which is more keenly felt than we in England, with our ideas on such subjects, can imagine. To be selected to fill any position of social eminence is considered a high honour by every Frenchman or woman; and to the dread of being lessened in the estimation of their neighbours by a removal from it for incapacity or misconduct, must be mainly attributed the admirable manner in which the Bureaux de Bienfaisance are almost invariably administered. The receiver, on whom the responsibility of all money transactions devolves, is salaried by a per-centage; and the *religieuse*, who acts as inspecting and ministering agent, is supported by a very humble allowance indeed from the commune to whose services she devotes her time. Medical men

rarely accept a salary, for it is, when granted, so small (never exceeding 12*l.* per annum) that they prefer acting gratuitously; while their unpaid exertions in favour of the poor naturally recommend them to the notice of the affluent, who can afford to pay, and often procure for them the Cross of the Legion of Honour. The only case in which fees are paid by the Bureaux, or received by the faculty, is for attendance on accouchements, when the honorarium only amounts to five shillings.

By the decree of 1796, "Bureaux de Bienfaisance," that is, offices where relief is administered to the poor, were established, and still exist in every commune of France. The committee entrusted with the management of each consists of five members, "to be chosen from the richest and most respectable inhabitants of the district:" originally they were elected by the municipal councils; but in 1821 their nomination was transferred to the Minister of the Interior, acting on the recommendation of the *Préfet* of the department. Each year the senior member vacates office, when a list of five persons chosen by the committee itself is submitted to the Minister, from amongst whom one is selected to fill the vacancy. The outgoing members may be re-elected, but special instructions forbid the choice of two persons of the same family. The "*Maire*" of the town or commune is official president in right of his office, and in his absence the first "*adjoint*," or deputy *Maire*; the committee choosing from amongst themselves a chairman to preside on ordinary occasions, when the authorities may consider it unnecessary to attend. The members of these committees are unpaid, and have no concern with the money matters of the bureau, their duty being to inquire into the claims of all seeking relief, and to determine the amount of assistance to be granted, and the mode in which it should be given. From amongst their own body they select the "*ordonnateurs*," or managers, without whose signature no money can be disbursed by the receiver who is named by the Minister; who also fixes the amount of caution-money which he is to deposit, and the salary which he is to be paid. This caution-money is most frequently lodged in the "*caisse*," or treasury of the "*Mont de Piété*," where it helps to alleviate the distress of the poor by being lent on their pledges, at a very reduced rate of interest. There are no pawnbrokers in France, and those "*Monts de Piété*" which supply their place, are Government Institutions managed by paid officers. Not more than three per cent. is usually charged for loans, and in some places it is even less; the highest rate never exceeds twelve per cent., and only reaches that in localities where the capital is inadequate to supply the wants of the applicants. Any surplus over the expenses of these establishments and the sums required to carry on their operations, is, from time to time, handed over to the Hospitals or Bureaux de Bienfaisance, to augment their resources. Those grants, however, are but periodical and rare. By the receiver all moneys are received and disbursements made, and it is his duty to see to the proper collection of the revenue and to enforce its payment from those who may be in arrear. He is also empowered to receive all gifts

and legacies, under the sanction of the Préfet, when they do not exceed 300 francs (12*l.*) When above that sum, it is necessary to have the Minister's approbation ; before obtaining which, all documents connected with the transaction must be forwarded for his inspection. The "Maire," as official president, has the right of inspection whenever he may consider it right to exercise it ; he then not only satisfies himself that the accounts are rightly kept, but sees that the balance of cash is actually forthcoming and tangible. The salaried inspectors-general of the "Bureaux de Bienfaisance" appointed by the government have also the same right of inspection ; but they never exercise it, unless specially called upon to do so by the Préfet, sous-Préfet, or Maire of the commune in which the receiver is supposed to be a defaulter. Each month the committees are obliged to make a report of their receipts and expenditure to the Municipal Councils, besides an annual account of their proceedings, which is furnished every year between the 1st and 15th of April. An honorary secretary, one of their own body, keeps a register of their deliberations and correspondence ; and they are authorized to arrange their own times of meeting and to decide on the number of agents they require to employ, and the duties to be assigned to each. All members of those committees must reside within the district for which they are appointed, and services rendered in the Bureaux de Bienfaisance are considered "as public services rendered to the State, and as such count as claims for admission to the order of the Legion of Honour." The committees may name as assistants other ladies or gentlemen of their neighbourhood, to aid them in the distribution of relief ; but those latter take no share in their deliberations or decisions, the members nominated by the government alone having the right to grant or reject all applications for assistance. Sisters of some religious institution devoted to the succour of the poor, are always attached to each Bureau, one of whom visits the dwelling of each applicant, and reports upon his case before a decision is come to by the committee ; she then herself dispenses at their homes whatever aid may be accorded to the necessitous. Amongst these sisters there is always one, a regularly educated apothecary, who compounds from their own chest, and administers the medicine ordered by a doctor ; without the authority of whose prescription she is forbidden to act. Relief, which is limited as far as possible to food, firing, and clothes, is invariably given at the dwellings of the recipients, by means of orders on the different tradesmen with whom the Bureau has entered into contracts for the supply of the articles required either for maintenance or clothing, as the rule acted upon is to endeavour to maintain those feelings of affection which ought to subsist between the different members of the same family ; and, to use the words of the ministerial instructions, "to assist the sick and indigent in their own homes not only effects a great economy, but to that must be added the consolation which fathers and mothers naturally feel at being tended in their own beds by their own children, or which children must equally experience at having their wants and wishes ministered to

by their parents." The government omits no opportunity of impressing on the minds of the members of the *Bureaux de Bienfaisance* the grave responsibility of their charge, and of stimulating them to exertion. "The men" (say the instructions) "called to the functions of guardians of the poor will estimate the importance of the ministry confided to their care, and they will omit nothing which can add to the relief of the unfortunate:—by their example and good administration they should excite the charity of their fellow-citizens." The members of the *Bureaux* hold their meetings under ordinary circumstances three times a week, in one of the public buildings of the commune, either the "*Mairie*," or "*Palais de Justice*," where such exist, and there the person seeking relief must make his application. If the case be one of extreme urgency measures are immediately taken to afford the necessary succour; if not, a note is made of the applicant's address, and the particulars of his statement. His dwelling is then visited, and his character, antecedents, and present circumstances minutely inquired into by a member of the *Bureaux*, by a *religieuse* attached to the establishment, or by both, if the case be doubtful, before the next day of meeting; and upon their report, based on the information received, placed either on the temporary, or permanent list, or his demand for aid is altogether rejected.

The first duty of the committee is to ascertain that the applicant for relief is domiciled in the commune; the residence of the mother at the time of the child's birth being the place at which the latter is legally entitled to claim public assistance. Up to the age of twenty-one, every French person has a right to relief without going through any formality whatever; after attaining their majority, they must reside for six months in the commune to acquire the right which they before enjoyed as minors. All persons not born within the commune must reside for twelve months after the date of their inscription on the books of the municipality, before they can claim the right of domicile to entitle them to relief; but they will be considered as preserving their rights in their former domicile until the time necessary to establish them in the new one shall have expired. The municipality may refuse the right of domicile to persons without passports or official certificates to prove that they are not vagabonds. Those who marry, and reside for six months in a commune, have the right of domicile there, and military men (sailors or soldiers) with honourable certificates of having fought in the service of their country have a right to immediate domicile wherever they may choose to settle. Persons seventy years of age, or recognized as infirm without hope of recovery, as well as those of any age who, in the interval of delay necessary to establish their right to relief, shall be afflicted with illness brought on by the exercise of their occupations, must be received in the nearest hospital; and every person in absolute want must be at once relieved, whether domiciled or not.

We have never seen a statistical account of the number of persons receiving public relief throughout France, but it appears from the Budget

of the municipality of Paris that during last year 106,193 individuals seeking aid were inscribed on the books of the different Mairies, and that the expense of their support amounted in round numbers to about 130,000*l.* We have also had access to the statistics of several departmental communes, including towns of considerable importance in the manufacturing districts, for the same period, all of which exhibit a remarkable similarity to those of Paris, both as regards the numbers relieved, and the individual cost. From these statistics, which may fairly be taken as demonstrating the average of pauperism in France (except in the exclusively rural districts, where it is naturally less), it appears that the number of persons generally receiving temporary or permanent relief from the Bureaux varies from 14 to 16 per cent. of the gross population; and that the cost of relief administered to each only amounts to about *twenty-five shillings*, indisputable evidence that the vast majority inscribed upon their lists must belong to the former class, and a clear proof that out-door relief, when it can be strictly administered, is the least burdensome to those who pay for, as well as the most acceptable to those who receive it. It is true, however, that independent of the relief accorded to the poor under sanction of the law, very large sums indeed are dispensed in France through the medium of charitable societies; that of St. Vincent de Paul has hitherto expended about 80,000*l.* annually, and the "Dames de Charité," established in every considerable town and many of the rural communes, disburse perhaps as much. This latter society consists of the most influential ladies of each locality, who devote themselves especially to the relief of the class termed in their vocabulary "*pauvres honteux*," who need only occasional and temporary relief, but who are too proud to proclaim their poverty by seeking the aid of public charity. The "Dames de Charité" have their regularly constituted Bureaux, consisting of honorary presidents and secretaries; and they are bound under a penalty, always enforced, to attend the meetings held once a fortnight, when special districts are assigned to each of them, with lists of the individuals whom they are required personally to visit.

Under this system of relief, which we have briefly described, it is certain that the French poor are (at infinitely less cost) much better cared for and much more tenderly treated than our own. In France, the children supported by public charity are well and decently clad; not decked out, as here, in an antiquated garb of tawdry colours to proclaim their dependent position to the world. Neither are the schools at which the lower class receive instruction there designated by the insulting epithet of "*ragged*," as if to brand with social degradation those whom necessity compels to frequent them. And assuredly no applicants sinking under the combined influence of hunger and fatigue could in France be rudely refused food and shelter, as is but too often the case here. For with us, the chief object of the relieving officer and other officials under the Poor Law, seems to be the diminution of the rates, rather than the relief

of the unfortunate; so that every distressed person applying for food or shelter becomes an object of distrust and aversion, to be got rid of as cheaply as possible.

From the statistics which we have given, such of our home readers as pay poor-rates will be enabled to estimate the difference between the sum which an imprisoned, discontented, and generally irreclaimable pauper costs them, under the English law, and that for which a poor person is maintained at home in decency and comparative comfort under that of France. The difference in the moral and social results of the two systems is equally striking. Here poverty is tested by the enforcement of the most severe and revolting labour—there the necessity of being compelled to apply for relief is taken as but a too sure preliminary evidence of its being required. With us the hale and able-bodied are forced, in many instances, to enter the workhouse, as the only means left, when their earnings are insufficient, of saving their families, incarcerated with them, from absolute starvation; and thus the public burdens are increased, the self-respect of the parents is destroyed, and the tender minds of the children are contaminated by communication with the dissolute and idle; while in France the indigent, needing but temporary assistance, are aided in their struggles, left free to exercise their callings, and enabled to undergo the fatigues of labour and so extricate themselves from their periodical embarrassments by the timely and judicious administration of out-door relief.

In England the persons who once become public paupers rarely cease to continue so, because they lose all sense of shame under the ordeal to which they are subjected, before receiving relief, and are afterwards brutalised by their companionship and treatment in the workhouse. In France, while the wants of the family are supplied without a public exposure, the children are preserved from pollution by being still continued under the care and control of their parents. The able-bodied French poor require, and only seek temporary relief, as is evident from the very small sum annually expended (25s. per head) on the support of all descriptions of paupers; it is well known that they invariably, and of their own free will, decline further aid from the charitable societies, so soon as their improved circumstances permit them to dispense with it. And this spirit of decency and desire to maintain themselves by their own hard won earnings, so generally prevalent amongst the distressed poor in France, may, we think justly, be attributed to the fact, that there the law under which public charity is granted aims at "succouring the unfortunate, without causing them a blush," and that it is administered by men who never cease to remember "that misfortune does not obliterate shame or destroy self-respect."

Journalism.

JOURNALISM will, no doubt, occupy the first or one of the first places in any future literary history of the present times, for it is the most characteristic of all their productions. A great humourist once even went so far as to assert that the true social and political history of the age in which we live never would, or could, be known till some competent person should write an account of the management and policy of the different newspapers which influence it so deeply, under some such title as *Satan's Invisible World Revealed*. The admirable wit of the phrase, and the superficial resemblance of the sentiment to truth, excuse a good deal of injustice and of error in its substance.

The enormous reputation for both power and ability which our leading newspapers possess is due in a considerable degree to the impatience which every one feels of being governed in a prosaic way. No one likes to believe that the commonplace, unexciting scenes which he witnesses, or hears of, in the House of Commons really constitute the process of governing a great nation. People look for something more striking, and they find it in the notion of an invisible power called "Public Opinion," produced as we suppose by a set of unknown persons of prodigious genius, whose names are mysteriously concealed by the editors of the leading London papers, by whom they are from time to time invoked for the purpose of directing the different branches of human affairs with which they happen to be specially familiar. Few people have a definite notion of what a newspaper really is, of the different classes of persons who write it, and of the real extent of its influence on the course of affairs.

Newspapers are composed of two principal parts—the original matter and the news. These two parts occupy different proportions in different papers. Daily papers are composed principally of news, and weekly papers of original matter. The original matter may be further subdivided into leading articles upon political subjects or incidents of the day, and reviews of books; and the news might also be divided into that which is provided for serious and businesslike purposes, and that which is provided for amusement. The words *Intelligence* and *Gossip* would describe not inappropriately the elements of which it is composed. Each of these departments of a newspaper is written by different people on different principles, and requires the employment of different kinds and degrees of ability; and in order to get an adequate notion of the complex whole called a Newspaper, it is necessary to know something of each of these different heads.

There is, however, one great leading principle which underlies all the rest, and which affects, and, indeed, may be almost said to determine, the character of every separate branch of journalism, though hardly any one who writes or thinks on the subject appears to keep it in sight. This is the fact, that a newspaper is beyond everything else a commercial undertaking. Whatever else it does or omits to do, it must either pay or stop. This is an alternative which it is impossible to evade. Here and there, possibly, a rich man, who can indulge his fancies without reference to his money profit, may amuse himself by setting up a paper simply for the expression of his own views; but this is not only a mere exception and anomaly, but it is an apparent exception which, in the strictest sense of the words, proves the rule. Even in such a case the paper cannot be sold, unless the public are disposed to buy it, though it may be printed; so that unless it complies with the conditions of commercial success it can exercise no sort of influence, and give no currency to the opinions which it expresses. This principle ultimately determines the character of all periodical literature whatever. A paper may guide, or bully, or flatter, or instruct, or amuse the public, or it may do all these things at different times and in different degrees, but unless it does for the public something which the public likes it does nothing at all. Whatever may be the tone and bearing of journalists, they are in reality the servants of the public, and the course which they take is, and always will be, ultimately determined by the public.

To this general observation there are limitations of considerable importance; but the observation is true, on the whole, and in reality determines the whole character of newspapers, and influences in different ways every one of the parts of which they are composed. Of these parts, the leading articles are unquestionably the most characteristic and conspicuous, though, perhaps, in a commercial point of view, they are less important to the success of a paper than the news. They, however, are the part of the paper by which its standing and influence are determined; for it would be easy to mention journals which have an immense circulation, and form most valuable properties, though they are absolutely without any political or literary influence whatever. This is the case with several country papers which circulate over many counties, and contain little else than advertisements and petty local news. Really good leading articles are remarkable productions, and deserve more careful and impartial criticism than they receive. In the state of society in which we live at present, they form the greater part of the reading even of the most educated part of the adult members of the busy classes. In our days, men live like bees in a hive. They are constantly occupied in ingenious efforts to produce small results, in which for the most part they succeed. This leaves men very little time to use their minds upon any other subjects than those which their daily round of duties presents, and accordingly they are forced to live upon intellectual mince-meat. Their food must be chopped up small before they eat it; and it must be so prepared as at once

to tempt the appetite, and assist the digestion. Leading articles have been brought to their present perfection, in order to meet this want. This condition determines both their substance and their form. As to their substance, they must refer to the topics of the day; as to their form, they must be perfectly clear, attractively written, and relevant throughout to some one well-marked point. Each of these conditions contributes materially to the general effect which they produce.

In the first place they must refer to the topics of the day. This consideration shows one set of limits which the nature of the case imposes on the power of newspapers. A newspaper can deal with the subjects which its contributors care for only under the forms in which the subjects present themselves, and the course of events may be such that the most honest and ablest writer will not get the chance of speaking his mind upon those parts of the matter which he considers most important, or of justifying, or even explaining, the principles on which his views are based. Take as an illustration the civil war in America. A newspaper writer has to make a series of observations on every phase of the struggle which presents itself, each of which comments must be in substance the expansion of some one more or less apposite and weighty remark. For example, he has to say some one thing about President Lincoln's Message, about the battle of Bull Run, about the effect of the blockade on the cotton trade, about the campaign in Virginia and on the Mississippi, and so forth; but he never, or hardly ever, gets the chance, even if he had the power, of taking a comprehensive view of the whole subject, reducing the whole matter to order and principle, and setting before his readers something like a real judgment upon it. The reader of a long series of leading articles in the same paper on such a subject generally gets the impression that the writer of them probably knows little more about the matter when he finishes than he did when he began. Such articles never form a connected whole. They rarely show traces of gradually increasing knowledge; they are simply more or less clever and sensible passing remarks made by a man whose business it is to reduce his observations into a particular sort of form. No doubt there is a general consistency about them. They are usually written by one author, who naturally looks at the subject from his own point of view, and bases his different remarks upon the same principle; but many are as completely the creatures of the particular circumstances which suggest them as the speeches of barristers in court are the creatures of the particular incidents of each successive case. The analogy between the speeches of counsel and leading articles is almost perfect, and is derived from the fact that the speaker and the writer are in essentially the same position. Each is speaking from a particular point of view, and with the purpose of effecting a particular result. The object of the advocate is to promote the interests of his client. That of the journalist is to apply to the special facts with which he has to do the principle on which his paper has hitherto dealt with facts of that class. This is a sort of advocacy—the advocacy of a view or a principle instead of a person—the

conclusion being given, the premisses are to be shown to fit into it. The way in which different papers have treated the principal incidents of the war in America illustrate this. Some of these, which have favoured the North throughout, see in every instance in which the Northerners succeed a confirmation of their views. Others, whilst they admit the facts, do it with apparent reluctance, and dwell by preference on the difficulty which the North will find in governing the South when they have conquered it.

Many of the peculiarities which distinguish leading articles from other literary compositions may be explained by bearing in mind their circumstances, which go far to explain most both of their strong and weak points, as well as their peculiar style, and the degree in which they guide, or are guided by, public opinion. The strong point of a leading article is almost invariably the same, namely, its talent. The ability with which such articles are written is not only generally admitted, but is almost always exaggerated. Even those who complain of the way in which newspapers are written, and of the sort of influence which they exercise over the general course of affairs, usually couple their complaints with the strongest recognition of their ability. The editor and his contributors are called "able" and "brilliant" just as a lawyer is called "learned," or an officer "gallant." Indeed, the manner in which leading articles are generally spoken of, even amongst people of considerable education and acquirements, is almost slavish. The better class of them are constantly referred to as if there were something altogether strange and unattainable to ordinary persons in the power of writing them. That men should be found whose practice it is to write three or four such essays every week is sometimes considered as a sort of intellectual wonder; and surprise is expressed, or affected that any one should have a sufficient variety of knowledge and command of language to write impressively and instructively on so great a variety of subjects. The truth is, that the degree of ability which leading articles display, and the sort of talent required to write them, admit of being measured with a considerable precision. The best leading articles that are written are nothing more than samples of the conversation of educated men upon passing events, methodized and thrown into a sustained and literary shape. They seldom or never rise above this level, except under very uncommon and peculiar circumstances. In order to appreciate their character fully, it is necessary to have a correct notion of the character and position in life of their authors. They form a small but important class of society, and one which is almost peculiar to our own time and country. The leading articles of our leading newspapers—those which exercise any sort of influence over the opinions of the public at large—are written, probably, by not more than a hundred people. At least, that number would include all those who form the permanent staff of the papers in question, and are habitually relied upon by the proprietors for the supply of articles. They are, generally speaking, able and educated men, who, from some cause or other, have as it were been caught in some of the eddies of

the main streams which are navigated in search of wealth and distinction, or have reached comparatively early secure shelves which connect them with the business of life, and leave them a certain degree of leisure, and an appetite for some additional income. Our leading journalists are barristers waiting for business, or resigned to the want of it; clergymen unattached, who regret their choice of a profession which their conscience or inclination forbids them to practise, and which the law forbids them to resign; Government officials, whose duties are not connected with party politics, and do not occupy the whole of their time; and in a few cases men of independent means, who have a fancy for writing, and who wish to increase their incomes. It is difficult to illustrate the description of a class so small and peculiar without personality, but Mr. Carlyle's account of the late Captain Stirling will give to those who are not acquainted with the members of this class a sufficiently definite notion of the sort of persons of whom it is composed. His description of the manner in which his articles were written, accounts both for the merits and defects of such compositions. He used, says his biographer, to pass a great part of his time in talking over the affairs of the day with men actively engaged or interested in their management. He then, by an effort which constant practice rendered very easy, reduced into a definite shape, and as it were brought to a point, the general result of what he had been hearing and saying through the day. This exactly illustrates the specific distinguishing faculty, in virtue of which men become first-rate journalists. It is the power of filling the mind rapidly and almost unconsciously with the floating opinions of the day, throwing these opinions into a precise, connected, and attractive form, and above all, of bringing them to a definite point. Without this power no one can write a leading article at all, but those who possess it may employ it with endless degrees of knowledge and skill. No amount of information or thought will enable a man to write a readable leading article without it; but the goodness of the article, when written, will depend entirely upon the degree of information and reflection which the writer brings to the subject. It is not so much the knowledge and the thought, as the faculty of composition, which surprises ordinary readers, for they can to some extent appreciate the difficulty of composing, while few of them are able to form any estimate of the degree of special knowledge which a writer may possess. This surprise, however, is ill placed. The faculty of composing leading articles is merely a form of technical skill, like the handiness of a mechanic, the fluency and readiness of a barrister, or the delicate touch of a musician. By a certain amount of practice a man gets to see daily at a glance whether or not a topic is of the proper size to fill a column and a quarter of the type in which his articles are printed. At any odd time—whilst taking a walk, or in reading the newspaper, or smoking a cigar—he gets into his head the point of the article, and one or two of the main topics which are to illustrate and enforce it in a paragraph a piece, and when this is once satisfactorily done, it flows from the end of his pen with perfect and almost unconscious

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ease. Of course, when a man has reached this point, little substantial improvement in his productions is to be expected, though long experience will no doubt add something to the accuracy of his judgment and much to the readiness and confidence with which his opinions are formed; subject to this, he writes on the Saturday pretty much what he wrote on the Monday, and in December as he did in January.

This account of the authors of leading articles explains not only the reason why they are anonymous, but the jealousy and pertinacity with which the most influential newspapers always vindicate the practice of anonymous journalism. The common phrase about stabbing in the dark, cowardice, and the like, are ludicrously untrue. Probably most of the ablest and permanent contributors to important newspapers know perfectly well that scores, perhaps hundreds of people—and those, too, the very persons on whose opinion they set most value—can identify to a moral certainty every article they write, and many of them make no kind of secret of the fact that they do write them. They are thus subject, as it is, to the same sort of responsibility as the practice of signing their names would involve. What they object to is the very consequence which many of those who are anxious to establish the practice of signatures secretly like, namely, notoriety. A man whose social or professional position or prospects are already good, dislikes nothing so much as parading his name before the public in connection with pursuits which form only a part of his life, and probably the part which interests him least. He has as little wish that ten or twenty thousand people should have their attention directed to his name at the bottom of a column of type twice or three times a week, as he has to see it labelled all over the walls in connection with a quack medicine.

Nothing can be more characteristic of the difference between French and English journalists than the difference of sentiment and habit on this point. In its palmy days under Louis Philippe, journalism in France was not only a profession, but was the principal avenue to political power; and the consequence was, that long before the passing of the law making signatures compulsory, means were taken by the principal newspaper writers to give the widest possible publicity to their connection with their respective journals.

The general character of leading articles may also be explained in the same way. In almost all the most influential papers, their tone is conservative in the extreme upon all essential points, however they may favour political liberalism. It is easy to trace in every one proof of the fact that its author has a strong interest in the maintenance of all the chief principles and institutions of society, and a general conviction that alterations in them are rash. Experience has seldom proved anything more conclusively than the proposition that, in a rich and intelligent country, a perfectly free press is one of the greatest safeguards of peace and order. Under such circumstances it is nearly certain that the ablest newspapers will be both read and written by and for the comfortable part of society, and will

err rather on the side of making too much of their interests than on that of neglecting them.

From what has been said, it is easy to describe the degree in which newspapers form and in which they follow public opinion. In the first place the paper must sell. Hence opinions highly distasteful, and altogether unfamiliar to the public, cannot be expressed at all. For example, it would be practically impossible to establish a newspaper in the present day on avowedly anti-Christian principles. One or two attempts of the kind have been made, and have failed utterly and speedily. A second restriction is, that the matter written must refer to the events of the day, and that closely and pointedly. This prevents a journalist from expressing many of his opinions, and ties him down to expressing such of the opinions he holds on particular subjects as can be thrown into a definite and pointed form. If M. de Tocqueville were now writing in *The Times*, he would be able to give definite opinions about the military prospects of the North and South respectively, but he would not be able to impress upon the public at large his philosophical theories about the strong and weak points of democratic institutions. Thirdly, a journalist loses his power over the public if he ceases to be a journalist, and puts himself forward as the organ of a particular party or cry. The theory of journalism, as accepted by the public at large, is, that the writers of leading articles *bonâ fide* observe upon the events of the day, without any particular bias other than that which is involved in the peculiarities of their own personal character. If a paper pertinaciously sticks to a particular point, in season and out of season, its readers attach no weight to what it says. They say it is the organ of a party, and that its view upon the matter in question is owing to some personal theory, or fancy or connection of the proprietors. Some ten years ago, for example, the *Morning Chronicle* was most ably written, and exercised considerable influence on many subjects; but in the midst of many articles which were obviously written as the *bonâ fide* expression of opinion on current events, there was a current of High Church theology which stood entirely alone, contrasted in the strongest way with the rest of the paper, and exercised no influence whatever with the public beyond dissuading them from reading it. The line taken by *The Times* for many years on the subject of the poor laws was another example of the same thing. On almost every other subject the opinions expressed were those which intelligent and educated men might well deduce from current events, but as to the poor laws the paper had a sort of twist or crotchet, and the consequence was that the public attached very little weight to what it said on the subject.

Subject, however, to these restrictions, the liberty which individual journalists enjoy, and their power to influence the public in the direction of their own views, are very considerable. It no more follows that because a paper must sell, its contributors will write whatever sells best, than it follows that because a man must live he will direct all his efforts to living as long as possible. On the contrary, when a newspaper has become an

established concern, and has a recognized position, it is usually conducted with far more independence, and with a much greater reference to the honest individual opinion of particular writers, than people usually suppose.

The editor is almost always paid by a fixed salary; the contributors are paid either by salaries or by the article; so that neither the one nor the other has any strong immediate interest in the sale of a few hundred copies more or less. Moreover, neither editors nor contributors are to be hired like labourers in any required quantity. It is a work of considerable time and difficulty to form a good staff of writers, and to bring them into satisfactory relations with the editor and with each other; and when such a staff is formed it is animated by a strong *esprit de corps*, and like all other such bodies has, generally speaking, very decided opinions, and strong likes and dislikes. Of course their feelings find expression in the political and literary views of the paper, and its goodness and spirit are, generally speaking, in direct proportion to their originality and vivacity.

Besides this, both the public who read and the managers who conduct the paper know that men whose writings are worth having will not write what they do not think, and that if they did they would not write well; and that, on the other hand, the goodness of an article may be measured with accuracy by the degree of satisfaction which the author took in writing it. The general result of this is that nearly every article in a paper of standing influence is sure to be the genuine expression of the opinion of the person who wrote it.

Up to this point, and in this sense, the leading articles which appear in a paper may be said to form and to follow public opinion; but a very important qualification to this must be borne in mind. The editor determines which of his staff of contributors is to operate on public opinion, and of course he makes his selection with a view to the state of public opinion at the time when the selection is made. For example, if he had to determine which of his contributors should write about India, and if two of them knew a great deal about the subject, and one of those two looked at the whole matter, say from a missionary point of view, he would probably put the question into the hands of the other, unless the general tendency of the paper were to treat such subjects in a theological spirit. On the other hand, he might say to the other contributor, "Write about India by all means, but don't touch the religious side of the question." In either case the articles would be fair and truthful, as far as they went, though the selection of the man who was to write them, or of the mode in which he was to handle them, would be determined less by reference to the editor's own opinion of the merits of the case than by his own view of the state of public feeling on the matter.

Though the leading articles are, perhaps, the most important and characteristic part of a newspaper, the goodness of its news has perhaps even more to do with its commercial success. People who like the curiosities

of civilization (to borrow the title of an entertaining book lately published) are never tired of dwelling upon the marvels of newspapers. We are bid to admire the variety and extent of the different articles of information extracted for our daily instruction and amusement, almost as often as our astonishment and reverence are bespoken for works like the Britannia or Victoria Bridges, or for the arrangements of manufactories or railways. Every morning, it is said, a mass of print, containing as much matter as a thick octavo volume, is laid on our breakfast-tables. It contains an accurate report of speeches which were made some hours after we went to bed, and of the incidents which took place up to a late hour of the night; it gives us on the same day letters from persons specially employed for the purpose of writing them, about the Chinese, the Americans, the Italians, the enfranchisement of the Russian serfs, and scores of other subjects; and besides this, it puts before us a sort of photograph of one day's history of the nation in which we live, including not only its graver occupations, such as legislation and commerce, but every incident a little out of the common way brought to light by police courts or recorded by local newspapers. This goes on till at the end of the year its story is comprised in a book larger than all the classics and all the standard histories of the world put together. This picture may be amplified and re-arranged in a thousand ways. There are persons who will count up the number of acres which a single number of *The Times* would cover if all the copies were spread out flat, or illustrate the quantity of copies by telling us how long the same weight of coal would serve an ordinary household, or enumerate the people who in different ways depend upon it for their livelihood. But when all is said and done, it is a mere question of money. There is really nothing at all extraordinary about the largest and best managed paper in the world, except the fact that it should be worth while to spend so much about it. Take, for example, the miracle that a speech delivered at two in the morning is sent by the six A.M. trains to every part of the country. What is there in it after all? The short-hand writer takes it down by a mere exercise of mechanical skill, and then writes out what he has taken down, and passes it to the printers, who stand ready to set it up. Given the capital to pay for short-hand writers and printers in sufficient number, it is what any one can do; nor is there really anything more astonishing in the fact than in the circumstance that a great contractor will be able to send a thousand navvies with all their tools to the scene of a railway accident on the shortest notice. Even in the editing, which is usually looked on with a sort of awe, there is no real difficulty, or at least not more than there is in other highly-paid professional labour.

The editor of a London daily paper has to turn night into day; but with that exception he is in much the same position as any other gentleman in his own class of life. He goes to his place of business, the office of the paper, in the course of the afternoon, or towards evening, looks over and corrects the leading articles, sees contributors, or people who call

on business, and settles any matter requiring his interference that may arise in the mechanical departments of the paper, which are under the charge of inferiors. As soon as the printing off of the paper has begun, he writes letters about his leading articles for the next day, and goes home to bed. All this requires a considerable exercise of discretion and judgment, and the habits of a man of business.

For the subordinate duties in the management of a paper, no great ability is required, and none is displayed. To look through and condense the accounts given by reporters of public meetings, exhibitions, ceremonies, and incidents of various kinds, is a very prosaic employment; the highest qualification which it requires is an acquaintance with the law of libel, one result of which, in its present state, is to make the proprietors of a paper exceedingly careful as to the reports which they publish. The only part of the news of a paper which requires particular notice, are the letters of "special correspondents," which have now become an established institution. They are written with a lower form of the same sort of talent which is displayed in leading articles. As a general rule, the model on which their style is formed is peculiar, but not good. It is the characteristic style of reporters, who by nature are as verbose as attorneys and as glaring as scene-painters. In most cases the faults of style affect the substance, which is frequently composed of masses of glaring descriptions of perfectly trivial facts. It must, however, be admitted that special correspondents have their strong as well as their weak side. When they really have something definite and important to tell, and can persuade themselves to leave out what they call their photography, they tell it at times extremely well, and almost always with a surprising degree of authenticity. Sometimes they rise with the occasion, and describe important events as well as mere eye-witnesses who have to write on the spur of the moment, and cannot see everything that passes, can be expected to describe them. In all the stirring events which have been minutely described by special correspondents within the last few years, hardly a single instance can be mentioned in which they have not been substantially right as to matters of fact. This is a matter for which they deserve the highest praise, notwithstanding their style, which is for the most part vicious and gaudy.

Special correspondents are the most successful and eminent members of a class which is called into existence by the newspapers, and which in its turn contributes largely to their support—journalists, pure and simple, men who have no other occupation or position in life than that which they derive from newspapers, and no other prospects than those which lie in their success. They often begin their connection with papers in a very humble capacity, generally as clerks or reporters, and from that position they work their way forwards to a better position without much other education than the newspaper itself supplies. Such men at times rise to considerable eminence. Indeed in one or two instances they have acquired permanent and high distinction; but when they stop on the road they fall

into very objectionable habits, for it is to writers of this kind that the public are indebted for most of the nonsense which pours in a ceaseless stream from the press. This nonsense is for the most part conceived in a peculiar shape. It constantly suggests that the writer himself has long since learnt by awful experience what he would call the dread secret of existence, but that he is merciful as well as strong, and that for the sake of his fellow-creatures he will not reveal what he knows. Hence he diffuses a gentle spirit of humanity and religion over his writings. He is the sort of person who calls an honourable man a "true heart" or a "loyal gentleman," and describes Dr. Johnson as "grand old Samuel." In a lighter mood, which is equally familiar to him, he becomes the loungeur at the clubs, or the London correspondent who enlightens the readers of country newspapers as to the ways of the London world. In this character he is worth a moment's notice, for his performances suggest very curious inquiries as to the state of mind which they pre-suppose in his readers. What do they imagine, for example, "the clubs" really are, and to how many of those institutions is the loungeur supposed to belong? It would frequently be interesting to know not only what the readers' views upon these subjects might be, but also what were the views of the writer himself; and indeed these are more easily ascertained than the others.

The writer who hears it "rumoured in the clubs" that A (he is far too familiar with every distinguished person to give any one of them the most modest handle to his name,) is going to write a new novel, and that B has paid him 10,000*l.* for the copyright, probably imagines that the buildings in Pall Mall, with the outside of which he is so well acquainted, form a sort of republic to which all the fortunate members have access, and where they argue high on all matters political and literary. He would be astonished if he could see what the inside of a club is really like, and if he knew how few rumours the real loungeurs there set in circulation. The real and the ideal loungeur form the strongest contrast. The ideal loungeur is always hearing that Gladstone did this, and that Lewis said that, and that if Palmerston (whom he perhaps calls our noble viscount) had not done something else, Grey might or might not have said something to Derby. Then "turning to literary matters," he hears that one eminent novelist has bought a new pair of boots, and that another has had his hair cut, and that the daughter of a third is going to have an offer of marriage from the son of a fourth. The real loungeur is quite a different sort of person. He is probably a middle-aged, and rather stupid man, of moderate means, who eats a mutton-chop at two, reads newspapers, and dawdles till seven, then dines, and ponders and dozes over a book till bedtime, without hearing any rumours whatever. Sometimes the "loungeur at the clubs" goes to the House of Commons as a "silent member," or a "voice from the gallery," or "whisper from the backstairs," and if so, his familiarity with all the affairs of the nation, and the people who manage them, is indeed wonderful to behold. He knows the exact reason for every part

both of the words and of the silence of every member of the House, and calls them all not only by their names, but by their nicknames. In short, he acts on paper, though he probably does not know it, just the same part as the fellows in red coats and cocked hats at Epsom races, who are on familiar terms with every one on the course, especially if he is a nobleman. It must have been a gentleman of this class, hard-up for a dinner, who tried the other day to get one out of the keepers of the refreshment-room at the Exhibition, by threatening the exhibitors with his vengeance unless they treated him.

These worthy persons have several peculiarities, one of which is, that they are in the habit of selling their wares several times over. If any one will take the trouble to go to Peel's Coffee-house, where all the country papers in England are filed, he will find on inspection that there is a supernatural similarity between the leading articles and reviews, and London correspondence of journals in the most different parts of the country. He will find, for example, that the gentleman who addresses the fens lounges at the same clubs, and hears the same rumours in precisely the same words as his friend who enlightens Cornwall and Devonshire, whilst leading articles, with only colourable alterations, are addressed, say to Cheshire and Kent. A little practice will make a man so expert in this new art of manifold-writing that he will learn at last to write three or four articles at once, dictating, like Julius Cæsar, one to his wife, and others to two of his daughters, whilst he himself writes a fourth. The intellectual feat, however, is not so great; as in Cæsar's case the subjects were different, and the style of treatment was probably superior. Some little time ago, a ludicrous instance of the inconvenience of this mode of proceeding occurred. Two country papers published in the West of England, which we may call the *Mercury* and the *Journal*, carried on an internecine war like the Eatanswill papers in *Pickwick*. One day the *Journal* accused the *Mercury* of having copied an article bodily without acknowledgment from a very popular London weekly paper. The *Mercury* replied with scorn that the article in question was supplied by a gentleman of "eminent literary acquirements," with whom an engagement had been made for that purpose, and added that probably the gentleman in question was connected with the London paper as well, and that his thoughts had flowed in the same channel twice over. Just as the paper was going to press, a letter arrived from the gentleman of eminent literary acquirements, which the editor appended to the article. He fully admitted that he was a contributor to the well-known paper in question, and that he did not see why he should not write for both. The letter itself supplied a conclusive answer to the question, for, unless the writer of the article had two completely different sets of style, grammar and language, it was utterly impossible that he should have written the letter. The whole transaction gave a good notion of the way in which the lowest department of newspaper writing is conducted.

Seeing with the Eyes shut.

THE advantages of keeping the eyes open have been often, if not sung, at least insisted on in prose. It is one of the first things the child learns to do, and one of the last the man is suffered to forget. But so far as I am aware, the advantages of the opposite plan have never been duly set forth. Yet everything in this world has two sides. Certainly the art of seeing has.

I shall not dwell upon (what would be a subject in itself) the great art of overlooking, one branch of which Sydney Smith so happily described as that of "taking short views." But what is that man's condition who cannot abstain from seeing; who cannot be blind to the insult of folly, or to the weaknesses of a friend; who cannot turn away his eyes from contingencies which foresight cannot avert? His perverse vision is his misery.

But, besides this, as wisdom, though it is expressed by speech and action, is often best shown by silence or a "masterly inactivity," so closing the eyes, the chief instruments of knowledge, has much to do with knowing. Nature herself gives us a hint of this. Do we not close our eyes, or cover them with our hand, when we would solve some particularly knotty problem? Even the pretences of clairvoyants, however much disproved, tell in the same direction. There seems to be some persuasion in the human heart that closing the eyes is a road to more than common sight. So strong is this persuasion that even the pit of the stomach is credited with miraculous powers. And the visions which visit us in sleep gather about them the same feeling: "for dreams too are from Jove."

The ancients fabled that love is blind; because it sees and must see with closed eyes. Lord Bacon speaks much of the dry light of the intellect—the *lumen siccum*, as he terms it—free from all tinge of passion, emotion, or desire. But who could tolerate such a dry light in his home, banishing the glory from around the wife and mother's head, and stripping the wonder from the prattle of the child? Who could bear to look with such clear cold vision into the most sacred spot of life. The eyes that can see thus must be shut, before the true home can reveal itself. And love sees too with closed eyes when secret links of sympathy are recognized, mysterious throbbings and pulsings of the soul which denote two hearts destined to grow into one. Then, when awe and longing make life new and earth holy, the young love justifies his title. He is worthy to be called blind. But not then, when a short-lived passion joins in unholy bonds their bodies whose souls are united by no deeper tie, and whom the fatal yoke wears like a burning chain, burning deeper every day. There the eyes alone have seen.

And not only in the realm of the affections, but in all that gives its charm, and fascination, and grace to life, the first condition of true insight is to see with closed eyes. "My eyes see pictures when they are shut," says Coleridge, and he expresses a fact common to the whole race of poets, artists, romancers, novelists—all close their eyes to see. Of blind poets it were long to tell the oft-told tale; but all can be blind in their own way, and see not only without, but against their eyes. The painter's art has been called the art of dreaming. All that we know, in short, of best and loftiest is seen for us thus. It is when the sun is set, the great eye of day is closed, the stars are visible.

So great a part, beyond all question, in our life, bears our faculty of seeing with closed eyes—of looking through that which is visible to them, to reach something which is not visible: all poetry, affection, joy of heart rest on it. Nay, that which is more than all these—all heroism too; all inspired and noble deeds. The patriot and the martyr see not by common vision but by a clairvoyance of their own. So says Garibaldi of Rome: "The Rome I saw in my youth was not only the Rome of the past, it was also the Rome of the future, bearing in its bosom the regenerating idea of a people. When I thought of her misfortunes, of her degradation, of her martyrdoms, she became to me holy and dear above all things." He sees it most unlike what it is.

All this may easily be granted. Poets and enthusiasts do see what is not visible to ordinary sight; and women—it is well for us men—have a happy knack of keeping one eye shut when they look at us. But there are other things besides art, and poetry, and love, if less attractive not less important. There is science, for example, the true and exact knowledge of things around us, by which the progress of the world is carried on. Does not that depend on keeping the eyes open?

It seems so: yet it is very remarkable, when we come to think, how emphatically science presents itself as an illustration of the contrary. Nowhere, not among the most extravagant romancers or spasmodic poets, is the effect of looking with the eyes closed so evident as in the scientific interpretation of nature. Through custom we fail to be much impressed with this fact, but we feel it at once when we reflect. The general view of nature which is presented by science, is as unlike the impression we receive by our senses as can well be conceived: and this not in one or two instances alone, but almost without exception, and especially in those cases in which the exactness of our knowledge is most unquestionable. It is needless to do more than refer to the general results of astronomy, in which the most overpowering dictates of our senses are resolved, and this without violence, into their exact opposites. But let us look at the forces which are recognized as operative in the planetary and stellar motions. Newton saw the moon falling to the earth:—but he saw it, surely, with closed eyes. To ordinary vision it does not fall. If it approaches the earth slightly in one part of its course, it rises from it equally in another. The explanation of the elliptic orbit by gravity is possible only by looking

away from, refusing to be influenced by, the obvious appearance—setting free the mind, as it were, by closing the outward sense. Nor is the case different with any other science that truly deserves the name. The chemist repudiates the transmutation of the substances with which he deals; but that idea could not fail to have been suggested to the first students of the science. It is the plain fact to sense: only the intellectual eye can keep its gaze fixed upon the element, and recognize it in all changes still unchanged. Or, if we take physiology again, in no science is the unlikeness, the utter divergence, of the appearance from the truth more striking. We cannot wonder at the long delays which have marked, and marred, its progress. The impression which the sense receives from living objects, the intellect refers to causes not only hidden but almost incredible. The eye that would clearly discern them must be resolutely shut against the seeming. How else can we apprehend this apparently distinctive agent in nature—Life—as a revelation of universal force, or refer the seemingly spontaneous growth, development, and activity of an organic body to the silent action of that very chemical affinity which destroys it? The evidence of sense here, too, has to be, not indeed rejected, but taken up and inverted by the mind.

But we need not refer at length to special sciences, because the general ideas in which they all converge present the same character in an emphatic form. The great generalization that motion never ceases—how is this to be seen but with the eyes closed? closed against all that we experience or can directly find. We are surrounded by motions which do cease, by forces which produce a single effect, and then, so far as our feeling is concerned, are gone and lost, dissipated, and no more to be found. That which we know as the highest truth in science is only to be known by a resolute turning our backs upon all that our experience seems to teach, or our natural conviction assures us of—as is proved, indeed, by the long-continued vain attempts to obtain perpetual motion. Those men simply had not seen with their eyes closed. For, to such vision, motion is perpetual.

Let us think for a moment what a wonderful world it is that we see when we look at it thus, as science bids us, not according to, but *through* the senses; tracing in imagination the development of human thought. We see the flat earth round itself into a sphere, and our fellows beneath our feet look up to a heaven where we had fancied the abyss. We see this sphere loosed from its moorings, and sent rolling through the depths of space, and as it rolls, the crystalline vault of heaven relaxes its bands, and expands, and grows, until it stretches out into the boundless universe which taxes our imagination still in vain. We see the mountain tops beneath the sea, receiving there the freight of relics which, on their mighty altars, they shall uplift to heaven. We see earth's surface fashioned by water on a ball of fire. We see it no more haunted by spirits, dwelling innumerable in every wood, or vale, or fount, but itself animated with a secret and all-embracing life, instinct with gleaming

force, and daily drinking in new draughts from heaven, until it overflows in every strong or graceful living form. We see it permeated through and through with streams of power, circulating as if through vital arteries; each linked with the other in an endless chain, and, at our bidding, rising up into our own frames, lending their vigour to our arm or brain.

In not one point does the vision answer to what our senses feel; infinitely and in all points it surpasses them. And this opposition to the natural dictates of sense, which permeates all science, is especially characteristic of its proudest names. It distinguishes alike the discoverer and the inventor, and is often especially manifest in the latter. It is not that the inventor must behold in mental vision what never has been realized to sense. This may not, indeed, always be true. Many inventions have been apparently stumbled on, and as little foreseen by their discoverers as by any other man. But he who does what has never been done before, or arranges old means successfully to new ends, must recognize obstacles that never have appeared, and calculate on elements which the field of vision does not include. This is in part the reason of the opposition which new schemes, even those which are the most successful in the end, so constantly encounter from the best authorities of their time. The calculations and inferences of the objectors are sound enough according to all that eyes can see: the distinction of the inventor is that he can see also with the eyes closed. In like manner, it is not the novelty which promises complete success according to established ways and notions, that truly does succeed. New truth is ever the improbable. It is evident the innovator is one who affirms or acts against appearances; and truth, with us, has been but a series of innovations.

But when we look beyond the mere facts into their reason, something very beautiful presents itself, and beautiful under many aspects. Advancing knowledge ever involves an opposition to the natural dictates of sense. It must do so; for in what does such advance consist but in recognizing ever more and more of that which has been unperceived? If our tendency to put trust in appearances were not so strong, the necessity of such an opposition might well be called a truism. Knowledge—to us who have to acquire it—is ever a supplying of the deficiencies of sense. By gradual advance, and by greater or smaller steps at intervals, we exclude the results of its insufficiency, and arrive at the opinions which we should have naturally and without effort, if we had perfect, instead of our very limited, perceptive powers. We learn to think, in science, that which truly-perceiving senses would show us. Our propensity to error consists in this: that while our senses only show us part, we tend to trust them as if they showed us all. Thus, force is constant, unceasing, ever equally operative; but our senses only perceive it here and there, just where it comes within the sphere of their sensibility: all the rest is blank to them. Hence the idea they suggest to us is not that of one ever operative power, but of many

severed and isolated powers. Here and in all parallel cases we cannot help having the false notion, but we can escape from it.

And how? By the co-operation of two faculties in our investigations. In science, sense and intellect are united, and by the intellect the sense is partly supplemented, partly made to supply its own defects. This latter element it is that constitutes the distinctive character of modern science: the use of sense subordinately to intellect. It is this *use* of sense which it took men so long to learn. For though it is true, as has been said, that our scientific knowledge is opposed in the very highest degree to the natural impressions of our senses, and that each great step of its advance could have been taken only by a man resolutely blind to those impressions; yet is that knowledge strictly conformed to, and based upon, the evidence of sense. The difference is between sense used, and sense abused; and the abuse comes first—the misplaced uncritical assurance.

Thus it is the subjecting of sense which leads to its perfecting; it gains its full development in being opposed. Its life is in its sacrifice. Good observing comes through good thinking; the eye sees that which it brings the power to see. Through our complex nature our senses are made the means of a knowledge above themselves; larger and truer than their own apprehension. And truth is gathered from error, as from the nettle, danger, is plucked the flower, safety.

Bearing on this point is an expression used by Professor Faraday in a lecture delivered a few years ago: that in experimenting, we must first fix in our minds "clear ideas of the physically possible and impossible." These words have been severely criticised by an eminent mathematician, as if they meant that we should determine beforehand what events can happen; as if, for example, Professor Faraday had implied that we might have made up our minds against the possible existence of the Australian boomerang, which returns when it is thrown. But, in fact, the expression merely marks the subordination in the mind of this great observer of sense to intellect. By him, every sensible experience is referred to, and tested by, an intellectual authority, and no seeming connection of events accepted which will not stand the test. He is prepared to see against his eyesight.

There are other reasons, besides its narrow limits, that the impressions given to us by sense are misleading. For example, the sense can seldom distinguish the operation of negatives. How, when they saw light bodies rising, could men avoid supposing a special power of lightness? And again, that mutual dependence of opposites, which so greatly simplifies the chain of natural events when it is understood, could not but mislead an un-subordinated sense. The seeming contradiction involved in mutually opposing things depending on each other (as vital force on chemical attractions, for example) takes long to overcome. Add to which, the fact that our perceptions have, for the most part, an inverse order; the effect being perceived before the cause.

To see with the eyes shut, then, merely means duly to subordinate the senses to the intellect. So essential a part is it of the process of our knowing, so deeply is it based in our own nature, and in the nature of things, that it might almost be made a test of truth, in a question of any considerable magnitude or depth—has there been vision here with the eyes closed as well as open? It means only—have the natural deficiencies of the senses been supplied?

But the union of sense and intellect in science is beautiful under other aspects, of which I will refer to only one. Our pleasures are doubled: opposite desires and tendencies are gratified together. Between these two faculties there must be a certain opposition. Sense, for its enjoyment, demands variety; the intellect finds its satisfaction only in unity. Both are filled. In science there is presented, at the same time, an unbounded variety to sense, and to the intellect the perception of an unity through all, which is, to intellectual men, a pleasure with which no sensible gratification can compete. We are doubly blessed. To see nature one, as the intellect (subordinating and using sense) can see it, leaves all its sensible variety untouched, adds indeed boundlessly to its amount; but adds also another charm surpassing all.

We see, too, why in this unavoidable conflict between the two faculties which co-operate in science, the sense is that which must be subordinate. It is adapted to this place, and flourishes eminently therein, because it gives us impressions, and not facts. It tells us, I am thus affected; the cause of the affection it leaves to be explored.

Seeing these things, we have a vantage-ground for understanding some parts of human life. It is not a matter for surprise that our knowledge has advanced so slowly, and amid strifes and controversies so prolonged. The tendency to trust our impressions, instead of seeking to explain them by the conjoint use of the higher faculty of thought, has been an ever recurring obstacle. It takes us long to see that our senses were meant to give us partial and defective apprehensions—means for the acquisition of knowledge, but not knowledge in themselves. Nor can we fail to see that the ancient speculation, which set itself to think out the constitution of the world and repudiated sense, idle as it was in some respects, yet does not lack a certain justification. As an attempt to give to the intellectual faculty scope and dominion it was no error; it erred in not making sense its instrument. And this arose emphatically from inability to see with the eyes shut; shut resolutely on the apparent fact. The men of old could not—as in these days men can and do—deliberately face sense, and contradict its strongest evidence. It took long centuries of discipline and failure to nerve men to this task; to take up their own most strong assurance, look *through* it, and compel it to reveal its meaning.

What harmony, again, these thoughts exhibit in different spheres of human life. The path of moral goodness, what is it but "repression of ourself?" Sometimes we wonder that it should be so; often we wish it were

not. But this is no strange fact; it introduces no new element into our experience. Self-repression is as much a law of knowing truth, as it is of doing right. The secret of the warfare lies deep in our nature's hidden springs, below the parting of the streams of thought and action; it implicates them both alike. The discord is the fruit and proof of the greatness of our nature; the prophecy of a harmony sublime enough to make all discords tributary. May not this thought help to silence vain regrets, give strength in the inevitable conflict, firmer faith in the fair fruits of victory?

And yet once more: this complex nature of ours, which involves the union of opposing elements in knowledge, as it gives the key to the intellectual life of man, does it not also cast a light upon his moral history? —that deep dark problem which we seem alike unable to solve or to forget. Does the material world deceive our sense, and falsehood to our bodily eyes take the place of truth, demanding a deeper insight to interpret their own message to themselves, and is it not so with the higher world of man? We must have knowledge deeper than our own feelings to apprehend aright the face of Nature; must we not have it also to understand the human soul and grasp its destiny? Morally to see this dark and evil scene of earth aright must we not see it with eyes resolutely closed? How much there is in it we know that we do not see: how much more, unseen, that we do not know. We see the evil deed, but not the virtuous struggle, or the bitter tears; the falling under sin, but not the radical transformation of the man. We see the wasted efforts, but not the accomplished work; the mysterious progress, not the end. How should that be a great and godlike world which did not baffle, which did not even deceive, our heart, untaught to mistrust and rise above itself?

The Frenchman in London.

THE opinion which a stranger forms of the city to which he comes depends not a little on what he makes up his mind to look for in it. Frenchmen set down in London commonly commit the error of looking for what they have at home, and as they find here neither cafés, nor restaurants, nor vaudeilles, such as they have been accustomed to, they feel at the outset a sort of disappointment, which has the effect of discolouring the judgments they afterwards form of what they actually do see in London. In this regard my countrymen are more to be pitied than blamed, because their mistake shuts them out from a source of very genuine pleasure, namely, that of identifying oneself with the civilization of another land. Differences of opinion about London existing between them and myself result, I think, from this,—that, when I came to England, I did not at all expect that London should be Paris. I should, indeed, have been vexed if I had found in London the Rue de Rivoli, the Madeleine, the Boulevards, and other places of resort which I knew by heart; and I should have been still more displeased if I had found England to be merely France over again, with her government, laws, and manners. I set before myself distinctly the task of studying an entirely new world; and in that, at least, I was not disappointed. London is, among all the cities of the earth, *the* city which is like nothing but itself; being absolutely unique in its grandeur and its profundity, its heights, and its depths. Now, to attempt, in the course of a few daily or even nightly rambles, to get at the secret, at the real internal life of a Babylonian metropolis, which presents to the observer a study not to be exhausted in many years, is an idle and puerile idea, which reminds one of the story of the child who conceived the design of emptying out the sea by dipping with an oyster shell in a pool on the beach. I have been eight years in England, and I learn something new about it every day. A French naturalist passed all his own life in studying one-half of the life of a little insect: the whole of the lives of many men might be spent in trying to form a tolerably complete idea of the life that is in London. I shall confine myself, in this place, to gathering together a few of the impressions I have received as an observer of the great city which is, to a Frenchman, of all the cities in the world, the strangest, the most mysterious, the most imposing.

What struck me most forcibly when I came to London was the Thames. I had travelled from Rotterdam in a steamer which, if I remember rightly, stopped during the night at Gravesend, and which had to find a path through crowded shipping, against which she ran, in the darkness, frequent risks of damaging herself. Now the image of an

encumbered river, a river almost blocked up with vessels, was quite new to me. I had heard speak of the crowded streets of London; but a crowd upon the stream that intersects the city, and a crowd of ships, too—was not that something to quicken the curiosity of a Frenchman? I climbed to the paddle-box, and looked with wonder at the thick-lying army of big masts, quietly reflected, with their endless rigging, in the water below, sullen-silent, and just whitened by a little moonlight. Every vessel carried at her peak a lamp, which shook like a star in the distance; and nothing could be more striking than the effect produced by this vast still multitude of shipping. In the morning the steamboat, on board which I was a passenger, went on its way. As in a dream, passed by me, in succession, Woolwich, with its huge Arsenal; Greenwich, lifting up the two domes of its Hospital; church-steeple, looking spectral in the white early mist; shipmakers' yards; dock-basins, overgrown with forests of masts; manufactories, from which great chimneys exhaled morning incense; while the noises of the anvil, the furnace, and the steam-boiler sent up, here and there, a *Marseillaise* of labour. Suddenly I was told that there was a thoroughfare underneath us, and that we were sailing over people's heads: of course, I guessed that my informant was speaking of the Thames Tunnel, which stealthily creeps under the unconscious river, and joins his two shores without asking his permission. Then there were the piers, the wharves, the warehouses, and the great cranes, from whose chains, heavy and rusty, hung in air monstrous bales of merchandise, as marionnettes dangle from a thread;—all saying, in different ways, to the stranger, something for the greatness of the people which had learnt so well how to control the forces of nature. I had not myself expected, like Whittington, to find London streets paved with gold: any illusion of that kind would have been a little shaken by what I in fact saw—tarry piles, sallow walls, and muddy streets running down to the banks of the river—though there was gold, after all, in that same mud, inasmuch as it showed traces of a potently-transforming industry.

It is not difficult to discern the essential characters of the chief European capitals in the streams by which they are traversed. When I approached London, the Thames was palpably under my eyes from the first; but behind, in my recollections, flowed, of course, the old familiar Seine. Now, the points of contrast between the two great cities are, to a large extent, shown in the two rivers, and, not unnaturally, at once fixed themselves in my mind. The Seine is graceful, whimsical, and, so to speak, feminine. She seems as if she ran for her own amusement—as if she were given rather to adorn and entertain the city than to be useful to it. She has scarcely anything to do but to look up at the skies, play with the pleasure-boats, and give back to the eye the great wharves, the Tuileries, the Louvre, and the tall towers of Notre Dame. Pleased with almost everything she meets on her way, she moves slowly, folds here and there in her cool half-languid arms a little island covered with dwellings,

daguerreotypes, by day, the trees on her banks, and, at night, lengthens out on her smooth surface, the thousand lights that shine along the shores. But how different the Thames! Scarcely has the English river passed Richmond, smiled at the swans, and paid its respects to the towering Houses of Parliament, than lo! it finds itself already in the busy part of London, and begins to be a real working river. No matter if its waters are shaken up a good deal, and sometimes as dark as ink—no matter; for it helps in making these citizens' fortunes, and bears away towards the sea the impurities of the city, as Time carries to Eternity the dust and soil of human life, leaving behind only the traces of good deeds and service done. The charm of the Thames lies in its usefulness; its pride is "to forward business." See how hard it works—tossing to and fro, in foamy waves, under the paddle-wheels of the steamers and the oars of the coal-barges. On its broad forehead are the wrinkles of labour and travail. What you see on these shores is far from being agreeable to the eye, but perhaps it is worth its weight in gold. In those old tumble-down looking buildings is stored up the wealth of Great Britain, of the whole world. The long bridges, traversed as they all are by myriads of waggons, carriages, and foot-passengers, and traversed, as one of them will soon be, by locomotives thundering as they go, cast the shadows of their gigantic arches upon the troubled surface of the river; but it still pursues its way, intent upon its mighty task, and is no sooner rid of these troublesome piers and abutments than it hastens to take up the burden of a merchant fleet. Strong and eager, with its high tides and its low tides, virile, not feminine, the Thames is an image of the life of London itself.

One thing which greatly interested me as a new-comer was to find reproduced in the English capital the whole history of the natural growth or formation of cities. In our great continental towns the traces of that history are nearly rubbed out. They are cities where the ukase, the *coup d'état*, the strong hand of authority has wrought changes with a touch, inverted the original relations of different parts of the same city, and set up a sort of factitious centralization upon the ruins of the old municipalities. In London it is not so: on the contrary, you may read the history of its civilization, stage by stage, in the physiognomy and the activities of its different parts. At the East End of the town you find gathered together those forms of industry which deal with brute matter, and minister to the elementary wants of society. In the "city" proper is developed commerce, strictly so called—that which lays the foundation of a people's riches. Now, passing westward, the farther you go the more thickly do you find, grouping themselves together, the liberal professions, the arts, the pursuits which minister to luxury, the theatres, the clubs, the museums, the places of amusement. A journey through this strange world of London is an entertaining course of political economy; at every footstep you may learn how money is made, how it is exchanged, how it is spent. Here is the useful first, and then comes the superfluous; science and the love of the beautiful grafted upon the results of crude manual

industry: the tree pushes its laborious roots deep down into the soil, but lifts to the skies its branches crowned with fruits and flowers. Such is London.

Each of the districts I have been speaking of—I might say each of the cities I have been speaking of—has its own peculiar population. If I walk from Charing Cross towards the east, I meet, when I approach Whitechapel, very different toilettes, different manners, and different people from those I have left behind me in the west; I might almost ask myself the question, Am I in the same country? This must of course escape the observation of travellers who only stay a few days in London, and who make the blunder of just beating the bounds of districts whose only character is to have no character at all. There is, however, a certain grandeur, well worth attention, in that natural order in virtue of which the different elements of the social life have here localized and grouped themselves together. An exercise of absolute power might of course have imprinted a much greater degree of regularity upon these London streets, knocked away the unsightly neighbourhoods, given breathing-space to public edifices now jostled by crowds of ill-set houses;—no doubt: but would it—could it have gathered together the varied forms of labour and intelligent activity, with their corporations and guilds, around just the very centres which would be favourable to the development of the energies of a great people? I doubt it. The inspirations which regulate these things occur to liberty, and liberty only. The question is, Should a great city look like the work of a theatrical scene-painter? or should it be just a sphere in which the resources of a nation may be most aptly developed? It is a fact not unknown that elsewhere the distinctive character of the reign of a particular monarch is often reflected in the physiognomy of his capital. Thus, in France you have the Paris of Louis XIV., the Paris of Louis XV., the Paris of Napoleon. On the other hand, you have only one London, the London of the English people.

That which most of all astonishes my countrymen who come to this city—that which indeed greatly astonished myself—is the visible *extent* of London. We had been told, all of us, in our childhood that Paris was large; since our childhood it has taken up fresh territory by the removal of an enclosure wall; and yet, compared with London, it is a miniature of a metropolis. A city which begins nowhere and ends nowhere,—that is the idea which foreigners usually carry away with them of the English capital. This mere size of London would certainly appear disproportionate, having regard to the size of the island, if London were a city of pleasure only. It would then be quite in place to bring up the old fable of the body and the members; but it must not be forgotten that London is, in fact, a centre of production. It does not absorb, it creates, fecundates. It does not tyrannize over the provinces; it does not weigh them down; it cannot deal either in *coups d'état*, or *coups de tête*; it is obviously much more an agglomeration of forces than a governmental machine. Apart from all this, the immense size of London is the source

of some of its most striking special features. Upon the Continent, where shall we look for a city crossed from end to end by railways, underground or above-ground, and by a nervous system (so to speak) of electric telegraphs, making it easy for the far-off members of the big body to communicate with each other? What shall we say of these spreading parks (which elsewhere would pass for great tracts of meadow let into the town), where the bright broad masses of verdure lie set in their frames of far-drawn architectural lines? The truth is, London must not be judged of in pieces; it must be looked at as a whole; and that whole is, indeed, an imposing one—with streets that stretch far out of sight, overswept by rolling rivers of traffic, the ebb and flow of a busy population, the tumult of industry, the ever-renewed whirlwind of "business."

Yet it is not the material greatness of London which strikes me most: no, it is its moral greatness. This moral greatness displays itself in its banking institutions, in its colonial undertakings; in its provident societies (embracing, as they do, all the conditions of domestic life), in those institutions in which the science of combinations struggles with chance and change, and snatches from them whatsoever an enlightened forecast can; and in its commercial relations with all the lands of the earth, from the poles to the tropics. Especially is London great, to my thinking, in those victories of science and industry the end of which is to make, out of the wealth of all, the wealth of each; to add incessantly to the power of the individual man, his well-being, his means of operating upon nature. We have lately had it asked what the Japanese Ambassadors can say to their Emperor when they get back to their own country. Well, I venture to suggest a speech for them:—"Sun of all excellence and all grandeur! we have seen a city in which almost every one of the inhabitants is richer than thou art!" Of course, I do not mean that the citizens of London have in their houses more treasure than the Emperor of Japan or the Emperor of China has in his Summer Palace or Winter Palace; but I do maintain that each one of them, even with a limited money-income, is a more opulent man than an Asiatic monarch, if riches consist less in mere possessions than in the advantages which they can procure for a man, and the means which they give to him of slipping off the fetters of his necessities. The Eastern king keeps a staff of learned men who record, at great expense and with no truth, the splendours of their master's reign; the people of London have in their service an army of journalists who chronicle, day by day, with independence as well as ability, the history of their city, and of the whole world too. The barbarian monarch may boast, if he likes, of being able to travel through his dominions on the back of a white elephant: the most obscure inhabitant of London, who wants to go abroad, finds the marvellous iron monster of the railroad ready to carry him at the speed of the thunder-bolt. The Asiatic sovereign, to amuse him in his haughty idleness, has little to turn to but the monotonous dancing of women and slaves; the merest shopkeeper in London can, for a few shillings, find himself in a

theatre where skilled actors and actresses translate into visible form for him the sublimest dreams of the sublimest dramatic genius of the universe. Once more may I not well ask, which is the richer of the two men—the Oriental despot, or the Londoner?

In spite of the answer which awaits this question, it must be avowed that one of the "London sights" which painfully startle the foreign visitor is, London misery. Of course it is not intended to hint that there is no poverty in the great continental cities: our statistical records, our official inquiries, our political convulsions, might be quoted, if anything so flatteringly false could ever enter the head of a sane man. But the fact is, that in London misery stands out more in relief, and assumes more dramatic shapes than in the other cities of Europe. In Paris, for instance, the wretchedly poor man shuns the broad daylight; he is ashamed of his rags, and never, without an absolute necessity, shows himself in the fashionable quarters. One man might be mentioned, who acquired among us quite a Homeric celebrity by merely walking up and down the galleries of the Palais Royal in torn and dirty clothes; his name was Chodruc Duclos. Come to London, however, and you find the poor tatterdemalion choosing the West End, in which to flaunt his pale, haggard face and general wretchedness. These wandering spectres of hunger, appearing in great force in the midst of so much that is brilliant and well-to-do, the contrast the two things present is too painful not to be felt keenly by the stranger. Shall I then blame my countrymen for having spoken of the ghosts of misery that thus haunt the bright quarters of the town? No, indeed; not I. But I will ask them if, turning their eyes from these unhappy creatures, they have noticed the schools whose doors are open to the necessitous classes; the working-men's colleges; the mendicity societies; the model lodging-houses; the hospitals, and a thousand other institutions established either to prevent misery or to relieve it? Especially I will ask them if they have observed the intensely individual and truly spontaneous character of these works of benevolence? In France, the State is Grand Almoner. Public charity is a great machine, which does its work, like the rest, under the controlling finger of a central administration; it gives with authority, and notifies its benefactions by ordonnances. In London, on the other hand, a system of "voluntary subscriptions" does the great good work without noise, and without peremptoriness, and scatters the blessed dew of heaven's kindness over the dark valleys whither the halt and the maimed of "social order" have betaken themselves. No doubt the comparative merits of the two systems are open to discussion; but a society which looks to itself instead of to its Government, does the good which it sees wants doing, does it of its own accord, and takes no reward but the consciousness of having done right,—such a society constitutes, at all events, a spectacle sufficiently novel to arrest the attention of a foreign observer. In France, the State gives charity because it must; in England, the individual gives charity because his heart wills it, and he gives largely: that is all.

Those travellers who spend only a week in the great British metropolis unfortunately exhaust attention upon the night side of London. Unquestionably that "side" furnishes a picture of London life which is particularly easy of study; but does it convey a true idea of English life? These nocturnal orgies, these images of drunkenness and shame, these spectacles of degraded womanhood, may either amuse the brain, or oppress the heart, just according to the point of view from which they are looked at. But, in any case, it is not among such scenes that the type of the English character is to be sought. Look up at that window, where the solitary lamp speaks of graver vigils—where a father of a family is working with his head or his hands to earn the morrow's bread. Look at those houses,—surrounded with iron railings it is true,—but protected in reality by the purity of the wives and mothers within, under the shadow of whose tender care lie sleeping the little children, like birds in their nest! Or, go by night into the markets, where you may see the tired field-labourer sleeping, as on a bed of roses, upon the top of a market-cart, full of vegetables, newly gathered! Then you have seen something of London—the true London—in which the English-woman has won the assured well-being of the in-door world by reverence for conjugal faith and duty, while the Englishman has mastered for himself and those depending on him the world without, by uniting that same reverence to industry and activity.

When I observe the impression which appears to be made on some of my countrymen by a short stay in London, I am ready to ask myself, in sorrow of heart, if, after twelve years of a *régime* unfavourable to freedom, they have at last grown afraid of it. It looks as if they missed with regret the shadow of the police dogging their heels in the streets of Paris, the stations where they used to have the felicity of being searched by the *octroi* people, the *hôtels garnis*, where they were happy enough to leave their names and their passports. It really seems to be with something like terror that they open a newspaper in which the writers dare to say everything! One would fancy that they are sorry to be no longer listened after by spies as they walk the streets,—no longer stopped at every street-corner by the *qui vive* of the night-watch! Where, they seem to ask, where are the barracks, where are the swords, of the *sergents-de-ville*? An assemblage of workmen in Hyde-park they take for a riot. A city in which people think, and live, and breathe free air, is an ominous riddle to them: they are like children learning to swim, who lose their presence of mind the moment the rope is drawn back. Perhaps a longer stay might reconcile them to the freedom of London! In time they would doubtless come to recognize the grandeur there is in these art-associations, these learned societies, in which honour and success do not hang on the favour of a Minister. They would look with reverence upon those tribunals in which every possible guarantee secures to the accused man all his rights; they would be able to visit, with quiet, unreproving minds, those prisons in which *only* men found guilty are punished. They would learn to admire

that spirit of toleration which, in this country, takes under its wing of equal protection every creed and every church. They would come at last to bow their heads respectfully before those great social institutions which have nothing to fear from the breath of controversy because they repose in majestic calmness upon the will of a nation. Things like these make up for a few abuses, and if the hand of Government is less apparent in so many excellent results, why, the force of public opinion is all the more manifest. One might be tempted to say, Hitherto the ambition of the Frenchman has been to become a government functionary; the ambition of the Englishman, to feel himself a man!

Am I, then, saying that British civilization, such as it is seen in the city of London, may defy reproach? That is not what I say. What I do say is, that if freedom allows to grow up in her midst a greater number of faulty things, she, above all, bestows the means of correcting what is amiss. I have never read such severe criticisms of England as in English journals. A people which has the courage and the mental independence to be its own accuser, does not need the teaching of its neighbours in order to find out the path of true progress. The worst fault of London in the eyes of the foreigner is, after all, that it is not a city made for idle people. What is a Frenchman to do who has only a few days to pass in this capital? At the theatre he does not understand the language; if he is not "introduced" in society, he blames the stiffness of the national character, the reserve of English manners, the unattractiveness which hangs over the every-day relations of life. In the streets, he pauses before the shops, and not noticing in what the windows contain all that taste for display which is one of the features of the Parisian shop-world, he concludes that in these well-filled stores there is nothing to buy. Baffled, as he thinks, in every direction in which he seeks pleasure, he falls back upon *cafés chantants* and other importations from France; but as he does not find in such places over here the luxury and comfort which he would find in Paris, he forms a very gloomy idea of life in London. How much better it would be for him if he would start by saying to himself that London was made for English people, and for people who can, if need be, take on English tastes for a time!

Yet it must be said that one of the most wonderful things about this many-sided city is the readiness with which she adapts her resources to different tastes and different pursuits. To the man of industry she presents her manufactories and gigantic breweries; to the artist, her public galleries and private collections of pictures, her Westminster Abbey peopled with statues; to the statesman or politician, her House of Commons, where the free speech of a great nation is uttered; to the man of learning, her British Museum, and especially its reading-room—that true student's temple. There are in Europe libraries which contain a greater number of books, but who profits by them? The catalogues are in the custody of a few servants of the State, as the sacred books of the old Egyptians lay in the hands of the priests; a reading-room, open to everybody, but where

nobody is attended to until he has passed an hour in idle waiting, is a place for loungers rather than for students. If the book you want happens to be ancient, or little known, it is never found, and you are obliged to submit, meekly bowing your head to the response of the bureaucratic sphinx, who informs you that it cannot be had. With respect to the classification of the books, the comfort of the reader, and facility of reference, the library of the British Museum is a model institution, the like of which one looks for elsewhere in vain. Many other museums of science or of the useful arts exist in London, such as the Zoological Gardens and the Crystal Palace—the latter a great idea realized, a place where the visitor may review the whole story of the earth and the human race, told in illustrative monuments. Such places as these testify abundantly that this metropolis of commerce and industry is not exclusively taken up by the worship of material interests. Surely, in visiting such institutions, there is something to occupy, not unworthily, the time and attention of intelligent foreigners; and, indeed, it is not these who are ever found sorry for having made a stay in London. A characteristic feature of some of these institutions is that they have been set up and are still maintained without State intervention. From that fact arises often, I know, a necessity with which foreigners fall out, namely, that of paying at the doors for admission. Well, in France, our Jardin des Plantes and our Museums are public: it is a piece of generous management which I admire, and which I would not for my own part, alter. The question may, however, be raised, whether it is or is not fair to make everybody contribute towards the support of sources of pleasure of which only a few take advantage. However this may be decided, it is not less interesting to the stranger to study the methods of a people, which, thanks to a long education in the school of freedom, manages its own affairs, and works out for itself by the machinery of "companies," what is, in other countries, done by the government.

A French sculptor, a friend of mine, David D'Angers, conceived the design of a colossal statue in the Egyptian manner, which should represent the People. On the forehead of this figure he proposed to write INTELLIGENCE; on its arms, LABOUR; on its bosom, COURAGE. It was a conception which, like many others, he took with him, unexecuted, to his grave; but I cannot help asking if, in this statue, he had not, unknowingly, thought out the ideal of English society, the ideal of London life. In truth, what strikes me so much in this city, self-made as it is (so to speak), without any presiding genius assisting at its development, is to find all these mighty organs, answering to all the aptitudes of civilized life. The division of labour has, perhaps, the effect of leaving between different classes spaces too wide,—which, one hopes, will disappear in time,—but who cannot see, at a glance, that there is an immense mechanism of energies here, which are to produce great results? London, who has, so to speak, always "found" herself in everything, has recently made up her mind to find herself in soldiers; she has resolved to possess a citizen-army. Of course, I speak of her volunteers. Who has

not heard in her streets those citizen bands which almost drown the trampling noises of the crowd with the fierce beat of warlike music? In France we have a National Guard, which serves for the protection of the Government, or, more frequently, for its destruction—but when has it defended the country? It did not think of such a thing even in 1815. And what was wanting to it was, not courage, but freedom. The idea of an army which costs the State nothing—an army of peace, which does not disturb the foreigner, and only menaces the invader—that idea was born in England of a passing, perhaps even an imaginary, danger. But blessed be the phantasmal terrors which awaken a people to its own resources! What I admire most of all in this movement is not the ardour with which this new army has sprung up; it is that constitution of the country which, without danger to itself, can put arms into the hands of the citizens. Elsewhere, the same elements of national defence are to be found, but who would dare to utilize them in this manner?

There is, however, one day in the week upon which this great hive of skill and industry silences all its busy hum. The London Sunday startles the foreigner by the force of contrast. An English traveller was once telling me of his surprise when, after a stormy voyage, he had doubled a dangerous corner, and suddenly found himself in calm water—inexorably calm. That sort of feeling is not unlike what a stranger experiences in London, when, following on all the tumult and stir of the week, comes the day of rest. The English, born and bred in the religious tastes of Protestantism, do not notice the contrast so much; but it leaps into the eyes of the Parisian, who is rightly or wrongly in the habit of making his holiday a day of pleasure. In London, what is he to do? What is to become of him? If he had a domestic circle round him, if he had where to lay his head, he might understand, perhaps, what grandeur there is in this sacred repose of a great nation, in the inviolability of the closed doors, in the truce to all the cares of the week; but he is solitary, and he wearies of it. I fancy, however, that if he would look around him, he would find upon people's faces an expression of meditation rather than of sadness. The peculiar observance of Sunday which exists in London rests upon a basis of belief which it is not for outsiders to condemn. The English would have, on the other hand, an equal right to feel scandalized in Roman Catholic countries, at our processions, at the costume of our priests as they walk the streets, at the exterior symbols of our own faith. All that I now aim at doing is to call the attention of my countrymen to the relations which exist between religious order and civil order in Great Britain. Different causes may be assigned to the Reformation, according to the point of view from which it is looked at; but a fact it is, and a fact which controls all these phenomena. When Henry VIII. withdrew from Rome, he cut the cord which was holding back England in the path of progress. From that time, she has modelled, stage by stage, all her political institutions, her industry, her manners, upon the national character, and not upon a stationary dogmatic basis. It is freedom of thought which has made her

what she is. Foreign observers smile with surprise when they find in London such a number of dissenting chapels; but to my thinking, the very diversity which this bespeaks, while it in no way implies any weakening of the religious sentiment, is the very strength and safety of England. I can understand that those who like authority at any cost whatever, may prefer unity also, and nothing is easier than to obtain it *at that cost*: but if liberty is to be loved, there must be no fear of variety of opinion. This very rivalry of sects is a barrier against those invasions of ecclesiastical power, of which it is only too easy to find destructive traces in Catholic countries.

London, however, much as it has excited my admiration, has no more blotted Paris out of my memory than absence from my native land has effaced love of country in my bosom. London and Paris are two cities which are not to be compared, for they touch each other chiefly at points of contrast. My own earnest wish is, that each may develop itself freely after its own proper type. Paris, with its taste, its enthusiasm for the arts, its love of ideas (sometimes, even, of utopian ideas), has, I am sure, a true historic mission. London, with its marked features of greatness and energy, its big workshops, its commerce spreading over the thousand seas whose keels are floating in her mighty docks, its literature, whose brightness radiates even over lands where the English language is not known; the focus, as it is, of those far-reaching political discussions which sweep the world,—London has no less its necessary place in modern civilization. What a dark, deep night would fall upon Europe if either of these great centres of influence were to pass away! Paris has, above all, (it may be said,) the qualities which fascinate; London those which astonish, and sometimes even humiliate, the stranger. Far from encouraging between the two capitals a feeling of barren and jealous rivalry, it is the duty of public writers to make them thoroughly known to each other. The English find, undoubtedly, something to look at in Paris, if I may judge by the eagerness with which the wealthiest and most intelligent among them resort to that city of taste, *esprit*, and science. And the French have much to learn in London. They will find here a free people, alive to its own strength and its own greatness, deferring only to the authority which it respects, and which, instead of scattering its energies in military adventure, has, above all things, sought to conquer the forces of nature. Why speak of the wealth of this people? They are most truly great in their manifold laboriousness, in their intelligence, in that spirit of enterprise which brooks no undue control, and which expects nothing from the State but the protection of its bare rights. Thus looked at, London is a fitting theatre for the prosecution of the grandest studies, as it will always be the city of refuge to which vanquished opinion will flee for succour from the storms of oppression,—where the exiles of continental Europe will hasten to shelter both their regrets and their hopes under the wing of an all-including freedom.

Surname and Arms.

THE public has been astounded by an official confession, in Parliament, that the law regulating the use of surnames is in utter confusion, and that the officers of State are making it worse confounded. The original statement was made by Mr. Roebuck, but it was adopted by her Majesty's Secretary of State, and in brief it ran thus:—"Any person may take any surname, the law recognizing new names when assumed publicly and *bonâ fide*." "No Act of Parliament or royal licence is needed to sanction the change of name." "A name assumed by the voluntary act of a young man at his outset in life, adopted by all who know him, and by which he is constantly called, becomes as much and effectually his name as if he had obtained an Act of Parliament." And the royal licence does not actually confer the name, but merely gives it "publicity or notoriety." All this was stated by Mr. Roebuck on the authority of judges occupying the very highest rank on the British bench,—Tindal, Tenterden, Pollock, and Eldon. Chief Baron Pollock declared, that "to ask for the licence of the Crown is a modern practice, a voluntary intrusion." Nothing in this statement of law, however, surprised those who knew anything about the matter half so much as the extraordinary fashion in which the eminent persons who now occupy the great offices of State had betrayed a total want of mastery over the subject. A gentleman mourned the name of "Jones"—which is by no means a plebeian cognomen, but from its multitudinousness it is indistinguishable—and he assumed the name of "Herbert." His position is such as entitles him to be an officer of militia, to hold a commission of the peace, and to be presented at Court; but the Home Secretary declined to forward his name to the Lord Chancellor for submission to her Majesty, the lord lieutenant of the county refused to recognize the gentleman by his new name, and the Lord Chamberlain would not let him be presented at Court; all of these public functionaries insisting that the man who was to all intents and purposes legally Mr. Herbert, must be spoken of as "Mr. Jones." He applied to the Herald's College, and that illustrious body avowed itself incapable of giving him any satisfaction. He inquired for a licence from the Crown, and was told that he could not have it because no acquisition of property was involved in the change of his name. Thus Mr. Herbert of Clytha is literally outlawed, without having committed any offence; the highest officers of State being in conspiracy to deprive him of his legal rights. He has done what many men do without any such penalty, and yet, it would appear, he has no remedy. It is worth while, therefore, to survey the whole subject somewhat carefully; for a remedy, we are convinced, is as easy as it is desirable.

The right to bear arms is despised by no man that possesses it; and a desire to be known by a name such as may be popularly associated with the bearing of arms is also a desire in the heart of most men, whatever they may outwardly profess. Hundreds and thousands would gladly shuffle off the mortal coil of letters in ugly combination by which their family is known. We have encountered cases in which the patronymic has been a perfect incubus, a curse, the "skeleton in the house." In novels and romances, where the author distributes the good and the bad at his will, according to poetical justice, he seldom refuses a handsome name to his more beloved characters, employing the uglier form to indicate the low and vicious. Now any steadfast practice of genuine art must be based on sound reason; and in this case it is not difficult to find the principle of the rule. The name not only indicates the specific article which we want to point out, but it also "connotes" a number of other things, which may happen to be dignified ornaments, or the reverse. Philosophers and ethnologists have recently discovered that, upon the whole, it takes considerably more than one schooling, or one generation, to make of a man all that he can become; and hence there is a sort of attested presumption that the Courtenay who can trace his descent back to the Greek Empire is probably more complete as a being than the Grigg who only knows *ex necessitate* that he had a father. There are negative reasons why some names are regarded, and naturally regarded, as more select than others; such as Norman names, which have for us a preference over Saxon names. It is partly because they indicate the descent which connotes hereditary nobility—which marks you out as *knowable*, or, in heralds' language, *nobilis*, noble; but foreign names are also prized because their connotation is limited, and is derived from a language of which the familiar portion is cut off from our English perceptions. For sometimes there does lurk an association under the noblest of names which is not sublime: Vendramini, or Sell-coppers, is, upon the whole, not more majestic than "Grig," hoarse, than Dobbs, a familiar abbreviation for Roger; or than Snooks, which has the respectable etymon of "Seven Oaks." But the last we associate with people who live in a humble way, and clip their English, because they do not know better; while the funny origin of the foreign name is so obscure that it does not affect us at all, and the letters only call up an array of historical associations which clothe the family with noble distinctions and imperial grandeur.

In household life we can to a certain extent get over any annoyance occasioned by names too plebeian; and in some instances the most ordinary designations have won an illustrious immortality. That partnership of Christian name and surname, which is the very commonest in the *London Directory*, instantly recalls one of the romances of real life. The hero who figured amongst the early settlers of Virginia, and was the object of hopeless love in the Indian heroine of Pocahontas,—his noble character earning for him that striking evidence of her devotion

when she extended her arm to catch the blow intended for her death,—bore no grander names than “John Smith.” But when we are reading of that true knight-errantry, all the circumstances of the man’s eventful life, with the attributes of his magnificent character, are recalled by the two short words which, on a plain address card, would almost amuse us from the fact of their signifying *nothing*. They might indicate any one of the thirteen hundred and thirty-eight gentlemen who fill nine pages of the *London Directory*. There is, therefore, genuine and strong reason why a handsome name is a thing which every man, or woman either, would naturally desire to possess; and most unjust is the conduct of those parents who, when they have the choice before them, give to their children at the baptismal font a name at once absurd and ridiculous. We English are peculiarly addicted to the habit from the national *mauvaise honte*, which is nothing more than vanity *à perverso*. We are so absurdly afraid of making ourselves ridiculous, that we seek to flatten ourselves down to the unnoticeable condition of the insect which the cart-wheel cannot hurt; and hence a man who has the whole round of classic and Christian records for the choice of a name, afflicts his poor progeny by fixing upon it for ever a stigma or a jest. We have no right to prejudge the case of those who are to enjoy life in a generation after ours, and perhaps we ought to pause before we commit that more serious injustice of bequeathing to them a disagreeable surname; for the Christian name may be regarded as held only upon a leasehold tenure, for a term of life, whereas a surname is a very old property with an hereditary bondage. As Messrs. Holloway say, however, “There is balm in Gilead.” The malady is one not entirely without cure, and it is my object to show how the obstructions to the curative process may be mitigated, if not ultimately removed altogether.

I am not at all sure that the man who supposed himself to be in the condition of Miss Biffin, entirely without arms, may not discover and develop them, if he will set about the business in the right way. But here, again, the injustice of parents sometimes falls painfully upon their offspring, with the further aggravation that the annoyance is not quite so easily remedied as an indifferent name. Many a man who has hereditary right to bear arms, is compelled to see his right in abeyance, because some one of his forefathers, under the working of that perverse vanity which makes men choose ugly names for their children, has given up the exercise of the privilege—because some temporary cloud has come over the family—some misanthropy, some grudge against ancient connections, some crotchety philosophy, some intellectual sulking which induced the man to abandon his right, and so to prejudge the choice of his successors. Yet, in the majority of men, the love of arms is innate, and for reasons as obvious and excellent as those that incline us to a better form of names. If achievements, as we moderns understand them, cannot in any common sense be traced to ancient times, undoubtedly the idea of devices or impresses is as old as art, and as respectable as civilization itself. Other

heralds, besides old Camden, have been pleased to imagine a connection between the circle parti per saltier of the Christian, and the device borne by the Britons when they were first visited by Julius Caesar. Devices of various kinds have been traced to the Romans, the Greeks, and the Egyptians. The red rose is almost as much a part of the arms of Lancaster as any portion distinctly recognized by the heralds; yet, at first, it was nothing more than a badge, as personal, probably, as the simple motto adopted by the excellent King Henry the Third, "*Qui non dat quod amat, non accipit ille quod optat.*" This choice of a motto, by-the-by, is a key to the character of that king who reigned so long, and of whom it is said that we know no more than the fact of our being able to trace little of our exact law beyond his rule.

Of all devices that have been invented, those which are called "arms" are about the most perfect, from their simplicity and their precision. Required something which can be constantly repeated, with various accidents in the mere execution of the work, and yet with certainty as to its essentials. Required something that shall be an ornament, and yet shall constitute a character possessing a language of its own; that which shall be transmitted from generation to generation, and yet have a certain monumental fixity; that which shall be simple yet significant. It must be admitted that the earlier heralds and their more faithful followers have thoroughly perceived the artistic and æsthetical principles of their craft; they have chosen objects which unite the picturesque and the mathematical, combining the certain and the ornamental. Even the rules for colouring are artistic and sound. Place red upon blue, black upon green, yellow upon white, and the hue will shine forth with little distinctness, while, with pigments of inferior quality or certain shades, there will be a painfully discordant effect. It would have been difficult to make an un-artistic herald,—as pursuivant and herald must often have been,—understand any such rules for the combination of colours; but it was clear enough to tell them that, whatever divisions there might be upon the shield, they should never put metal upon metal or colour upon colour. The skill with which the heralds have developed their art is shown in the endorsement given to them by pictorial art, poetry, and romance. The greatest painters find the splendours of blazon a happy incident for their own higher works; poetry has called upon the herald to make its verse "blush with the blood of kings and queens;" and in reading the most stirring and eventful romance, such as "*Amadis of Gaul*" in Southey's admirable translation, who has ever hurried over even the pages describing what the knights going to battle bore upon shield and crest? The reason is, that the herald had anticipated more than one element in the artist's ingredients,—the picturesque, the appropriate, the typical; for the arms which our ancestors have borne before us not only commemorate that which has been before us, and which we desire to convoke, but they show in part what we desire to be accounted; and most respectable is this desire to commemorate and to be esteemed. Many who have a clear right to

indulge these aspirations are debarred, however, by a very curious state of the law. You are denied the right to bear arms, unless you can prove the hereditary claim without break of continuity; and yet the means offered you by the State for establishing those proofs are imperfect even to barbarism. You have an ugly name, and you desire to change it; but you are not permitted to do so, under threat of certain "inconveniences," unless you prove that you are compelled to adopt the name in order to get something by it—money or property,—or that you represent some family of the same name in blood—the means of proof having become practically restricted to a comparatively small number of families whose continuous descent, as a matter of fact, is no more certain than that of others whom the technically learned in such matters will not recognize. But the most curious part of the business is, that the learning and the authority on the matter are in a state almost as dubious and questionable as the pedigree of the most plebeian name, or the arms of the "Son of Nobody."

Any one travelling over extensive moorlands scantily clothed with vegetation, will have observed that the path seems clearly enough marked out in the distance he has passed and in the prospect, whereas round about him he can scarcely distinguish between the footway and the almost equally barren earthy surface. So it is with regard to the origin and law of name-bearing. We see the general mode in which names arose, and have a vague idea of the existing practice and working of our institutions; but if we attempt to define with any certainty the method in which the great bulk of names originated, we are foiled; and many who first inquire into the subject will be astonished to learn how much uncertainty remains even in the existing law. I find all the authorities on the subject partaking the confusion which they themselves discover, though I think they have neglected to observe one clue through the perplexity. I will not trouble you with any disquisition upon ancient practice, either amongst the Hebrews, the Greeks, or Romans. Let us simply note the fact, that personal appellations were in the first instance classified and adapted precisely in accordance with the organization of the society that invented them, and, therefore, their plan of combination has, more or less, differed in all States of different origin. The triple name of the Roman, for instance, the personal, the gentile, and the family name, indicates ideas not entirely opposed to the clan names of the Gauls, and the family names of the English; but how utterly different the things connoted in the name of a Roman peer from those called up to mind by the title of a Scottish peer, his traditional association with some clan, and the word given him as a personal designation at the font! On the other hand, there is one part of the question which has been generally overlooked: any one who will study the early records of events will find that the names of the families at Lido and on the Rialto were in many instances drawn directly from the Roman pedigree, omitting only the gentile name, or using it in lieu of the family name,

as probably the Romans themselves had done before the Eternal City fell a prey to Paganism and Papacy. In other parts of Europe, the origin varied as much as the early manner of the arrangement. The year 1000 of our era may be accepted as the proximate date for the assumption of family names in Western Europe. The practice commenced in Normandy, and gradually extended itself into England, Scotland, and Ireland. "About the year of our Lord 1000 (that we may not minute out the time)," says Camden, "surnames became to be taken up in France, and in England about the time of the Conquest, or else a very little before, under King Edward the Confessor, who was all Frenchified. . . . This will seem strange to some Englishmen and Scottishmen, whiche, like the Arcadian, thinke their surnames as antient as the moone, or at the least, many an age beyond the Conquest." In explanation, Camden confesses that he, as well as divers of his friends, have "pored and pushed upon many an old record and evidence," for the purpose of finding hereditary surnames in use before the Conquest, but without any success. It seems certain that the practice of making the second name of an individual stationary, and transmitting it to descendants, came gradually into common use during the eleventh and three following centuries. By the middle of the twelfth, in the estimation of some, it began to be thought essential that persons of rank should bear some designation in addition to the baptismal name; but the process was very slow among the homelier classes, and hereditary surnames can scarcely be said to have been permanently adopted by them before the era of the Reformation. The introduction of parish registers was probably more instrumental than anything else in effecting this change in the body of society at large. The Reverend Mark Noble affirms that it was late in the seventeenth century, when many families in Yorkshire, even of the more opulent sort, took stationary names. The importance of this point will be seen farther on. It is generally assumed, with some show of probability, that the Crusades had expedited the adoption of the practice among the upper order, from the necessity which they occasioned for some better and more certain distinction than had yet been invented in names and arms. Whatever the period, the sources to which ingenuity turned for ideas were mainly territorial possessions, birth-place, station, or calling, and a miscellaneous class of personal peculiarities or habits. In England, upon the whole, names were derived from territorial possession or birth-place, with some rather numerous cases of names borrowed from chivalric insignia, individual exploits, office, or callings, personal traits, and even oddities. For example, Plantagenet is taken from wearing a broom-stalk in the cap, Arundel from the cognizance of a swallow, hirondelle; territorial possessions tell *à converso* in Sans-terre or Lack-land, from the fact of having no land at all; while possession confers the name of Clifford, and Alderley, Aldeleigh, or Audley; personal peculiarity, Gagtooth.

At first, the wearing of names seems really to have been more a fashion than a settled rule or established practice. The case of natural

children was forgotten, and was met by a contrivance not unknown in our own day. When Henry I. wished to marry his son Robert to Mabel, co-heiress of Fitz-Hamon, the lady demurred—

“It were to me a great shame,
To have a lord withouten his twa name.”

Robert of Gloster.

“Whereupon,” says Camden, “the King, his father, gave him the name of Fitz-Roy, who after was Earl of Gloucester, and the only worthy of his age in England.”

It was some considerable time before the manner of applying the fashion became at all settled. Du Cange says that surnames were first written, “not in a direct line *after* the Christian name, but *above* it,” and hence they were called in Latin *supranomina*, in Italian *sopranomi*, and in French *surnoms*. It is certain that nearly all individuals in nations untouched by civilization have only single names, and that the addition of the *supranomina* marks a very advanced stage of development. A striking instance of this is recorded in the history of Poland. When Ladislaus Jagellon, King of Poland, became a Christian (in 1387), many of his subjects followed his example. The nobles and warriors were baptized separately; but the plebeian candidates for the sacred rite were divided into companies, and the priest baptized them in lots, giving all in the same section the same name. Thus, all the men in the company No. 1 were called Peter, and all the women Catherine; while the individuals of division No. 2 were made Pauls and Margarets. So many people bearing the same name, it became, of course, necessary to distinguish them by *sobriquets*, which gradually found their way into legal documents. In process of time, however, even this proved to be insufficient, and a total change in the system of names was then adopted, by the invention of *hereditary surnames*. As I have said, the period at which this took place in the different States of Western Europe varies greatly; for it was of necessity a process intermixed with transitive stages, and was very gradual in its march. In other words, there is *no* date to mark the period; and the process was often very tardy in one and the same country. While in England, for example, surnames have been in use for some centuries, in Wales they were not adopted until a comparatively recent period, and the mode of development here was peculiar.

One principle for constructing names not unknown in England was especially illustrated by the custom of the principality. The first idea was to take the father's name, with the particle “ap,” or “son of,” the same as the Norman “Fitz,” and not altogether unlike the Scotch “Mac,” or the Irish “O’.” Even a hundred years back it was not unusual to hear Welsh names, as Evan-ap-Griffith-ap-David-ap-Jenkin, and so on to the seventh and eighth generation. The church of Llangollen, in Wales, remains solemnly dedicated to Saint Collen-ap-Gwynnawg-ap-Clyndawg-ap-Cowrda-ap-Caradoc-Freichfras-ap-Llynn-Merim-ap-Ernion-

Yrth-ap-Cunedda-Wledig. To burlesque this very extraordinary fashion of nomenclature, a witty rhymester of the seventeenth century describes Welsh *cheese* as

"Adam's own cousin-german by its birth,
Ap-Curds-ap-Milk-ap-Cow-ap-Grass-ap-Earth."

In the plays of the Elizabethan period there is frequent allusion to this ludicrous Welsh system of names. Even with the gentry the use of hereditary surnames did not come into effect till the time of Henry VIII., who paid great attention to the subject. He strongly recommended the heads of Welsh families to conform to the usage long before it became universal among the English; and, in consequence, many houses made their old names stationary, while a few adopted the surnames of English relations. Among these latter was the family of *Williams*, which, some generations after this gracious recommendation, gave birth to Oliver Cromwell.

Ireland was divided, by the Pale, between the Norman or Saxon practice of England, and the indigenous or Gaelic practice of the wild Irish; so that the sister island affords no special illustration of our subject. In Scotland there is a comparatively short list of surnames, partly from the use of clan designations, a sort of gentile practice, and partly for the same cause as in Wales, the secluded and rude condition of the people, especially along the coast and in the fishing villages. When the fashion was first carried into the North, about the time of the Reformation, the inhabitants of these secluded places seem to have felt the lack of characteristic designation severely, the fishing intellect being naturally limited. According to the clever writer of an article in *Blackwood's Magazine* for April, 1842, on "Fisher Folk," there were then seldom more than two or three surnames in a town. In "booking" their customers, the grocers invariably inserted the nickname, or *tee* name; and in case of married men, they wrote down the wife's along with the husband's name. Unmarried debtors had the names of their parents inserted with their own. The following anecdote is given by the same writer. In one of the Buchan fishing villages a stranger had occasion to call on a fisherman of the name of Alexander White. Meeting a girl, he asked—"Could you tell me fa'r Sanny Fite lives?"

"Filk Sanny Fite?"

"Muckle Sanny Fite."

"Filk muckle Sanny Fite?"

"Muckle lang Sanny Fite."

"Filk muckle lang Sanny Fite?"

"Muckle lang-gleyed Sanny Fite," shouted the stranger.

"Oh! it's Goup-the-lift ye're seeking," cried the girl, "and fat the deevil for dinna ye speer for the man by his richt name at ance?"

There are reasons to suppose that, although 1842 is now an ancient date for these kingdoms, the peculiarity to which I am pointing still exists in Scotland. A list of all the parishioners of a parish on Donside,

who voted in the election of a parish clerk in 1524, is preserved. The minister finds all their names, with the exception of one or two, still occupying the parish in 1860.

But even in this year 1862, we may rest assured of the fact that surnames are by no means fully established in some parts of England. Perhaps we may consider railways as initiating the custom. In the colliery districts, particularly, hereditary designations seem to be the exception rather than the rule. A correspondent of *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* says, that clergymen in Staffordshire "have been known to send home a wedding party in despair, after a vain essay to gain from the bride and bridegroom a sound by way of name." Every man in these colliery fields, it seems, bears a personal sobriquet, descriptive of some peculiarity, but scarcely any person has a family name, either known to himself or others. A story is told of an attorney's clerk who was professionally employed to serve a process on one of these oddly-named persons, whose supposed real name was entered in the instrument with legal accuracy. The clerk, after a great deal of inquiry as to the whereabouts of the party, was about to abandon the search as hopeless, when a young woman, who had witnessed his labours, kindly volunteered to assist him. "Oy say, *Bullyed*," cried she to the first person they met, "does thee know a mon neamed Adam Green?" The bull-head was shaken in token of ignorance. They then came to another man. "*Loy-a-bed*, dost thee?" "Lie-a-bed could not answer either. *Stumpy* (a man with a wooden leg), *Cowskin*, *Spindleshanks*, *Cockeye*, and *Pigtail* were successively consulted, but to no purpose. At length, however, having had conversation with several friends, the damsel's eyes suddenly brightened, and slapping one of her neighbours on the shoulder, she exclaimed,—"*Dash my wig! whoy he means moy feyther!*" Then turning to the astonished clerk, she cried,—"*You shoul'n ax'd for Ode Blackbird!*" So it appeared that the old miner's name, though he was a man of substance, and had legal battles to fight, was not known even to his own daughter.

Amid uncertainty of orthography, changes of custom, growing intercourse between the people of separate regions and distinct races, there have been innumerable changes through colloquial corruption, Anglicizing, or sometimes Normanizing, according to the preference of the bearer, and other forms of transmutation. Thus, in process of time, the good old Norman name *De Vesce* has become *Veitch*; in some instances there is reason to believe that those who bear the name of *Weir*, which has its distinct origin, ought to trace back to *De Vere*. Other changes of similar kind are those of *De Belassize* into *Belsches*, *D'Aeth* into *Death*. The Welsh custom of prefixing *Ap* to the name gradually melted away into a more English form; as, for instance, *Ap-Rice* into *Price*, *Ap-Richard* into *Prichard*, *Ap-Owen* into *Bowen*, *Ap-Hugh* into *Pugh*. Some other names are very curious, and you will observe that occasionally, as in the instance of *De Vere*, the corrupted name takes a form already familiar to the language. *Flechier* (arrow-

maker) is the modern *Fletcher*, *Huissier* has now been turned into *Wischart*, *De Viger* into *Vickers*, *De Comyn* into *Cumming*, *Le Grand* into *Grant*, *Bethune* into *Beaton* and *Beeton*, *Frescheville* into *Fretwell*, *Fitz-Herbert* into *Fitch*, *Tottenham* into *Todd*. The custom of translating names from foreign languages into English, and *vice versa*, was formerly much in fashion. In the sixteenth century and in the beginning of the eighteenth century, nearly all learned men Latinized their names. Among others, a simple book-writing mortal of the name of *Blyth* called himself *Hilarius*, while *Colin Caldwell* signed *Colinus Afontegelido*. Some aimed still higher, and translated into Greek. The real name of a famous German, *Schwarzerdt* (black earth), is known only in history as *Melanthon*; while a celebrated Scotch historian, *Wischart*, first read his name *Wiseheart*, and then translated it *Sophocardius*. In this last example, there are four changes within a century—*Huissier*, *Wischart*, *Wiseheart*, *Sophocardius*.

In this helter-skelter origin and development of names, therefore, a man may find, after he has awakened to the consciousness of æsthetical associations, that he has sticking to him the badge, either of some oddity which his race has outgrown, of some affinity anything but agreeable to remember, of plebeian callings which are offensive in the presence of the drawing-room, and of connections ridiculous, disagreeable, or even disgraceful. The chances that the name legitimately borne by a man's forefathers, even when they had it, might undergo derogatory handling, have been increased by the laxity of writing in times past; so that words of positively elevating significance have in some cases been corrupted to the lowest ideas. I could give existing instances among persons of most respectable position whose appellatives I am forbidden to write in these pages, on account of their absolute and staring indecency. The family and their connections lead a life of perpetual evasion; mentioning the family name with an air of ease, as if it only signified the extremely respectable people before you, and never bore any other interpretation; though those who utter it, and you who are listening with equal resolution to "take no notice," are distinctly and painfully aware that it alludes to some personal peculiarity, some squalid necessity, or some infamy of origin never uttered to ears polite. In these cases the desire for a change of name is not more natural than becoming. Those who seek it not only desire to relieve themselves from a very unjust and ridiculous stigma, but also to relieve society from painful thoughts and absurd associations; and they ought to find every assistance in the public machinery of a State professing to cultivate good manners. We have seen that there are families whose names have been as grossly corrupted as that of *Sevenoaks* into *Snooks*. In some instances the representative of the particular line has fallen in fortune, his progeny for two or three generations have been illiterate, they have learned to write the name askew in vulgar and incorrect form, and the son wishes to restore the orthography of his ancestors. We have remarkable instances of this in America, where you will find the

name of Baguely, or Bagaley, written Bigelow and Biglow. In other instances the emigration of persons belonging to the arms-bearing class has been attended by some family discord, some political misanthropy, or other reason for breaking the connection with the mother country. After a generation or two, the animosity has passed away; and the children know their descent as clearly as the most respectable families in England, who could as absolutely prove that they represent John This or Thomas That, as some noble and illustrious persons have known that they did *not* represent the line whose names and titles they wore; but when the claimants for old rights seek to recover their own, they encounter a sudden obstruction. If a man wishes to trace his pedigree, he has—by a curious routine of usage, which I will examine a little closer presently,—no ready resort but the College of Arms. He seeks a member of that college as he would a private lawyer, and employs him to trace his pedigree as he would to investigate his title to an estate. But he does it, if I am not mistaken, almost exclusively in the form of exploring his title to armorial ensigns. There are, no doubt, many other evidences which might be brought forward in a court of law, and which would be sufficient to establish the claimant's identity, his descent, and his right, therefore, to bear a particular name, or perhaps more than one name. It may happen, however, that from its earliest beginning a man's name has been one such as he would abominate to use, and he wishes to change it; but how can he manage to do so? He naturally applies, in the first instance, at the College of Arms, and there he is told that his only course is to petition the Crown through the Home Secretary,—the Crown alone having the power, *mero motu*, to change the name of an individual. In presenting this petition, he must show, either that he is compelled to ask the change of name in order to hold property devised or descending to him on that condition, or that by descent and property he actually represents in blood some person of the name he wishes to adopt. It will be seen how strictly this rule limits the privilege, and it will be observed that no indulgence is shown, save in those cases where blood asserts its right, or where there is "beneficial interest" at stake. Personal affection, genuine family associations, or even decency, find no consideration at the College of Arms, or in the Home Office, or, when sought by *this* channel, in the Crown. The applicant will be told at the Heralds' College, I believe, that if he seeks to change his name by any other way, for mere fancy, he can have no guarantee for the legality of his new appellative, and it can only become his "by usage." The vagueness of idea involved in this last qualifying remark is worth note. I have, however, strong reasons for doubting the accuracy of the representation altogether, and I will explain why.

I will not for the moment raise any question as to the jurisdiction of the College of Arms—a jurisdiction which I would gladly see extended on a broader and a firmer basis; but what I have already explained has sufficed to show how very great is the uncertainty of the actual law,

and how still more manifest is the uncertainty which hangs over the whole subject of names with reference to particular families, to districts, to classes, and even to individual cases. I am borne out in saying that there is nothing in our English statute law, still less in the common law, which prevents a man from changing his name. Lord Coke observes: "It is requisite that a purchaser be known by the name of baptism and his surname, and that especial heed be taken to the name of baptism, for that a man cannot have two names of baptism *as he may have divers surnames*." And again: "It is holden in our ancient books that a man *may have divers names at divers times*, but not divers Christian names." The question how far it is lawful for an individual to assume a surname at pleasure came before Sir Joseph Jekyll, when Master of the Rolls, in 1730, in the rather celebrated case of "*Barlow versus Bateman*." In giving judgment, Sir Joseph remarked: "I am satisfied the usage of passing Acts of Parliament for the taking upon one a surname is but modern, and that any one may take upon him what surname, and as many surnames, as he pleases, without an Act of Parliament." In reading these judicial remarks, so strikingly in accord with those quoted by Mr. Roebuck, the reader should bear in mind the inertness of the corporation which claims to be the supreme authority; but we shall see other aspects of the legal uncertainty as we advance.

But the candidate wishes to confer upon his new appellative some species of legal sanction marking its fixity and its authoritative recognition; and he can do so. The object is effected by having the new name, with the old name belonging to the same individual, set down in one of our legally recognized public records. For instance, if a man who is on the roll of attorneys has a name which is objectionable, he can change it for another, and, recording the fact of the change on the roll, he bears his new family title with a legal attestation. This has been done. Another process has been mentioned. The person who wishes to recover the ancient appellation of his family, which has been corrupted, either brings an action in a court of law, or has an action brought against him; the record of the action marking the name recently borne, and the recovered name, as belonging to the same individual; and henceforth he bears the more ancient and distinguished appellative with a legal attestation. This process can be accomplished, I think, for five pounds or so.

The case of family arms is more simple, and in many ways more limited. As you well know, the "science" of heraldry is comparatively recent. It is certainly less perfect than so much of science as enters into the art of sculpture, which rests upon a very systematic basis of physiology, and on a far more ancient and highly developed practice than the blazonry of arms. It is in some respects less perfect than the science of hieroglyphics, numismatics, or even that of coins and medals; its subject-matter being much more limited, its duration far less. We may trace it

back, like the use of names, to the Crusades; but I have already shown that there was great want of system in the whole practice and theory of armorial bearings long after the usage became general. It is the prevalent idea that no man can use armorial bearings, or arms, unless he has the sanction of the College of Arms, his intermediary in procuring the new grant of arms from the sovereign, or his attestator when he bears those belonging to his family. But here again the machinery is extremely imperfect. The chief duties of the Heralds' College at the earlier period of its existence consisted in attendance at all royal ceremonials. Gradually the higher nobility dignified their own pageants by engaging the heralds, with rich *largesse*; and, at a somewhat later period, the genealogies of noble and gentle families were entrusted to the keeping of the Heralds' College, which thus became a sort of general registry of the aristocracy. Ecclesiastics had in earlier days been the chief conservators of genealogical facts; but at the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII., the documents containing them were scattered to the winds. Hence it became necessary to adopt some more general and better regulated means of collecting and transmitting to posterity the materials of genealogy, and out of this necessity sprang those "progresses" of the Kings of Arms and Heralds through the various counties called *Visitations*. There are traces of such visitations before the Reformation, and even before the incorporation of the Heralds, namely, as early as 1412; but it was not until 1528 that they were systematically executed. They were renewed about once in every generation, or at intervals varying from twenty-five to forty years. By the Earl Marshal's warrant the officers were bound to make inquiries respecting the pedigree of every family claiming the honours of gentry, and to enter the names, titles, and places of abode in a book. The visitation was discontinued only in the reign of William and Mary, when they had given rise to much ill-feeling and often to serious quarrel. Under the ancient system, a broad line of demarcation had separated the nobility and gentry from the common people; but the commercial progress having destroyed this barrier, heraldry found itself unable to repair or renew it. Nevertheless, the College of Arms continued to cling to its chartered privileges. The corporation, in the year 1727, prosecuted one Robert Harman, at the quarter-sessions for the county of Suffolk, for having assumed some of the privileges of the Heralds' College, and the accused was condemned to imprisonment and fine. This, however, was the last prosecution of the kind; and since that time the Heralds have not thought fit to maintain their rights in a court of law.

The corporation of the Heralds' College no more inhabits the ancient house granted to it by the founder, but one of later date, built on the same ground. The building situate on Benet's Hill, Paul's Wharf, is, however, said to have become inadequate to hold even the most important books and documents of the corporation. A large quantity of papers has to be stowed away in presses in the hall. The building, which is freehold and private property, and is inscribed to "the Corporation

of the Kings, Heralds, and Pursuivants of Arms," was erected after the fire of London, at the expense of the members, assisted by contributions from the nobility and gentry. It stands upon the site of the ancient habitation called Derby Place, which was given to the college by Queen Mary. As a body corporate, the kings, heralds, and pursuivants of arms are entitled to make rules and orders among themselves for the arrangement and custody of their books and records. By the rules and orders at present in force, one of the six heralds and one of the four pursuivants attend in the public office in monthly rotation; and the office is accessible from nine in the morning till four in the afternoon. The ordinary fee for a search of a coat of arms is, and has been for two hundred years, half-a-crown; and for a copy, or extract of a pedigree, five shillings for every generation. The fee for the attendance of an officer of arms, with any book belonging to the college, in any court of law or otherwise, is one guinea. Besides these fees, which are equally divided between the officers of the college, and not in proportion to their rank—except, I believe, that Garter takes a double share,—the various members of the corporation draw a more or less considerable income from private business. Any individual officer of the college, from Garter down to the junior pursuivant, has a right to accept commissions and to transact business for his own separate and peculiar profit. The commissions consist in proving pedigrees, granting exemplifications of arms, procuring changes of name by royal licence, and other heraldic business. From the private business arises the chief income of the members, the divided fees not amounting to a high sum, and the official salary being still less important; for that of a King of Arms is but 100*l.* per annum; of a Herald, 40*l.*; and of a Pursuivant, 20*l.* These fixed salaries date from the 15th century, and have not been changed since. In the present day, the chief importance of the College of Arms, or Heralds' College, consists in the possession of a considerable library of charters and other documents, amassed during two or three centuries. The contents of the library are, the "Visitation Books," showing the pedigrees and arms of the "nobles" who have been registered; the "Earl Marshal's Books," from the time of Elizabeth, containing licences to change surname or arms; copies of all grants of arms to the present time; and some similar documents.

The members of the corporation are precisely in the same position with reference to a particular business as solicitors or attorneys. Each member practises on his own account, the corporation taking certain fees for each transaction, but his emoluments being far larger in his private capacity than in the corporate. A gentleman who desires to recover the arms of his family goes to the Heralds' College and causes his pedigree to be investigated. Should the inquiry show that he has descended from a family already bearing arms, and should the evidence be such as to satisfy the professional gentleman to whom he has referred his case and the corporation of which that gentleman is a member, the right is recognized by the registration of the pedigree. Should it turn out that his descent

cannot be traced, and that in the language of heraldry he is "ignobilis,"—that the college has not the pleasure of his acquaintance—he must obtain the authority to bear arms by a new process. He memorializes the Earl Marshal of England, who holds the power from the Crown, and who is, as we have seen, the patron, if not the chief partner, in the College of Arms. In order to obtain any success, the memorialist must be a person of good character as a merchant or gentleman; he must in no way be engaged in retail trading, but must be in a condition, in fact, "to sustain the rank of gentry." For the obtaining of all these privileges there are fees to be paid. The official exactions, however, are not in all cases exorbitant. The fee for mere searches does not exceed 5s.; the fee for recording new arms, under letters patent, is 76*l.* 10s.; the charge of a royal licence for change of name varies in accordance with the fact whether the change is compulsory or not. If it is compulsory, the licence bears a stamp of 50*l.*; if it is voluntary, 10*l.*; and the total cost will be in the first case, 94*l.* 13s., and in the second, 54*l.* 13s. You may go to a still greater expense if you please, for you may have an Act of Parliament; but the statute of George the Third superseded the Acts of Parliament, by making changes of name under the royal sign-manual as legal as when they are effected by parliamentary enactment: at least, so you are told on St. Benet's Hill. Again, however, I much doubt whether the change of name is more legal with the attestation of Benet's Hill than with that of a court of record; while I agree with Mr. Sergeant Taddy, that, by its acts, "Parliament can do anything—except make it rain or hold up."

It appears to me that several important suggestions present themselves on the simple narration of the facts which I have reported. Am I wrong in holding the science of heraldry to prove that the operations of the learned body which acts as the trustee of chivalry have deviated from the purpose for which it was constituted, and from the spirit of the institution, without adapting it to any of the uses which it might serve at the present day? Originally the heralds were the ministering servants of chivalry, and their office was to assist in sustaining the dignity of the noble of the land; and, although undoubtedly high station, power, wealth, and noted descent, were the main elements of the order which had the heralds for its public servants, nevertheless it was always held that the distinguishing characteristics of that wealthy class lay more in birth, honour, and chivalrous feeling than in the grosser adjuncts of possessions and money. At the present day, however, the working of the Heralds' College has entirely departed, not only from the spirit of the older standards, but even from the letter. Noble and gentle birth are no longer the absolute rule with the College of Arms. The prerogative, which has been justly reserved to the Sovereign, of creating nobility, has been employed, through the instrumentality of the Heralds' College, to recruit our arms-bearing order with elements of a truly plebeian quality. I am speaking now by the strictest test of what might be called a conservative heraldry, and simply

showing that any man who should take his stand upon the ancient ways, desiring to prevent innovations or check any degradation of the office, would be compelled to reform its practice altogether. From the facts which I have stated it will be seen that the testing point for the interference of the honourable college is not so much blood as "beneficial interest," or, in other words, money. "Have you money enough?"—that is the question which determines your admission under the archway in Benet's Hill. But money is not birth. On the other hand, if you have not money enough, and are not able to establish your descent by the technical evidences which are alone recognized in that corporation, you will continue to be excluded, although you may be of as good descent, as honourable life, and as chivalrous feeling as Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, as the "brave et beau Dunois," or any poor gentleman who attended his lord and kinsman to the crusades. In plain truth, the ancient College of Herald's has become a strictly exclusive corporation of gentlemen who bear a much closer resemblance to the attorney of our day than to the King of Arms in more chivalrous times. On the other hand, the change has not brought the influence of Benet's Hill any nearer to the spirit and requirements of the present times. It is evident that, from the mere increase of population, the number of persons possessing the right to bear arms by hereditary descent has augmented in a far greater ratio than the number that actually do so; and, by-the-by, since there is a tax upon the use of arms, the obstructions thrown in the way of recovery manifestly tend to check the Queen's revenue. Still more largely is the number augmented of those who would probably find some difficulty in establishing their hereditary right to bear arms, though they are as fit to do so by gentle breeding and by chivalrous spirit, as numbers who are admitted without question on the mere show of moneyed means. Now it is a proposition needing little argument to sustain it, that the desire to use the insignia of chivalry is a feeling which the interest of the State should encourage rather than otherwise. It is one of the most powerful motives to draw closer the connection with the established orders of society; it enrols amongst the champions of authority a class of volunteers pledged by their own personal aspirations, and it extends amongst the educated and refined members of the community, though their connections may spread amongst the less wealthy, a spirit of proselytism in favour of gentle sympathies and authoritative influences. The grand distinction between those who own wealth,—including those who combine ancient descent and high station with wealth,—and those who are less fortunate, will always be marked broadly enough; while it is evident policy to include amongst the less wealthier half of society the largest possible number of those who are in alliance with station and power by the force of their personal ambitions and habits. Genuine policy, therefore, would dictate facility for the recovery or acquirement of arms instead of difficulties; and would so far point to a revision of the system on Benet's Hill with a view to its amendment.

Precisely the same course of argument virtually applies to the subject of names, but here the grounds for a reform are still stronger. I have shown the uncertainty which hangs over the whole matter. The origin of names is involved in doubts, which have prevailed in every century, and come down even to our own. The tenure of surnames is as dubious as possible. In some cases, the inquirer cannot really determine which is the original and veritable name even of a well-known family. Is it, for instance, *Audley* or *Stanley*? In still more numerous instances it is impossible to determine the spelling. There are thousands of families in which two or more modes of spelling have been used within very recent generations, or even in the present day. The actual state of the law is the obscurest part of the whole matter. Lawyers, and even judges, have given decisions upon particular cases; but in proportion as inquiry extends, fresh doubts present themselves, until you become convinced that there is no consistent settled law at all. On the contrary, the only points about which you can make perfectly certain, are these:—First: that some names are said to be finally and firmly established by virtue of the register at the College of Arms, though that very register, if I mistake not, will corroborate what I have said as to the dubiety, duplicity, and obscurity of the name in some of the best known families. Secondly: that there is no law to prevent a man's using any name which he chooses to employ, subject to "inconveniences," should changes in the habits of his family cast doubts upon his descent and identity. Thirdly: that this inconvenience may, from any day forward, be obviated by making any fresh change of name the subject of formal registry in a court of record. And, fourthly: that the existence of co-ordinate registries, with the immense diversity in the institution of names, and the absence of settled law, are themselves productive of palpable inconvenience. For instance, they occasion doubts to any man who wishes to ascertain what he ought to call himself; or, if he desires to amend his designation, how he can set about the business with the greatest facility and certainty; in some instances, as you have seen, the College of Arms affording him no kind of help.

Such being the state of the law and customs of the country, I think we have ascertained the existence of certain wants, which, of themselves, suggest the needful improvement. It would obviously diminish the inconvenience if one public record were distinctly and authoritatively pointed out as sufficient for the purpose where various records are now used. This would most naturally be effected by an Act of Parliament, appointing one particular place of record for the purposes of registration, and declaring that to be sufficient. I have sometimes contemplated suggesting that this function should be entrusted to the Registrar-General, and many circumstances contribute to point out his department as the most suitable. The strongest argument in its favour is, that the fear of innovation on St. Benet's Hill would seem likely to obstruct any employment of the College of Arms for this more popular kind of registry

And there is another difficulty in the case. The rights of the Earl Marshal would come in question; and since that functionary is at present a minor, there might be a delicacy in touching his privileges at all, at least for some years. On the other hand, the old associations and traditions of the College would impart an increased value to the registry for the purposes which I contemplate, and would, I am sure, cause its record to be more esteemed by such of the public as sought its ministration. If the duty were entrusted to that corporation, it would, I should think, bring to it a large accession of business, and would contribute more than anything to identify the future of the College with the future of the country. Nor can I see anything in the proposed reform which would, in the slightest degree, militate against the ancient design of the institution, or the highest spirit that has reigned within its walls; while I am sure that there would be no necessity to encroach upon any possessory rights residing in the Earl Marshal. For the same class of reasons, it would be of great advantage if the corporation could be induced to assist in reconsidering the rules and regulations for extending facilities in the granting of arms. It is not for me, however, to undertake the responsibility even of sketching out the character of practical reforms such as those I have indicated. I have done enough in describing the actual want; and, perhaps, the first step towards meeting it should be a deliberate inquiry, by competent persons, under the proper authorities, into the broad question, Whether extended facilities could not be granted to those who seek either the recovery or acquisition of surname and arms?

The Bishop and the Knight.

Low at the Bishop's feet he knelt,
 His black locks thickly sown with gray,
 As though the sorrows he had felt
 Had stolen half his youth away :
 His careworn features did express
 A dying hope—a long distress—
 An unknown depth of lowliness.

The Bishop spoke : " Who art thou, son ? "
 Then deeper still he bowed his head—
 " I am a miserable man,
 A man opprest with guilt," he said :
 " From distant lands I come to thee,
 I seek to know if yet there be
 Forgiveness to be won by me."

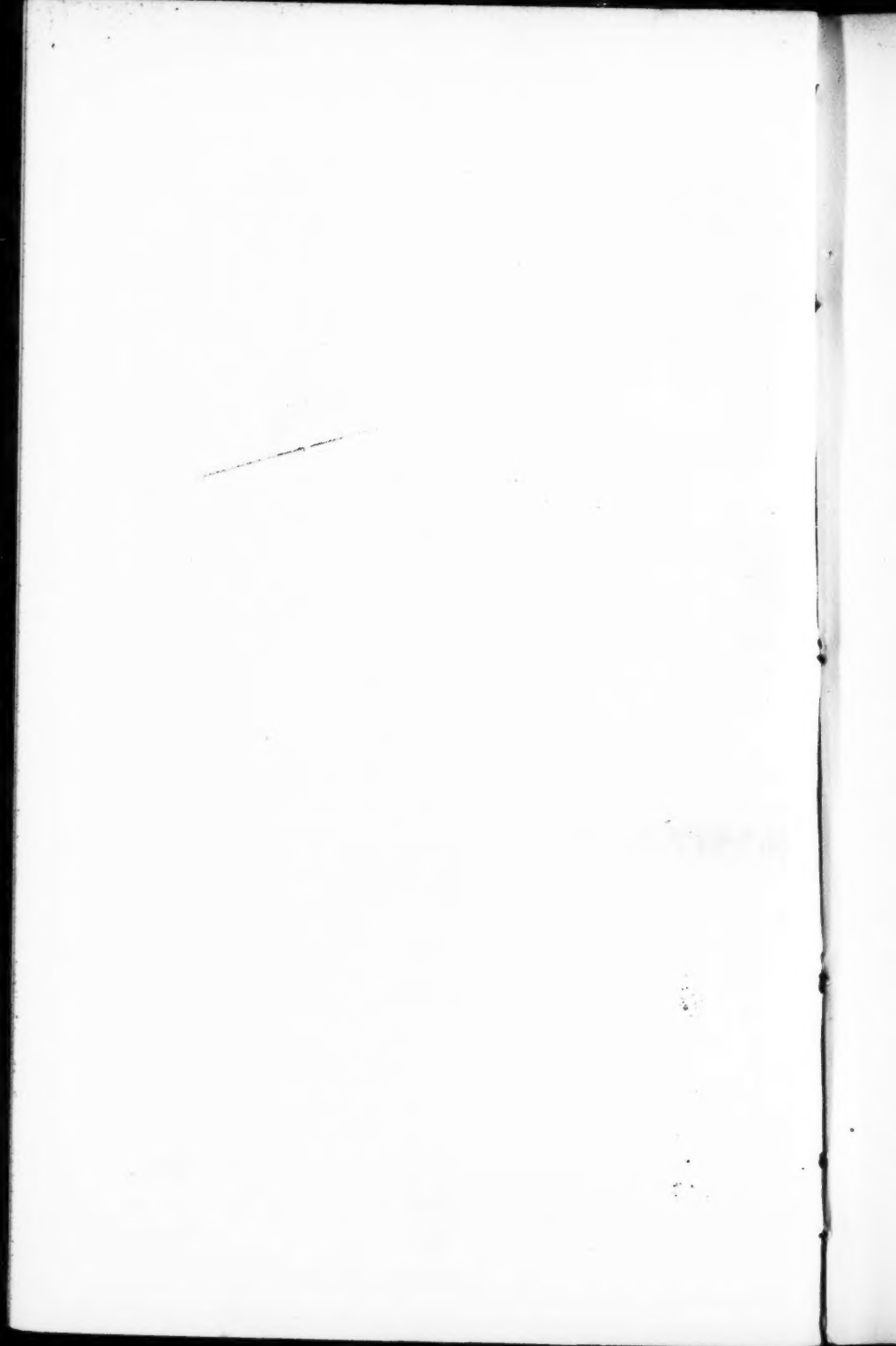
" Speak on," the Bishop made reply ;
 " Behold, my son, the Holy Rood,
 It was for sinners base and vile
 The Saviour shed His blood."
 Then in a whisper faint and low
 The kneeling penitent did show
 His tale of sin and shame and woe.

The Bishop's face grew ashy pale ;
 Awhile he paused, in dumb surprise—
 Then spoke, aversion in his mien,
 And horror in his eyes :
 " Ah, never at my feet did bow
 A Christian stained as deep as thou,
 I may not, dare not, shrive thee now.

" Rise, and go hence : I will believe,
 When this my staff shall bud and bloom,
 Such sin a pardon may receive,
 And thou escape thy doom ! "
 Uprose the kneeling penitent,
 His knightly form with anguish bent,
 And from the palace forth he went.



THE BISHOP AND THE KNIGHT.



Submissive to the stern decree,
 He bowed; and so his hope was gone:
 With haggard looks of wild despair
 Past men's abodes he hurried on,
 As a hart wounded in the chase,
 Seeking a solitary place,
 In which to weep a little space.

This found, he fell upon the earth,
 Slow scalding tears were in his eyes;
 His parch'd lips breathed no *word* of prayer,
 But inarticulate cries:

 Till, while alone he groaned and wept,
 A strange sad calmness o'er him crept,
 And in the cool dark night he—slept.

Ere morn he woke to heavy grief,
 Outcast from heaven and from men;
 The tempter whispered to his soul,
 "Return unto thy sin again:
 Repentance can no pardon win,
 And pleasant are the paths of sin;
 Then finish as thou didst begin."

As tho' he felt a serpent wreathed
 In thickest folds about his heart,
 With sickening horror he recoiled,
 And sternly bade the thought depart.
 "O cause of all my misery!
 O loathsome wound, of which I die,
 Down, sinful thought—I thee defy!"

Then, as he went upon his way,
 'Twixt rocky banks both high and steep,
 Behold, he saw a mighty stream,
 Beneath whose waters deep
 A tempting voice assailed his ear,
 "How hateful does thy life appear!
 Come, hide thy sin and sorrow here."

With quicken'd step he hurried on:
 Despair's mad impulse he withstood;
 Though, in his weariness of life,
 His heart said, "Death is good,"
 Unto himself he made reply,
 "Not till God willeth will I die;
 O tempting flood, from thee I fly."

Anon—he heard a far-off chime
Of sweet bells, wafted on the air,
And knew that in the distant town
It was the hour of prayer.

To him it seemed those bells did say,
“Come *thou* to pray—come *thou* to pray!”
He felt he could not but obey;

And onward to the church's gate
He pressed, but would not enter in;
He could not enter with his load
Of unforgiven sin:
But, kneeling down without the door,
He did his soul to God outpour,
Mercy, for Christ's sake, asked once more.

Thus, all night long outside the church,
As in a trance of prayer he lay;
There, rigid in the sleep of death,
They found him at the break of day.
They asked in whispers, “Who is this,
With such a smile of heavenly bliss
Upon those pallid lips of his?”

* * * * *

That morning, with an anxious face,
Came forth the Bishop from his room;
Said he, “What miracle is this!
Behold, my staff doth bud and bloom!
Go, seek that man opprest with woe,
That came to me three days ago:
Ah, would he had not left me so!”

In vain. In village and in town
That man was sought, but never found;
For none knew where his corpse was laid,
With pious care, in holy ground.
He rests in peace: but some do say,
The Bishop, to his dying day,
For that man never ceased to pray.

M.

Our Survey of Literature, Science, and Art.

UNDER this rubric, readers will receive an addition to our usual contents—an addition varying in quantity according to the abundance of the material, but never trespassing beyond a page or two upon the space hitherto allotted to other subjects. We have no intention of competing with the critical journals, either in fulness of information or in elaborateness of criticism. Our object is, with the aid of "eminent hands," to touch lightly, yet firmly, on the chief topics of the day; to indicate the quality of the most notable works, and to record the glories of scientific progress. Hoping to make our good word of some value, we shall not carelessly bestow our praise; and remembering that we address something like half a million of readers, we shall be slow in inflicting the pain of a harsh judgment. Merciless justice may be sometimes necessary; but, in general, bad books die rapidly enough without the executioner. Silence costs the critic little, and saves him from an unpleasant—when it is not a wanton—exercise of his power.

The word "gossip" would perhaps have expressed our meaning better than the more ambitious "survey," had it not unfortunately been too often degraded to a purpose deservedly chastised in a recent number of the *Saturday Review*. Our readers will not expect to meet here with that traffic in lies, surmises, and revelations of private affairs, with which certain writers, who claim to belong to "literature," turn a dishonest penny. Ours will not be the gossip of impertinent revelations, and comments upon the private affairs and conduct of authors and publishers—revelations, for the most part, ridiculously false, and comments which could only be answered at the point of the boot, were they worth answering at all. The *Saturday Review* notices the confidence with which statements respecting its own private affairs have been published by men whose intimacy with those affairs is on a par with that of the beadle of the Burlington Arcade. But what do these gossipers care for accuracy? It is a fastidious requirement, and would spoil their trade. A surmise or an invention is paid for at the same rate as an authenticated fact; why then should trouble be taken to ascertain the truth; especially when inquiry may prove the "fact" to be a fiction? Instead of inquiring, the gossipier publishes the surmise, as if he had private information. Thus—to take the most recent case—the author of *Adam Bede* was supposed to be the writer of a series of stories appearing in a contemporary. Had this supposition been published as a supposition, it would only have involved the sagacity of the gossipier; but it was *confidently* stated as a "fact," and as a fact it "went the round of the press," sometimes

doing its best to appear as information derived from the most reliable source. A number of people have been deceived, but no great harm has been done: we only notice it as a sample of the recklessness with which surmises are published as facts. Again, what shall we say of the revelations made about ourselves, our contributors, our prices, our circulation, and, latterly, our editor? Our surprise is that, with so many facilities for ascertaining such private matters (before betraying them), the "facts" should be so amazingly wide of probabilities. Gentlemen have been confidently named as editors who have never once been spoken with on the subject; and a gentleman at present abroad, who has been many years connected with the publishing establishment in Cornhill, but who is in no sense editor of this Magazine, has had applications and articles addressed to him. Our friends who persist in relying on newspaper gossip, and address their communications to an imaginary editor, will have themselves to blame if these never reach the hands of the real editor.

We have little hope of seeing this nuisance abated so long as those who live by it are unconscious of the disreputable nature of all public betrayal of private matters; disreputable when the statements are correct, still more so when no pains have been taken to ascertain their correctness. What would be thought of a journalist who should publish the private affairs of a banker, or should announce that a physician was losing his patients? And if the journalist had really no better ground for his "facts" than having casually heard some one say, "I suspect the affairs of the Bank are not flourishing—a dissolution of partnership will soon occur;" or, "I hear that Dr. —'s patients are rapidly leaving him;" what would be thought of such publication? Yet this is precisely analogous to the conduct of those who fabricate, or repeat, the gossip respecting authors and publishers. If true, such gossip is impertinent and unjustifiable; if false, it is disgraceful to the gossipper. The line of demarcation between public and private matters is sufficiently broad. If any one *desires* to make public his private affairs, he is at liberty to do so, or to commission others to do it for him; but no man should take upon himself to publish private matters for another, without first ascertaining that the publicity is desired. As the evil exists, the only safeguard we can suggest is, that readers, being distinctly impressed with the untrustworthiness of gossip, should simply *disbelieve* every anonymous unauthenticated statement respecting private matters. When they read that *The Middlesex Review* is edited by the publisher's wife; that Johnson is the writer of the unacknowledged satire in *Blackwood*; or that a quarrel has occurred among the proprietors of *The Times*, which has resulted in a complete break-up of the establishment, one-half of the contributors going over *en masse* to *The Daily News*—they are quite safe in attaching no more credit to such statements, than to information respecting Mr. Cobden's political intentions, derived from the policeman courting Mr. Cobden's cook.

All who regard the profession of Literature with the seriousness due to its important—we had almost said sacred—office, will sympathize with the indignation called forth by the practices which tend to bring the profession into contempt. The recent discussion respecting the “Morality of the Press,” *à propos* of the Exhibition, will, we trust, help to enlighten the public. But there is one point on which the public very much needs reformation, namely, on the deeply-rooted conviction that lies can be written and printed, without hesitation, by honourable men. It is no uncommon thing for a perfectly upright, conscientious man, who would himself scorn to tell a lie, and would despise a liar, to urge a friend or acquaintance to assist a movement, to puff an invention, or to praise a work, in public journals; he is deeply offended if that friend refuse his assistance, or mingle disapprobation with his praise. The man who would blush at the imputation of wishing you to delude another into the purchase of his horse or his house, thinks nothing of asking your friendly aid in puffing his invention, his novel, or his picture; and if he live out of the literary world, he will not even understand your scruples—he will look upon them as want of friendliness.

The death of Mr. Buckle at the early age of forty, *vixit tantum claritate*, if not *opportunitate mortis*, has cast a shadow over many a thoughtful face. He had the misfortune to rouse vehement opposition, partly by his opinions, partly by his arrogance, and partly by his success; but none, we suppose, even of his most vehement antagonists, will withhold an expression of regret at this early termination of a career so brilliant. Mr. Buckle was not remarkable as a thinker; but he made himself remarked by his bold and skilful appropriation of some of the thoughts of advanced thinkers; and appeared, to the majority of English readers, as an original and powerful philosopher. His knowledge was vast and various, and his power of using it was singularly great. On the whole, his death will be acknowledged as a serious loss to literature.

“Every one,” it is known, means a minority; but it means a noisy, sometimes an important, minority. “Every one” is at this moment talking of Mr. Anthony Trollope, and his book on *North America*. The immense interest of the topic, and the popularity of the author, naturally carry the work into the hands of thousands of expectant readers. Some of these readers are of the dreadfully wise kind, who know everything better than the author; and they complain that there is “nothing new in the book.” That is true; there *is* nothing new in it. A work on America which contained discoveries at this time of day, would be in imminent danger of containing a few mares'-nests. Mr. Trollope has failed in being new; he has succeeded in being fresh. Six months' observation of a country which has been thoroughly explored by social, literary, political, agricultural, and geological predecessors, was not likely to yield much new material; but he looked at America with his clear and honest eyes, and tells what he saw, in his vigorous and veracious style;

the consequence is that the book is fresh with the inalienable freshness and vivacity of honest impressions. He paints the picture as it appeared to him. Whether that picture be not in some parts too bright in its lights, and too massive in its shadows, is of course open to question, and may be answered by superior knowledge; but none can fail to see that the picture is sincerely painted—that it never flatters nor libels—that whatever its errors, they are optical effects, seen by him as he represents them. For ourselves, we have the best of reasons for not presuming to estimate the accuracy of the picture, having no superior knowledge whereby to estimate it; but we feel certain of the writer's veracity. "Man," says Channing, "is not accountable for the rightness of his convictions, only for their uprightness."

Where Mr. Trollope is unsparing in his strictures he is wholly without malice, though not always without a little playful exaggeration. He is at times indignant, and at times satirical; but the indignation is against vices which cannot be palliated, and the satire is against foibles which cannot be concealed. That he cordially admires the spirit of independence, the energy, ability, and the commercial and political success of Americans, does not blind him to the serious fact that, in many respects, their political progress is greatly in advance of their moral culture. His sympathy with their independence does not prevent his feeling their manners gratuitously disagreeable; and he regrets to see their independence so fond of asserting itself as insolence, and want of sympathy with the feelings of others. While vividly depicting the worst aspects of their character, he is careful to point out their intimate dependence on sterling excellences. Unsparing in his exposure of the worship of dishonesty under the form of "smartness," he points out how this is but the commercial spirit in excess. He does not feel at home in New York. Dollar-worship has its disagreeable side; but dollar-worship has also its good side. "For myself," he candidly adds, "I do not believe that Dives is so black as he is painted, or that his peril is so imminent. . . . The brethren of Dives are now so many and so intelligent, that they will no longer consent to be damned without looking closely into the matter themselves."

He defends with great humour and strong good sense the real virtue of money-making. "Dives has never believed that he will be damned because he is Dives. He has never even believed that the temptations incident to his position have been more than a fair counterpoise, or even so much as a fair counterpoise, to his opportunities for doing good." But after defending the energetic legitimate pursuit of money-making, and while pointing out how nobly the American Dives scatters his wealth in philanthropy and in enterprise, he still points to the disagreeable odour which dollars give to New York. "I have never walked down Fifth Avenue without thinking of money. I have never walked there with a companion without talking of it. I fancy that every man there, in order to maintain the spirit of the place, should bear on his forehead a label

stating how many dollars he is worth, and that every label should be expected to assert a falsehood."

He is at times severe on the manners of the people, especially on their gratuitous incivility. But he never loses sight of the fact that they are independent; and that this incivility is in itself a nobler thing than servility. He well says, "I think that we are too apt, in considering the ways and habits of any people, to judge of them by the effect of those ways and habits on us rather than by their effects on the owners of them. When we go among garlic-eaters we condemn them because they are offensive to us; but to judge of them properly we should ascertain whether the garlic be offensive to them. . . . For myself, I do not like the Americans of the lower orders. I am not comfortable among them. They tread on my corns and offend me. They make my daily life unpleasant. But I do respect them. I acknowledge their intelligence and personal dignity. I know they are men and women worthy to be so called. I see they are living as human beings in possession of reasoning faculties." This is the tone throughout.

The book will doubtless give pain, more pain than Mr. Trollope, perhaps, expects; for criticism, whether of nations or of books, usually produces exasperation far beyond what the critic can foresee. We are sorry that it should be so. The Americans are at present in a state of rabid unreason respecting England, and will read this book with more than ordinary resentment. It will be in vain to point to the honesty of the critic, and to the heartiness of his praise. Every one who has winced under the severities of blame, will sympathize with the Americans if they are angry at this exposure of their faults. But the castigated author, when he has any true metal in him, extracts its virtue from the bitter medicine; he makes a wry face, but he looks at the peccant parts; he howls, and he reforms. Will not the energetic Americans do the same?

Carlyle's *Frederick* is another book about which opinions will be anything but unanimous. It sets all criticism at naught, since it falls under none of the acknowledged "rules of composition." Original—grotesquely original—it is so utterly unlike every other biography, or history, that the notion of applying "critical standards" would be preposterous. It must be accepted—or rejected—for what it is, and as it is: a book of strange power, of immense research, patient and accurate to the point of being at times oppressive, irradiated with wild humour, and darkened by very serious faults. It exercises a potent spell, because it is a work of genius. But we resist the fascination, and feel that the genius is not working with a beneficial influence.

The book is so original, that its disregard of most literary canons leaves the critic no good position for attack. He is only too glad that such genius will express itself in any way that is most congenial to it. But the same toleration cannot be expected from the moralist. Carlyle, as an artist, may disregard all our established rules; as a teacher he is bound to regard them. The artist must be individual, and give expression

to his peculiarities, no matter how divergent from the common type. But the teacher is allowed no such licence. And as a teacher, there are two points upon which we think Carlyle open to severe disapprobation, which must be expressed all the more strongly because of our admiration and our gratitude for what his genius has effected. The first of these is the painful excess of scorn, which poisons his graphic humour with cruelty and injustice. Scorn is an attitude perilous even to a mind like his, pernicious in its influence on weaker minds. Every serious man will at times be moved to indignant sarcasm at what is base. But in Carlyle, always too disposed to scorn, this attitude has become permanent, not occasional. It is no longer "shams" and charlatans that move his sardonic laughter; but much that is not base at all, good honest endeavour, is quizzed and nicknamed in contempt. How is it that mathematicians are always made butts? Why is the serious labour of science treated as if it were the paltriest of futilities? We may allow him to estimate science as far inferior to "spiritual insight" (somewhat misty as to what it *sees*), but we cannot forget that it is a very noble effort. Leibnitz may not have been the greatest of men, but he is worthy of more respect than he receives from Carlyle, who not only scornfully insists on his long nose, bandy legs, and huge periwig (as if *those* were the most notable points in a great thinker!), but in one place sneers at him as a "wiseacre." Again, Maupertuis, the butt of this volume, is nicknamed "Flattener of the Earth," and is presented to the reader in the most contemptible light. He had his vanities and weaknesses, which might have excused a little quizzing; but this achievement, which suggests the nickname of Flattener of the Earth, was very important to mankind, and removed an obstacle to the acceptance of Newton's theory; and his labours altogether were of a kind which render Carlyle's unvarying scorn as odious as it is unjust. Even when Maupertuis is in the hands of brutal hussars, instead of a word of sympathy, this is what he gets:—"The big red face flurried into scarlet, I can fancy; or scarlet and ashy-white mixed; and—Let us draw a veil over it. He is next seen shirtless—the once very haughty, blustery, and now much humiliated man; still conscious of supreme acumen, insight, and pure science; and, though an Austrian prisoner, and a monster of rags, struggling to believe that he is a genius and the Trismegistus of mankind." Graphic, no doubt; but what is the sense or justice of it? Why should a man's being stripped of his shirt prevent his consciousness of acumen, insight, and pure science? And why, in so pitiable a plight, does the historian see only the ludicrous aspect? Had Frederick been shirtless, would such things have been said of him? Scorn is not in itself a lofty mood; and in this work the scorn is perpetual. The book might almost have been written by the inhabitant of another planet, looking upon human history with cold, inhuman eyes—moved to laughter and not to sympathy. Wherever the tone is varied, and admiration is expressed, we are almost as much shocked at the preposterousness of the hero-worship as at the scorn.

The second count in our charge is the preaching of the immoral doctrine, Might is right. Few dispute that Frederick's seizure of Silesia was a case of public robbery. It might be defended on political grounds; it might be palliated by reference to many equally nefarious transactions which have been consecrated by success. But this is not Carlyle's defence; he sarcastically tells us that Frederick "was considerably indifferent to our belief on that head; his eye set on the practical merely. Just rights? What are rights never so just which you cannot make valid? The world is full of such. If you have rights, and can assert them into facts, do it; that is worth doing!" It would be waste of words to answer this.

Our space will only allow us to mention, in passing, the charming volume of subtle thought expressed in a graceful, transparent style, which the author of *Thorndale* has just issued under the title of *Gravenhurst*; or, *Thoughts on Good and Evil*. It opens with a delightful sketch of the village of Gravenhurst and its inhabitants. Then the author sets forth his matured conclusions on the great subject of evil; and the third part consists of conversations on happiness, punishment, suffering, as an element in our highest life, &c. To give an idea of this book we should require space for extracts; and, unfortunately, *Science* and *Art* claim all the space at our disposal. We will simply recommend every reader, fond of thoughtful writing on the moral aspects of life, to carry *Gravenhurst* with him into some delightful solitude.

SCIENCE.

Professor Roscoe has been delighting the audiences at the Royal Institution by a course of lectures on the most thrilling discovery of modern times—namely, the *spectrum analysis*. There are discoveries which flatter the imagination and exalt the mind, even when their immediate utility is by no means obvious; but this discovery of a process by which man can accurately ascertain the composition of the atmosphere of the sun and the stars, removed from us by such enormous distances, is not only thrilling to the imagination, but is also seen to be eminently useful; being, in fact, the most delicate method of chemical analysis which has yet been conceived. How is it possible? the reader will ask. How can we hope to know anything certain about the sun's atmosphere?

The marvels of science resemble the marvels of the conjuror in this, that no sooner are their methods explained, than the results appear remarkably simple. The discovery, and the trick which startled us by the inconceivability of the means effecting them, are found to depend on very simple expedients. Nothing can be more hopelessly puzzling to the uninitiated than the means by which we measure the velocity of Light. It is one thing to accept without question the statement that in a single second of time Light travels a distance of 192,000 miles—so that the whole journey from the sun to the earth is performed in eight and a quarter

minutes; it is another thing to realize to the mind *how* this is ascertained. In like manner we may accept submissively the statement that there are certain metals, such as iron and nickel, in the sun's atmosphere, whereas other metals, as copper and silver, are absent; but the discovery being recent, we are apt to demand the evidence which warrants such a statement. The answer, in both cases, is of beautiful simplicity.

The eclipses of Jupiter's satellites had been carefully noted. Tables had been formed of the exact times when these satellites would glide into the shadow of the planet. Rømer and others found that this took place about eight minutes sooner when the earth was between the sun and Jupiter, and about eight minutes later when the earth was beyond the sun. Hence it is clear that light travels across the earth's orbit in about sixteen minutes, and takes about eight minutes to travel from the sun to the earth. The distances having already been calculated, the velocity was easily ascertained.

And the sun's atmosphere? Remote as it is, it can be brought within our ken by means of that solar spectrum which revealed to the genius of Newton so many of the mysteries of light. He it was who discovered that a beam of light is not a simple thing, but is composed of distinct rays (or *waves*, to use modern language), each ray having different properties, each producing a distinct colour, or shade of colour. When these rays are united in a single beam, the various colours are merged in white light; but, by passing this beam through a prism, all the rays are *separated*; the beam itself is *bent*, or refracted, according to the well-known law of refraction; each ray, however, is bent in a different degree; so that the whole beam becomes spread out in a band of rainbow hues. The beam entered the prism as white light; it passes out as a band of violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red, in unequal quantities, of unequal width, but of very definite distinctness. This rainbow band is called the spectrum. Every ray has a *wave* of definite length—none less than the 60,000th of an inch, none greater than the 85,000th of an inch; any ethereal wave of less or greater length than these limits would not be *luminous*. It is on the length of the wave that the hue of the ray depends. The spectrum is, therefore, a beam of light decomposed into a series of constituent rays of various colours, spread out in the successive order of their wave-lengths.

Such being the spectrum, let us see how it teaches us the chemistry of the stars. Besides the seven colours which insensibly pass into each other, there are numerous dark lines across the spectral band, seeming to interrupt its continuity. What significance can there be in mere lines? At first one would be tempted to disregard them. They carry no meaning. But who knows what fact may not be intensely significant? These lines, at any rate, were measured, counted, tabulated. They were found to be invariable in the solar spectrum. They were found also in light reflected from clouds, from the moon, from the planets. In a word, they were constant in sunlight. The patient Fraunhofer found this, and

inferred much more. Inasmuch as each ray has its own colour, it is clear that wherever there is no colour in the spectrum there must be absence of the corresponding rays. If in a beam of light there are rays of every possible refrangibility between the extremes of red and violet, the spectral band will of course be occupied by them, no solution of continuity will exist, the rainbow band will be immaculate. But if from some cause the beam does not contain the rays of every degree of refrangibility, these absent rays will be represented in the spectrum by dark lines. It thus appears that in solar light there is a deficiency of many rays. What does that signify? If we compare the spectrum produced by artificial light, we shall learn. It is found that when the source of light is an incandescent solid or liquid—fused silver, or red-hot platinum, let us say—the spectrum is perfectly continuous. No dark lines interrupt the insensible gradations of colour. The rainbow band is immaculate. But if the flame be that of a gas, the spectrum is formed of *brilliant* lines, luminous stripes of colour. Chemists have long known that every metal, one may say every elementary substance, gives its own peculiar colour to flame; and they have now discovered that every such substance in a state of gaseous combustion gives its own peculiar luminous line to the spectrum thrown by the flame in which the substance is burning. Thus, a flame of coal gas throws its continuous spectrum of the seven colours; if in that flame we introduce a particle of sodium, a bright yellow line (known as the sodium line) will appear across the spectrum; if we introduce strontium, a brilliant red line will appear; and so on with every other substance. To indicate the miraculous delicacy of this mode of testing the presence of foreign substances in flame, we may startle the reader by assuring him that the presence of a quantity so infinitesimal as the 180,000,000th of a grain has been revealed by the spectrum!

Here let us pause for a moment to admire the grandeur and unexpectedness of scientific revelations, when from an agency so simple as that of a beam of light passed through a prism, Kirchoff and Bunsen have not only been able to detect the presence of substances lying quite beyond all other methods of detection, have not only been led to predict the existence of new metals, and to find what they predicted, but have brought the atmosphere of the sun, and the fixed stars, within the range of chemical analysis. This has been effected by the discovery that the *dark lines of the solar spectrum accurately correspond with the luminous lines of the artificial spectrum*. Fraunhofer inferred that the dark lines represented absent rays. What causes their absence? They are *intercepted*; and thus: Every chemical element in the gaseous state has the power of radiating and absorbing rays corresponding to the lines it exhibits in the spectrum; if the light radiated *from* this substance be the most intense, its lines in the spectrum will be luminous; if the light falling *upon* it be the most intense, then the substance absorbs more than it radiates, and its lines in the spectrum will be dark. In this latter case the gaseous body intercepts those rays of light falling upon it, which otherwise it would radiate.

Thus we have seen that a particle of sodium burning in a flame of gas produces its peculiar yellow line in the spectrum—and this line is found to correspond exactly with a certain dark line in the solar spectrum; but if the intense Drummond light be made to pass through this flame, in which the sodium is burning, then this sodium will *intercept* its peculiar rays; and thus, instead of throwing a luminous yellow line upon the spectrum, it will throw a dark line in the place where the yellow line was. All the rays from the Drummond light would pass through the flame, if no sodium were present, and would produce a *continuous* spectrum of seven colours; but the sodium intercepts, by absorbing, its own peculiar rays; a shade of colour is wanting, and hence the spectrum is lined. Mr. Roscoe showed this in a striking experiment. He placed a particle of sodium in a glass tube exhausted of air, and then heated the tube till it was filled with sodium vapour. When viewed in ordinary daylight, this tube was transparent; but when viewed by pure yellow sodium light it was almost opaque.

The reader foresees the conclusion: all the dark lines in the solar spectrum are produced by gases in the sun's atmosphere which intercept peculiar rays, absorbing them, acting as a screen between the incandescent mass of the sun and our earth. Many of the dark lines have been identified by means of bright lines in the artificial spectrum. When a solar spectrum is placed immediately above a spectrum formed by artificial light, the coincidence between the dark and the luminous lines is such as to dissipate every possible doubt. Mr. Roscoe describes his first sight of the iron spectrum compared with the solar spectrum:—"In the lower half of the field of the telescope were at least seventy brilliant iron lines of various colours, and of all degrees of intensity and breadth; whilst in the upper half of the field the solar spectrum cut up, as it were, by hundreds of dark lines, exhibited its steady light. Situated *exactly* above each of the seventy bright lines was a dark solar line. These lines did not only coincide with a degree of sharpness and precision perfectly marvellous, but the intensity and breadth of each bright line was so accurately preserved in the dark representatives, that the truth of the assertion that iron was contained in the sun flashed upon the mind at once."

Is it not a glorious discovery? Is it not marvellous that we should be able thus to assert positively that round the incandescent mass of the sun there is a dense atmosphere, containing, in a volatilized state, iron, nickel, chromium, sodium, potassium, and magnesium, such as exist on the surface of our earth? Silver and copper seem to be absent; and, what is still more remarkable, the two elements of our clay, silicium and aluminium, are wholly wanting! A new and potent Instrument of research is thus placed at the service of science. No imagination can prefigure its mighty results.

From the sun's atmosphere to tadpoles is a long stride; but we must take it; the progress of science is full of such contrasts. There are, indeed, some lofty minds to whom it will appear a ridiculous waste of

time, in all but idle schoolboys, to pay attention to animals so unimposing; trivial beasts, to be found in every roadside pond, can *they* claim our notice? Unimposing the tadpole is; common enough; neither beautiful, nor obviously useful; yet to the "seeing eye" it offers much. Doubtless these same superb philosophers would have shrugged pitying shoulders, had they beheld the patient Fraunhofer laboriously measuring and counting the lines on the solar spectrum; yet this labour has furnished the basis for the grand discovery of Kirchhoff and Bunsen, just rehearsed. Who shall say that patient students will not find, even in the tadpole, precious material? Already it has furnished infinitely more valuable material than the study of elephants. It has given us insight into the formation of tissues, the development of the blood and blood-vessels, the influence of external agents upon growth and development; whereas the elephant has given us nothing but a few amusing anecdotes. But what need is there to advocate the cause of the tadpole? He is the naturalist's friend. The Royal Society welcomes him, cherishes him, encourages "memoirs" about him, and is ready to-morrow, if need be, to make a "lion" of him.

The Royal Society has already welcomed the researches of Mr. John Higginbottom, and now again gives publicity to his "Observations and Experiments respecting the Influence of Light and Heat on the Development of the Tadpole." The reader is doubtless familiar with the famous experiments of Edwards, to the effect that, removed from the influence of light and heat, the development of the tadpole never reached maturity; that is to say, the animal *grew* into a gigantic tadpole, but would not *develop* into a frog. This has made some noise in the world. The present writer thought he had confirmed it by "experiments of control." He accelerated *development* at the expense of *growth*, under the influence of as much light and heat as was compatible with life; and produced the tiniest frogs perhaps ever seen. Since then Mr. Higginbottom (*Philosophical Transactions*, 1850, p. 431) and Prof. McDonnell, of Dublin (*Brown Séquard's Journal de la Physiologie*, 1859, p. 625), by numerous carefully conducted experiments, have proved that Edwards was wholly mistaken, and that the influence of Light is altogether inappreciable, while that of Temperature is all-important. Nothing can be more decisive than Mr. Higginbottom's newest experiments (*Proceedings of the Royal Society*, 1862, vol. xi. p. 532). He has three cellars cut out of the solid rock, into which daylight never enters. The deepest has a mean temperature of 51 degs. Fahr.; the middle cellar of 53 degs.; the uppermost cellar of 56 degs. In each cellar was placed a shallow vessel containing a quart of water, with grass, and twenty tadpoles. In the uppermost, or warmest cellar, ten were developed into frogs on the 8th of Sept.; in the middle cellar ten were developed on the 22nd; and in the lowest only eight were developed on the 20th October. Thus the absence of light did not prevent the development; but the increase of temperature accelerated it in very remarkable proportions.

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We are tempted to add here an observation which opens an interesting physiological inquiry. It is known that tadpoles on escaping from the egg devour the jelly in which the eggs were imbedded; and it is supposed that they are dependent on this for their first nutrition. We have this spring found that all the normal processes of growth and development go on in the *entire absence of all visible food*, jelly included. We separated three tadpoles immediately on their emerging from the egg, and placed them in a glass jar containing about two ounces of carefully filtered water, well exposed to the light, but not to any higher temperature than that of our room without a fire. In this water there was not a particle of anything visible; nevertheless, two of the animals survived for a month, increased in size nearly fourfold, and passed through the ordinary stages of development. The third died at the commencement of the fourth week. What does this indicate? It indicates either that the young embryo brings into the world a stock of material sufficient to supply the early demands of growth and development; or, that it can assimilate from filtered water the material required. Both alternatives are difficult to understand.

Another curious result has been reached by Mr. Higginbottom, that during its metamorphosis into a frog the tadpole *loses* two-thirds of its weight. This is a valuable illustration of the law that *development* is antagonistic to *growth*. It shows how expensive of material, development must be. Let us add that Geoffroy St. Hilaire found the weight of the chick, on its emergence from the egg, to be one-sixth less than the undeveloped egg, the weight of the shell in each case being included.

It is pleasant to find a scientific truth hidden under a popular prejudice; and such a truth seems to lie in the current belief of the influence of the moon upon the weather:

"Che fai tu, Luna, in ciel? dimmi che fai
Silenziosa Luna?"

sings Leopardi; and many other poets have asked the moon what she does besides drawing after her the sullen waves. The observant agricultural mind has long convinced itself that the moon, with her changes, brings change of weather. But the philosophic mind, failing to see any nexus between the two, has scouted this belief. What is the truth? Arago maintained that there was a greater average of rain at the new moon than at the full; a greater than Arago—our own Herschel—believes that the full moon disperses the clouds, and prevents their formation; and Humboldt found this opinion firmly fixed in the minds of the Peruvians. Recently a valuable basis of fact has been laid for theory. Mr. Park Harrison, fortified by the thermometric observations at Greenwich during the years 1814-1856, which furnish sixteen thousand reliable data, declares that there is a tolerably constant *increase* of temperature from the new moon to the full, and a *decrease* from the full moon to the first quarter. He also finds that the maximum of rainy or cloudy days corresponds with the first half of the lunar period; and the maximum of

fine clear days with the last half. He explains the facts by the dispersing action of the full moon upon the clouds. Indeed, if the full moon *does* disperse clouds, the inevitable consequence must be a lowering of the temperature, due to that rapid radiation of heat from the earth and lower strata of the atmosphere which is observed on clear nights. But has the moon this power? Sir John Herschel believes it has; and thus explains it. The heat-rays in moonlight are all but inappreciable, even by the most delicate instruments. Melloni found that the index of an extremely sensitive thermo-electric pile scarcely moved when a moonbeam was concentrated on it by a lens so powerful that a sunbeam thus converged would have burnt platinum into vapour. The heat-rays sent by the moon are intercepted and absorbed by our atmosphere. Being thus concentrated in the upper strata of the atmosphere, this heat necessarily raises the temperature of that region, and thus presents an obstacle to the formation of clouds, and tends to dissipate those already formed. The full moon will, therefore, clear the sky; and by so doing it will lower the temperature of the earth; whereas the new moon, deprived for some time of the sun's heat, is incapable of exercising a similar influence, and the rainy or cloudy days are, therefore, most frequent during the first half of the lunar period. This hypothesis is accepted by M. Leverrier; but it has been combated in the Académie des Sciences, and must still be considered *sub judice*.

ART.

The survey of Art is far less grateful to ordinary minds than a review of the month's science and literature, because it is less certain. The results are more confused, and the processes by which we get at them doubtful. This may not be because the painters who paint, and the public who are puzzled, are conscious of no sure standards of excellence in Art—of principles which should guide the hand, or canons which should instruct the eye. On the contrary, the true explanation may lie in this: that we have too much of dicta and principles—that too often the painter's aim is only to illustrate the resources and display the tricks of Art, while we, the public, have, for our part, been confused and terrified into accepting the result as *painting*, by critics whose genius crawls over a picture like a fly turned inventory-maker, or by bolder spirits possessed with a divine madness which fears nothing, doubts nothing, and teaches nothing. The critics have done infinite mischief in this way, both to painter and public. The general impression a stranger gets in walking through the Academy, and listening to the comments of the loungers there, is, that the show is contrived to stimulate a jargon about bits of colour, handling, texture, and so on; and that these phrases are invested with some such edification as the old lady got at church out of that blessed word *Mesopotamia*. This is very much the critic's work. Tell a painter that he has produced a splendid bit of colour, and he is a happy man; persuade a

spectator that he knows what a bit of colour *is*, and by-and-by you will find him proudly hanging his walls with things that have little more meaning, and no more life, than the bottles in a chemist's window. Technical effect appears to be the single end of nineteen painters out of twenty; and it has been elevated into such importance, such raptures of criticism have glorified it, that we have almost ceased to think of living thought, of vital force, as essential to a picture. Much gratification, no doubt, is to be got from these technical displays, and so there is out of the mechanical singing-bird, and a shower of fireworks, and these immortal verses:—

“ Where is Cupid's crimson motion,
Billowy ecstasy of woe?
Bear me hence, meandering ocean,
Where the stagnant torrents flow.”

To be sure, this is not poetry, but the rhyme and the rhythm, the sonorous succession of fine words and hazy images, *do* move the poetical faculty that is in man; and it is not till he comes to see that there is no meaning in the verses that his emotions take another turn. Now this nonsense, instead of being penned by a parodist, might have been limned by a serious painter ambitious of effect. The stagnant torrents, the billowy ecstasy, the crimson motion, have, in fact, been painted a thousand times; and we should have had meandering oceans too, if it had not been easier to paint seas equally miraculous, like that in Mr. Hook's “Acre,” in the present Exhibition, which is of an even blind blue, and three feet deep. But unhappily, when a painter succeeds in placing on canvas such a concatenation of foolishness as the parodist wrote, we do not so easily discover the trick. The eye—which, so to speak, has a stronger appetite and a grosser stomach—is cheated more than the ear; what is received by the one sense passes more slowly into the alembic of the mind, and carries more of obstinate plausible confusions to the test of truth and use. So much the worse for painting at the best; but if we had only been blessed with the guidance of intelligent critics, or left to our own blunt, untechnical common sense, we might have found our way by this time to the one inevitable test of excellence in Art as well as in poetry: the life there is in *it*, the thought it inspires in *us*. “Cupid's crimson motion!” cries the critic, “let me beseech you to fix your eye on Cupid's crimson motion. How rich, how tremulous is the colouring, transferred to the artist's canvas from the morning which breaks in light and hope, and the evening which sets in darkness and despair! An inferior painter, or one less bold, might have made violet of it”—and so, no doubt, Mr. Arthur Hughes *would*, for one. If a violet poet in a violet copse, or a violet domestic fireside with a whole violet family (see Mr. Hughes's pictures in the Academy Exhibition), why not Cupid's violet motion? Well, we go and fix our eye accordingly, and presently find ourselves in the dread state of the unfortunates, who look for ten minutes on a bit of metal for the purposes of an electro-biological lecturer. There is

no more sense in us—no more discrimination : we forget to ask what it all *means*.

It would be hard to say that such pictures as we are now talking of should not be exhibited ; for in Art, as well as in literature, every effort is gain which is not absolutely vicious. Technical effect, and what is called in slang phrase manipulation, is, of course, of high importance to Art, and delightful to those who love it ; still, the means are not the end, and the more we are satisfied with this kind of thing *alone*, the more likely is the public taste for pictures to rank at last with the ancient gusto for old china.

The great number of works exhibited at the Royal Academy every year contributes much also to confuse popular ideas of Art. It is presumed that the Academicians are good judges ; and as we hear of the rejection of pictures—even those of accomplished men—it is supposed that their judgment is exercised ; and yet dozens of pictures are displayed upon their walls in which we find nothing to admire at all. No doubt the explanation simply is that the Academicians think their walls *must be* covered, and that a thousand good pictures are not to be got for the purpose ; but the effect is to bewilder the speculations of the visitor, who is more apt to distrust his own judgment than an R.A.'s, and so proceeds to fancy beauties, to conjure up abstruse excellences, in works that have none. He thinks it must be the *chiaro-scuro* ; and wonders how he can dare to form an opinion of any picture, while he is blind to beauties which save a work false in sentiment, in colour, and in drawing. It is worse when such pictures are painted by an R.A. himself ; as we are sorry to see is the case with the present Exhibition. Mr. H. W. Pickersgill's "Blondel" is one of them, and the worst ; unless the "Return of the Crusader," by F. R. Pickersgill, R.A., is worse, as we hardly think it is. They are no better than a couple of drawing-room ballads on canvas. "Will you love me then as now ?" is as noble in sentiment, and as perfect in poetry, as these things are in painting. Nor is Mr. Hart—another R.A.—at all successful this year. His "Alchymist" and "Roman Peasant" are amongst the poorest attempts to represent flesh and blood in the whole Exhibition. It is impossible to persuade oneself into any belief in them. It is here, of course, once more, that the most signal failures are found—in what are called "bits of flesh." There are none ; or only a very few, and the many failures appear hopeless. Take Mr. Frost's picture, "Panope"—

"The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters played."

Panope and most of the sisters are sleek enough, and pink out of all conscience ; while, by way of contrast, two of them look as if they had been dyed in a dull decoction of tobacco. Mankind is of many tints, but this tint is unknown and impossible.

However, we are not disposed to say much about the bad pictures in this year's Exhibition of the Royal Academy ; it ought to content us that

they are not worse nor more numerous than usual. Besides, there is good reason to hope that the manifest and acknowledged superiority of the works of Mr. Leighton, Mr. Millais, Mr. Faed, and the younger men of the time, must soon put those pretenders to flight who cannot second their thought nor imitate their care. Mr. Leighton's contributions give us great satisfaction. We venture to say that a more *complete* picture than his "Odalisque" has not been seen on the walls of the Academy for many a year. A single figure, it is at all points a work of Art. The thought is not great, but it is the fruit of a fine fancy, and it is all told. It is full of poetical grace, and painted with care and learning as well as genius. This is how Mr. Tennyson writes an idyll; the butterflies that hover against the column might have been *his* suggestion, and translated to canvas from the poet's first thought. "Michel Angelo Nursing his Dying Servant," shows how various is Mr. Leighton's skill. True in the portraiture of soft, voluptuous, dreamy life, he is equally true in depicting the rigours of death when a man dies and another man looks on. The stern grief of Michel Angelo—one hand placed tenderly on his servant's shoulder, the other grasping a mallet with the revolt a strong man has at death—is great; but still more remarkable is the way in which the dying man is caught to the canvas as he sinks in his last swoon. The hands of this figure are wonderfully drawn. They tell at once of all the labour they have done, and how they can never work again. The face may look up again; it is certain the hands will move no more, and yet they are not quite dead, either.

Mr. Millais' "Trust Me," of which everybody has heard, is not so popular as most of his works have been, or as the "Ransom" is in the same Exhibition. This seems to be because people are puzzled to make out the story. What occurs to us is, that they would be just as much puzzled did they witness the same scene in real life; and that Mr. Millais is only the more faithful a painter for *preserving* the difficulties. Whether it is wise to choose such a subject is another thing. It is not a little triumph of skill to hold our faculties in suspension by meanings significant enough to hold them, and uncertain enough to baffle all conclusion; but the result is more pleasant to the painter than to the spectator; and there is all the less inducement to brood over an interpretation when we know that, if ascertained, it will add little to our satisfaction. It is really of no consequence what the letter is about, or whether the lady will trust her father with it after all; but, meanwhile, there are the two figures beautifully drawn, and the faces full of that very suspense and that speculation which the spectator cannot grapple in idea. The "Ransom"—a knight redeeming his children—is less ambiguous, but we confess we like it less. Its effect is rather theatrical: only the costumes vouch that it is a scene of an old time. It is worth noting that the *apparently* uncertain painting of the lady's face in "Trust Me" is exactly reproduced in the old jailor here, who half withholds his prisoners. In him, too, the interest of the moment is suspended; and the hesitation, the doubt, that

flickers into his keen face, is depicted in the same manner. Mr. Millais' technical skill is again shown to a wonder in the costumes and "accessories" of both these pictures; and he exhibits life itself in his portrait of Mrs. Freeman.

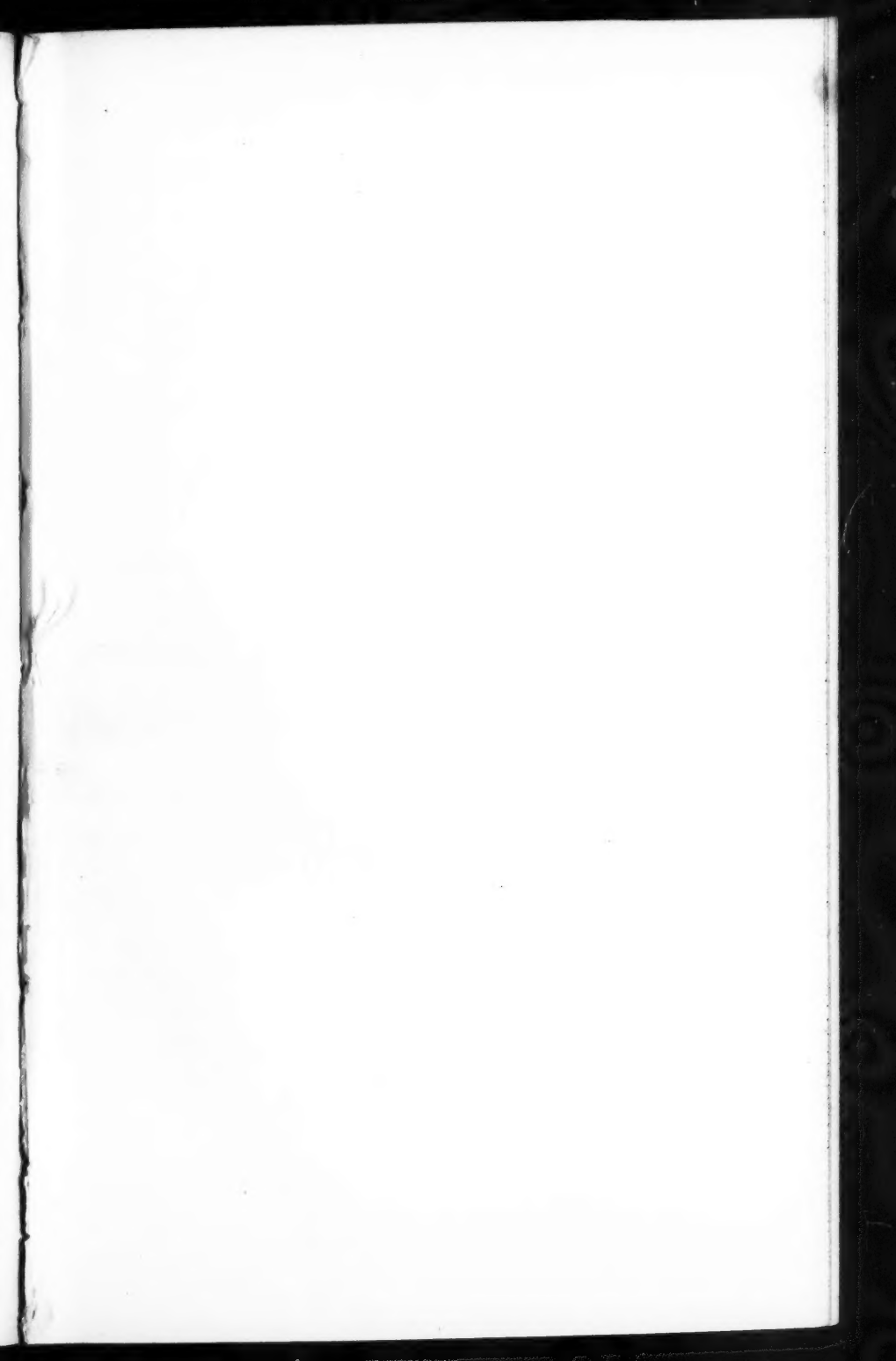
Mr. Faed has also a good little portrait. But his chief work represents an old soldier, listening, with closed eyes, while a story of new wars is being read to him by a young woman, his daughter. It is difficult to explain how admirable this work is without going much into detail. The eagerness with which the woman reads of battles in which her husband was engaged yesterday—the old man, who has ceased to hear her, because his mind has flown back to the scenes *he* fought in—his grandchild, who, meanwhile, is so busy dressing the old fellow's thumb up with a red handkerchief into the likeness of a soldier, make altogether a true picture full of human interest. We were almost equally struck with a work of Mr. Calderon's, "After the Battle." A party of marauding soldiers have come upon a child, who sits alone in his father's cottage on an overturned cradle. The little fellow sec-saws shyly as he answers the questions of the leader of the posse (who certainly doesn't mean to hurt or even to frighten him), and the attitude of these two is admirably natural; the child alone makes a charming picture, and the whole sentiment of the thing is very impressive. Mr. Paton's "Lullaby," in which a mother, seated before an organ, plays her child to sleep, must also be set down among the few pictures which are marked by original thought and pure feeling. The drawing is unequal, to be sure; but there is *mind* in the composition, and much skill both in colour and arrangement. Mr. Phillip is one of the soundest workmen in the Academy. His efforts are not pretentious, nor do they carry you very far; but he is a masterly painter, as the head of his "Water Carrier" would prove alone. Mr. Bedford, too, must be praised: his "Elijah and the Widow of Zarephath" is a work of extraordinary vigour. The "Death of Christopher Marlowe," by Mr. Wallis, ought to be seen out of the Exhibition, where the surrounding pictures stare down its modest worth. It certainly deserves more attention than the critics have given it as yet. Another interior (Mr. Horsley's)—a chamber of an ancient mansion, wherein the old people play chess and the young ones make love—it is impossible to neglect. Not that the figures are strikingly good; but the reality of the scene as a whole is incontestable. All the appointments of the room are painted with fidelity, and the sunshine that falls in upon the floor and touches the panelled walls, is marvellously true.

The landscapes in the Academy Exhibition show nothing more remarkable—if we except Mr. Herbert's indefinitely solemn "Laborare est Orare")—than the "Gleaners' Return," by Mr. W. Linnell. It is a sunset scene, in which the sky is all of flaming crimson, and the hill tops which meet it intensely blue. Here is some wonderful colouring, only it is unnatural. Such skies and such hills are not seen in England; or only as phenomena, which, if painted at all, should be painted as a record

for the Meteorological Society. Mr. Lee, Mr. Creswick, and other practised hands exhibit landscapes neither better nor worse than usual; the sea-painters do likewise; there is nothing in them all to say a word about. Here English Art stands still, at present, as it does in portraiture.

And now we must conclude our rapid survey of Art at the Royal Academy, which we began only with the intention of stating a few general conclusions—in brief, these: that the younger artists, become more sober and vigorous, are incontestably beating the old school off the field. By their invention and painstaking, the Blondels, and Panopes, and Crusaders Returning, are found out; and the wholesome influence of their success is seen distinctly in the works of older men as well as in the attempts of new aspirants. And thus, feeble as it often is, there is more of original effort in the present Exhibition than we remember to have seen in any previous year. It is found, at last, that a painter should put mind as well as imitative matter on the canvas; and till lately there was scarcely an artist in England who knew how to do either. Of course we are speaking now of artists who attempt the portraiture of human life. Landscape has always had true painters in England; though, we confess, they seem to be ceasing from the Royal Academy. The “old hands” still paint, and paint well; but to see the younger genius of the time we must go to the Exhibition of the Water Colour Society, and to the shows in which men like Mr. Vicat Cole are seen. Mr. Naish, by-the-by, belongs to the younger genius of the time, and he has a very good picture in the Academy. The Water Colour Exhibition is good throughout: it is *thorough*. A high harmonious excellence dwells in the place; you cannot move a yard without coming upon some exquisite specimen of skill, or some demonstration of true insight into nature. Chiefest amongst all are the works of Mr. W. Hunt—so marvellously true—and two heads of Eastern women by Mr. Burton. Art has produced nothing this year more perfect than these heads. Noble in drawing and colour, faithful to the firm live flesh they represent, they almost persuade us that whatever can be done in oil genius can accomplish in water-colour.

The popularity of Mr. Leech's Exhibition, in Piccadilly, is based on good grounds. His drawings (enlarged from the originals in *Punch*) are most valuable as illustrations of our social life—as records which History herself will turn to for instruction—and they are the work of a genuine artist too. Many of the scenes in which his unhappy Briggses figure are accurate transcripts from nature, and the way in which they are handled here, in colour, shows that if Mr. Leech had not been a greater humorist, he might have been an admirable landscape painter. And so, indeed, he is now.





MORE FREE THAN WELCOME.

Philip.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

IN WHICH SEVERAL PEOPLE HAVE THEIR TRIALS.



IF Philip and his friend had happened to pass through High Street, Marylebone, on their way to Thornhaugh Street to reconnoitre the Little Sister's house, they would have seen the Reverend Mr. Hunt, in a very dirty, battered, crestfallen and unsatisfactory state marching to Marylebone from the station, where the reverend gentleman had passed the night, and under the custody of the police. A convoy of street boys followed the prisoner and his guard, making sarcastic remarks on both. Hunt's appearance was not improved since we had the pleasure of meeting him on the previous evening. With a grizzled beard and hair, a dingy face, a dingy shirt, and a countenance mottled with dirt and drink, we may fancy the reverend man passing in tattered raiment through the street to

make his appearance before the magistrate.

You have no doubt forgotten the narrative which appeared in the morning papers two days after the Thornhaugh Street incident, but my clerk has been at the pains to hunt up and copy the police report, in which events connected with our history are briefly recorded.

"MARYLEBONE, *Wednesday*.—Thomas Tufton Hunt, professing to be a clergyman, but wearing an appearance of extreme squalor, was brought before Mr. Beaksby at this office, charged by Z 24, with being drunk and very disorderly on Tuesday se'nnight, and endeavouring by force and

threats to effect his re-entrance into a house in Thornhaugh Street, from which he had been previously ejected in a most unclerical and inebriated state.

"On being taken to the station-house, the reverend gentleman lodged a complaint on his own side, and averred that he had been stupefied and hocused in the house in Thornhaugh Street by means of some drug, and that whilst in this state he had been robbed of a bill for 383*l.*, drawn by a person in New York, and accepted by Mr. P. Firmin, barrister, of Parchment Buildings, Temple.

"Mrs. Brandon, the landlady of the house, No. —, Thornhaugh Street, has been in the habit of letting lodgings for many years past, and several of her friends, including Mr. Firmin, Mr. Ridley, the Rl. Acad., and other gentlemen, were in attendance to speak to her character, which is most respectable. After Z 24 had given evidence, the servant deposed that Hunt had been more than once disorderly and drunk before that house, and had been forcibly ejected from it. On the night when the alleged robbery was said to have taken place, he had visited the house in Thornhaugh Street, had left it in an inebriated state, and returned some hours afterwards vowing that he had been robbed of the document in question.

"Mr. P. Firmin said: 'I am a barrister, and have chambers at Parchment Buildings, Temple, and know the person calling himself Hunt. I have not accepted any bill of exchange, nor is my signature affixed to any such document.'

"At this stage the worthy magistrate interposed, and said that this only went to prove that the bill was not completed by Mr. F.'s acceptance, and would by no means conclude the case set up before him. Dealing with it, however, on the merits, and looking at the way in which the charge had been preferred, and the entire absence of sufficient testimony to warrant him in deciding that even a piece of paper had been abstracted in that house, or by the person accused, and believing that if he were to commit, a conviction would be impossible, he dismissed the charge.

"The lady left the court with her friends, and the accuser, when called upon to pay a fine for drunkenness, broke out into very unclerical language, in the midst of which he was forcibly removed."

Philip Firmin's statement that he had given no bill of exchange, was made not without hesitation on his part, and indeed at his friends' strong entreaty. It was addressed not so much to the sitting magistrate, as to that elderly individual at New York, who was warned no more to forge his son's name. I fear a coolness ensued between Philip and his parent in consequence of the younger man's behaviour. The doctor had thought better of his boy than to suppose that, at a *moment of necessity*, Philip would desert him. He forgave Philip, nevertheless. Perhaps since his marriage *other influences* were at work upon him, &c. The parent made further remarks in this strain. A man who takes your money is naturally offended if you remonstrate; you wound his sense of delicacy by protesting against his putting his hand in your pocket. The elegant doctor in

New York continued to speak of his unhappy son with a mournful shake of the head; he said, perhaps believed, that Philip's imprudence was in part the cause of his own exile. "This is not the kind of entertainment to which I would have invited you at my own house in England," he would say. "I thought to have ended my days there, and to have left my son in comfort, nay splendour. I am an exile in poverty: and he—but I will use no hard words." And to his female patients he would say: "No, my dear madam! Not a syllable of reproach shall escape these lips regarding that misguided boy! But you can feel for me; I know you can feel for me." In the old days, a high-spirited highwayman, who took a coach-passenger's purse, thought himself injured, and the traveller a shabby fellow, if he secreted a guinea or two under the cushions. In the doctor's now rare letters, he breathed a manly sigh here and there, to think that he had lost the confidence of his boy. I do believe that certain ladies of our acquaintance were inclined to think that the elder Firmin had been not altogether well used, however much they loved and admired the Little Sister for her lawless act in her boy's defence. But this main point we had won. The doctor at New York took the warning, and wrote his son's signature upon no more bills of exchange. The good Goodenough's loan was carried back to him in the very coin which he had supplied. He said that his little nurse Brandon was *splendide mendax*, and that her robbery was a sublime and courageous act of war.

In so far, since his marriage, Mr. Philip had been pretty fortunate. At need, friends had come to him. In moments of peril he had had succour and relief. Though he had married without money, fate had sent him a sufficiency. His flask had never been empty, and there was always meal in his bin. But now hard trials were in store for him: hard trials which we have said were endurable, and which he has long since lived through. Any man who has played the game of life or whist, knows how for one while he will have a series of good cards dealt him, and again will get no trumps at all. After he got into his house in Milman Street and quitted the Little Sister's kind roof, our friend's good fortune seemed to desert him. "Perhaps it was a punishment for my pride, because I was haughty with her, and—and jealous of that dear good little creature," poor Charlotte afterwards owned in conversation with other friends:—"but our fortune seemed to change when we were away from her, and that I must own."

Perhaps, when she was yet under Mrs. Brandon's roof, the Little Sister's provident care had done a great deal more for Charlotte than Charlotte knew. Mrs. Philip had the most simple tastes in the world, and upon herself never spent an unnecessary shilling. Indeed, it was a wonder, considering her small expenses, how neat and nice Mrs. Philip ever looked. But she never could deny herself when the children were in question; and had them arrayed in all sorts of fine clothes; and stitched, and hemmed all day and night to decorate their little persons; and in reply to the remonstrances of the matrons her friends, showed how it was

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impossible children *could* be dressed for less cost. If anything ailed them, quick, the doctor must be sent for. Not worthy Goodenough, who came without a fee, and pooh-poohed her alarms and anxieties; but dear Mr. Bland, who had a feeling heart, and was himself a father of children, and who supported those children by the produce of the pills, draughts, powders, visits, which he bestowed on all families into whose doors he entered. Bland's sympathy was very consolatory; but it was found to be very costly at the end of the year. "And, what then?" says Charlotte, with kindling cheeks. "Do you suppose we should grudge that money, which was to give health to our dearest, dearest babies? No. You can't have such a bad opinion of me as that!" And accordingly Mr. Bland received a nice little annuity from our friends. Philip had a joke about his wife's housekeeping which perhaps may apply to other young women who are kept by over-watchful mothers too much *in statu pupillari*. When they were married, or about to be married, Philip asked Charlotte what she would order for dinner? She promptly said she would order leg of mutton. "And after leg of mutton?" "Leg of beef, to be sure!" says Mrs. Charlotte, looking very pleased, and knowing. And the fact is, as this little housekeeper was obliged demurely to admit, their household bills increased *prodigiously* after they left Thornhaugh Street. "And I can't understand, my dear, how the grocer's book should mount up so; and the buttermen's, and the beer," &c. &c. We have often seen the pretty little head bent over the dingy volumes, puzzling, puzzling: and the eldest child would hold up a warning finger to ours, and tell them to be very quiet, as mamma was at her "atouts."

And now, I grieve to say, money became scarce for the payment of these accounts; and though Philip fancied he hid his anxieties from his wife, be sure she loved him too much to be deceived by one of the clumsiest hypocrites in the world. Only, being a much cleverer hypocrite than her husband, she pretended to be deceived, and acted her part so well that poor Philip was mortified with her gaiety, and chose to fancy his wife was indifferent to their misfortunes. She ought not to be so smiling and happy, he thought; and, as usual, bemoaned his lot to his friends. "I come home racked with care, and thinking of those inevitable bills; I shudder, sir, at every note that lies on the hall table, and would tremble as I dashed them open as they do on the stage. But I laugh and put on a jaunty air, and humbug Char. And I hear her singing about the house and laughing and cooing with the children, by Jove. *She's* not aware of anything. *She* does not know how dreadfully the *res domi* is squeezing me. But *before marriage* she did, I tell you. Then, if anything annoyed me, she divined it. If I felt ever so little unwell, you should have seen the alarm in her face! It was 'Philip, dear, how pale you are;' or, 'Philip, how flushed you are;' or, 'I am sure you have had a letter from your father. Why do you conceal anything from me, sir? You never should—never!' And now when the fox is gnawing at my side under my cloak, I laugh and grin so naturally that she believes I am all right, and she comes to meet

me flouncing the children about in my face, and wearing an air of consummate happiness! I would not deceive her for the world, you know. But it's mortifying. Don't tell me! It is mortifying to be tossing awake all night, and racked with care all day, and have the wife of your bosom chattering and singing and laughing, as if there were no cares, or doubts, or duns in the world. If I had the gout and she were to laugh and sing, I should not call that sympathy. If I were arrested for debt, and she were to come grinning and laughing to the sponging-house, I should not call that consolation. Why doesn't she feel? She ought to feel. There's Betsy, our parlour-maid. There's the old fellow who comes to clean the boots and knives. *They* know how hard up I am. And my wife sings and dances whilst I am on the verge of ruin, by Jove; and giggles and laughs as if life was a pantomime!"

Then the man and woman into whose ears poor Philip roared out his confessions and griefs, hung down their blushing heads in humbled silence. They are tolerably prosperous in life, and, I fear, are pretty well satisfied with themselves and each other. A woman who scarcely ever does any wrong, and rules and governs her own house and family, as my —, as the wife of the reader's humble servant most notoriously does, often becomes—must it be said?—too certain of her own virtue, and is too sure of the correctness of her own opinion. We virtuous people give advice a good deal, and set a considerable value upon that advice. We meet a certain man who has fallen among thieves, let us say. We succour him readily enough. We take him kindly to the inn, and pay his score there: but we say to the landlord, "You must give this poor man his bed; his medicine at such a time, and his broth at such another. But, mind you, he must have that physic, and no other; that broth when we order it. *We* take his case in hand, you understand. Don't listen to him or anybody else. We know all about everything. Good-by. Take care of him. Mind the medicine and the broth!" and Mr. Benefactor or Lady Bountiful goes away, perfectly self-satisfied.

Do you take this allegory? When Philip complained to us of his wife's friskiness and gaiety; when he bitterly contrasted her levity and carelessness with his own despondency and doubt, Charlotte's two principal friends were smitten by shame. "Oh, Philip! dear Philip!" his female adviser said (having looked at her husband once or twice as Firmin spoke, and in vain endeavoured to keep her guilty eyes down on her work), "Charlotte has done this, because she is humble, and because she takes the advice of friends who are not. She knows everything, and more than everything; for her dear tender heart is filled with apprehension. But we told her to show no sign of care, lest her husband should be disturbed. And she trusted in us; and she puts her trust elsewhere, Philip; and she has hidden her own anxieties, lest yours should be increased; and has met you gaily when her heart was full of dread. We think she has done wrong now; but she did so because she was so simple, and trusted in us who advised her wrongly. Now we see that there ought to

have been perfect confidence always between you, and that it is her simplicity and faith in us which have misled her."

Philip hung down his head for a moment, and hid his eyes; and we knew, during that minute when his face was concealed from us, how his grateful heart was employed.

"And you know, dear Philip——" says Laura, looking at her husband, and nodding to that person, who certainly understood the hint.

"And I say, Firmin," breaks in the lady's husband, "you understand, if you are at all—that is, if you—that is, if we can——"

"Hold your tongue!" shouts Firmin, with a face beaming over with happiness. "I know what you mean. You beggar, you are going to offer me money! I see it in your face; bless you both! But we'll try and do without, please heaven. And—and it's worth feeling a pinch of poverty to find such friends as I have had, and to share it with such a—such a—dash—dear little thing as I have at home. And I won't try and humbug Char any more. I'm bad at that sort of business. And good-night, and I'll never forget your kindness, never!" And he is off a moment afterwards, and jumping down the steps of our door, and so into the park. And though there were not five pounds in the poor little house in Milman Street, there were not two happier people in London that night than Charlotte and Philip Firmin. If he had his troubles, our friend had his immense consolations. Fortunate he, however poor, who has friends to help, and love to console him in his trials.

CHAPTER XL.

IN WHICH THE LUCK GOES VERY MUCH AGAINST US.



VERY man and woman amongst us has made his voyage to Lilliput, and his tour in the kingdom of Brobdingnag. When I go to my native country town, the local paper announces our arrival; the labourers touch their hats as the pony-chaise passes, the girls and old women drop curtsies; Mr. Hicks, the grocer and hatter, comes to his door, and makes a bow, and smirks and smiles. When our neighbour Sir John arrives at the hall, he is a still greater personage; the bell-ringers greet the hall family with a peal; the rector walks over on an early day, and pays his visit; and the farmers at market press round for a nod of recognition. Sir John at home is in Lilliput: in Belgrave Square he is in Brobdingnag, where almost everybody we meet is ever so much taller than ourselves.

"Which do you like best, to be a giant amongst the pigmies, or a pigmy among the giants?" I know what sort of company I prefer myself: but that is not the point. What I would hint is, that we possibly give ourselves patronizing airs before small people, as folks higher placed than ourselves give themselves airs before us. Patronizing airs? Old Miss Mumbles, the half-pay lieutenant's daughter, who lives over the plumber's, with her maid, gives herself in her degree more airs than any duchess in Belgravia, and would leave the room if a tradesman's wife sat down in it.

Now it has been said that few men in this city of London are so simple in their manners as Philip Firmin, and that he treated the patron whose bread he ate, and the wealthy relative who condescended to visit him, with a like freedom. He is blunt but not familiar, and is not a whit more polite to my lord than to Jack or Tom at the coffee-house. He resents familiarity from vulgar persons, and those who venture on it retire maimed and mortified after coming into collision with him. As for the people he loves, he grovels before them, worships their boot-tips, and their gown-

hems. But he submits to them, not for their wealth or rank, but for love's sake. He submitted very magnanimously at first, to the kindnesses and caresses of Lady Ringwood and her daughters, being softened and won by the regard which they showed for his wife and children.

Although Sir John was for the Rights of Man everywhere, all over the world, and had pictures of Franklin, Lafayette, and Washington in his library, he likewise had portraits of his own ancestors in that apartment, and entertained a very high opinion of the present representative of the Ringwood family. The character of the late chief of the house was notorious. Lord Ringwood's life had been irregular and his morals loose. His talents were considerable, no doubt, but they had not been devoted to serious study or directed to useful ends. A wild man in early life, he had only changed his practices in later life in consequence of ill health, and became a hermit as a Certain Person became a monk. He was a frivolous person to the end, and was not to be considered as a public man and statesman; and this light-minded man of pleasure had been advanced to the third rank of the peerage, whilst his successor, his superior in intellect and morality, remained a Baronet still. How blind the Ministry was which refused to recognize so much talent and worth! Had there been public virtue or common sense in the governors of the nation, merits like Sir John's never could have been overlooked. But Ministers were notoriously a family clique, and only helped each other. Promotion and patronage were disgracefully monopolized by the members of a very few families who were not better men of business, men of better character, men of more ancient lineage (though birth, of course, was a mere accident) than Sir John himself. In a word, until they gave him a peerage, he saw very little hope for the cabinet or the country.

In a very early page of this history mention was made of a certain Philip Ringwood, to whose protection Philip Firmin's mother confided her boy when he was first sent to school. Philip Ringwood was Firmin's senior by seven years; he came to Old Parr Street twice or thrice during his stay at school, condescended to take the "tips," of which the poor doctor was liberal enough, but never deigned to take any notice of young Firmin, who looked up to his kinsman with awe and trembling. From school Philip Ringwood speedily departed to college, and then entered upon public life. He was the eldest son of Sir John Ringwood, with whom our friend has of late made acquaintance.

Mr. Ringwood was a much greater personage than the baronet his father. Even when the latter succeeded to Lord Ringwood's estates and came to London, he could scarcely be said to equal his son in social rank; and the younger patronized his parent. What is the secret of great social success? It is not to be gained by beauty, or wealth, or birth, or wit, or valour, or eminence of any kind. It is a gift of Fortune, bestowed, like that goddess's favours, capriciously. Look, dear madam, at the most fashionable ladies at present reigning in London. Are they better bred, or more amiable, or richer, or more beautiful than yourself? See, good sir, the

men who lead the fashion, and stand in the bow window at Black's; are they wiser, or wittier, or more agreeable people than you? And yet you know what your fate would be if you were put up at that club. Sir John Ringwood never dared to be proposed there, even after his great accession of fortune on the earl's death. His son did not encourage him. People even said that Ringwood would blackball his father if he dared to offer himself as a candidate.

I never, I say, could understand the reason of Philip Ringwood's success in life, though you must acknowledge that he is one of our most eminent dandies. He is affable to dukes. He patronizes marquises. He is not witty. He is not clever. He does not give good dinners. How many baronets are there in the British empire? Look to your book, and see. I tell you there are many of these whom Philip Ringwood would scarcely admit to wait at one of his bad dinners. By calmly asserting himself in life, this man has achieved his social eminence. We may hate him; but we acknowledge his superiority. For instance, I should as soon think of asking him to dine with me, as I should of slapping the Archbishop of Canterbury on the back.

Mr. Ringwood has a meagre little house in May Fair, and belongs to a public office, where he patronizes his *chef*. His own family bow down before him; his mother is humble in his company; his sisters are respectful; his father does not brag of his own liberal principles, and never alludes to the rights of man in the son's presence. He is called "Mr. Ringwood" in the family. The person who is least in awe of him is his younger brother, who has been known to make faces behind the elder's back. But he is a dreadfully headstrong and ignorant child, and respects nothing. Lady Ringwood, by the way, is Mr. Ringwood's stepmother. His own mother was the daughter of a noble house, and died in giving birth to this paragon.

Philip Firmin, who had not set eyes upon his kinsman since they were at school together, remembered some stories which were current about Ringwood, and by no means to that eminent dandy's credit—stories of intrigue, of play, of various libertine exploits on Mr. Ringwood's part. One day, Philip and Charlotte dined with Sir John, who was talking and chirping, and laying down the law, and bragging away according to his wont, when his son entered and asked for dinner. He had accepted an invitation to dine at Garterton House. The duke had one of his attacks of gout just before dinner. The dinner was off. If Lady Ringwood would give him a slice of mutton, he would be very much obliged to her. A place was soon found for him. "And, Philip, this is your namesake, and, our cousin, Mr. Philip Firmin," said the baronet, presenting his son to his kinsman.

"Your father used to give me sovereigns, when I was at school. I have a faint recollection of you, too. Little white-headed boy, weren't you? How is the doctor, and Mrs. Firmin? All right?"

"Why, don't you know his father ran away?" calls out the youngest member of the family. "Don't kick me, Emily. He *did* run away!"

Then Mr. Ringwood remembered, and a faint blush tinged his face. "Lapse of time. I know. Shouldn't have asked after such a lapse of time." And he mentioned a case in which a duke, who was very forgetful, had asked a marquis about his wife who had run away with an earl, and made inquiries about the duke's son, who, as everybody knew, was not on terms with his father.

"This is Mrs. Firmin—Mrs. Philip Firmin!" cried Lady Ringwood, rather nervously; and I suppose Mrs. Philip blushed, and the blush became her; for Mr. Ringwood afterwards condescended to say to one of his sisters, that their new-found relative seemed one of your rough-and-ready sort of gentlemen, but his wife was really very well bred, and quite a pretty young woman, and presentable anywhere—really anywhere. Charlotte was asked to sing one or two of her little songs after dinner. Mr. Ringwood was delighted. Her voice was perfectly true. What she sang, she sang admirably. And he was good enough to hum over one of her songs (during which performance he showed that *his* voice was not exempt from little frailties), and to say he had heard Lady Philomela Shakerley sing that very song at Glenmavis, last autumn; and it was such a favourite that the duchess asked for it every night—actually every night. When our friends were going home, Mr. Ringwood gave Philip almost the whole of one finger to shake; and while Philip was inwardly raging at his impertinence, believed that he had entirely fascinated his humble relatives, and that he had been most good-natured and friendly.

I cannot tell why this man's patronage chafed and goaded our worthy friend so as to drive him beyond the bounds of all politeness and reason. The artless remarks of the little boy, and the occasional simple speeches of the young ladies, had only tickled Philip's humour, and served to amuse him when he met his relatives. I suspect it was a certain free-and-easy manner which Mr. Ringwood chose to adopt towards Mrs. Philip, which annoyed her husband. He had said nothing at which offence could be taken: perhaps he was quite unconscious of offending; nay, thought himself eminently pleasing: perhaps he was not more impertinent towards her than towards other women: but in talking about him, Mr. Firmin's eyes flashed very fiercely, and he spoke of his new acquaintance and relative, with his usual extreme candour, as an upstart, and an arrogant conceited puppy whose ears he would like to pull.

How do good women learn to discover men who are not good? Is it by instinct? How do they learn those stories about men? I protest I never told my wife anything good or bad regarding this Mr. Ringwood, though of course, as a man about town, I have heard—who has not?—little anecdotes regarding his career. His conduct in that affair with Miss Willowby was heartless and cruel; his behaviour to that unhappy Blanche Painter nobody can defend. My wife conveys her opinion regarding Philip Ringwood, his life, principles, and morality, by looks and silences which are more awful and killing than the bitterest words of sarcasm or reproof. Philip Firmin, who knows her ways, watches her features,

and, as I have said, humbles himself at her feet, marked the lady's awful looks, when he came to describe to us his meeting with his cousin, and the magnificent patronizing airs which Mr. Ringwood assumed.

"What?" he said, "you don't like him any more than I do? I thought you would not; and I am so glad."

Philip's friend said she did not know Mr. Ringwood, and had never spoken a word to him in her life.

"Yes; but you know of him," cries the impetuous Firmin. "What do you know of him, with his monstrous puppyism and arrogance?" Oh, Mrs. Laura knew very little of him. She did not believe—she had much rather not believe—what the world said about Mr. Ringwood.

"Suppose we were to ask the Woolcombes their opinion of your character, Philip?" cries that gentleman's biographer, with a laugh.

"My dear!" says Laura, with a yet severer look, the severity of which glance I must explain. The differences of Woolcombe and his wife were notorious. Their unhappiness was known to all the world. Society was beginning to look with a very, very cold face upon Mrs. Woolcombe. After quarrels, jealousies, battles, reconciliations, scenes of renewed violence and furious language, had come indifference, and the most reckless gaiety on the woman's part. Her home was splendid, but mean and miserable; all sorts of stories were rife regarding her husband's brutal treatment of poor Agnes, and her own imprudent behaviour. Mrs. Laura was indignant when this unhappy woman's name was ever mentioned, except when she thought how our warm, true-hearted Philip had escaped from the heartless creature. "What a blessing it was that you were ruined, Philip, and that she deserted you!" Laura would say. "What fortune would repay you for marrying such a woman?"

"Indeed it was worth all I had to lose her," says Philip, "and so the doctor and I are quits. If he had not spent my fortune, Agnes would have married me. If she had married me, I might have turned Othello, and have been hung for smothering her. Why, if I had not been poor, I should never have been married to little Char—and fancy not being married to Char!" The worthy fellow here lapses into silence, and indulges in an inward rapture at the idea of his own excessive happiness. Then he is scared again at the thought which his own imagination has raised.

"I say! Fancy being without the kids and Char!" he cries with a blank look.

"That horrible father—that dreadful mother—pardon me, Philip; but when I think of the worldliness of those unhappy people, and how that poor unhappy woman has been bred in it, and ruined by it—I am so, so, so—*enraged*, that I can't keep my temper!" cries the lady. "Is the woman answerable, or the parents, who hardened her heart, and sold her—sold her to that—O!" Our illustrious friend Woolcombe was signified by "that O," and the lady once more paused, choked with wrath as she thought about that O, and that O's wife.

"I wonder he has not Othello'd her," remarks Philip, with his hands in his pockets. "I should, if she had been mine, and gone on as they say she is going on."

"It is dreadful, dreadful to contemplate!" continues the lady. "To think she was sold by her own parents, poor thing, poor thing! The guilt is with them who led her wrong."

"Nay," says one of the three interlocutors. "Why stop at poor Mr. and Mrs. Twysden? Why not let them off, and accuse *their* parents? who lived worldly too in their generation. Or, stay; they descend from William the Conqueror. Let us absolve poor Weldone Twysden, and his heartless wife, and have the Norman into court."

"Ah, Arthur! Did not our sin begin with the beginning," cries the lady, "and have we not its remedy? Oh, this poor creature, this poor creature! May she know where to take refuge from it, and learn to repent in time!"

The Georgian and Circassian girls, they say, used to submit to their lot very complacently, and were quite eager to get to market at Constantinople and be sold. Mrs. Woolcombe wanted nobody to tempt her away from poor Philip. She hopped away from the old love, as soon as ever the new one appeared with his bag of money. She knew quite well to whom she was selling herself, and for what. The tempter needed no skill, or artifice, or eloquence. He had none. But he showed her a purse, and three fine houses—and she came. Innocent child, forsooth! She knew quite as much about the world as papa and mamma; and the lawyers did not look to her settlement more warily, and coolly, than she herself did. Did she not live on it afterwards? I do not say she lived respectably, but most comfortably: as Paris, and Rome, and Naples, and Florence can tell you, where she is well known; where she receives a great deal of a certain kind of company; where she is scorned and flattered, and splendid, and lonely, and miserable. She is not miserable when she sees children: she does not care for other persons' children, as she never did for her own, even when they were taken from her. She is of course hurt and angry, when quite common, vulgar people, not in society, you understand, turn away from her, and avoid her, and won't come to her parties. She gives excellent dinners which jolly fogeys, rattling bachelors, and doubtful ladies frequent: but she is alone and unhappy—unhappy because she does not see parents, sister, or brother? *Allons, mon bon Monsieur!* She never cared for parents, sister, or brother; or for baby: or for man (except once for Philip a little, little bit, when her pulse would sometimes go up two beats in a minute at his appearance). But she is unhappy, because she is losing her figure, and from tight lacing her nose has become very red, and the pearl powder won't lie on it somehow. And though you may have thought Woolcombe an odious, ignorant, and underbred little wretch, you must own that at least he had red blood in his veins. Did he not spend a great part of his fortune for the possession of this cold wife. For whom did *she* ever make a sacrifice, or feel a pang? I am

sure a greater misfortune than any which has befallen friend Philip might have happened to him, and so congratulate him on his escape.

Having vented his wrath upon the arrogance and impertinence of this solemn puppy of a Philip Ringwood, our friend went away somewhat soothed to his club in St. James's Street. The Megatherium Club is only a very few doors from the much more aristocratic establishment of Black's. Mr. Philip Ringwood and Mr. Woolcombe were standing on the steps of Black's. Mr. Ringwood waved a graceful little kid-gloved hand to Philip, and smiled on him. Mr. Woolcombe glared at our friend out of his opal eyeballs. Philip had once proposed to kick Woolcombe into the sea. He somehow felt as if he would like to treat Ringwood to the same bath. Meanwhile, Mr. Ringwood laboured under the notion that he and his new-found acquaintance were on the very best possible terms.

At one time poor little Woolcombe loved to be seen with Philip Ringwood. He thought he acquired distinction from the companionship of that man of fashion, and would hang on Ringwood as they walked the Pall Mall pavement.

"Do you know that great hulking, overbearing brute?" says Woolcombe to his companion on the steps of Black's. Perhaps somebody overheard them from the bow-window. (I tell you everything is overheard in London, and a great deal more too.)

"Brute, is he?" says Ringwood; "seems a rough, overbearing sort of chap."

"Blackguard doctor's son. Bankrupt. Father ran away," says the dusky man with the opal eyeballs.

"I have heard he was a rogue—the doctor; but I like him. Remember he gave me three sovereigns when I was at school. Always like a fellow who tips you when you are at school." And here Ringwood beckoned his brougham which was in waiting.

"Shall we see you at dinner? Where are you going?" asked Mr. Woolcombe. "If you are going towards——"

"Towards Gray's Inn, to see my lawyer; have an appointment there; be with you at eight!" And Mr. Ringwood skipped into his little brougham and was gone.

Tom Eaves told Philip. Tom Eaves belongs to Black's Club, to Bays's, to the Megatherium, I don't know to how many clubs in St. James's Street. Tom Eaves knows everybody's business, and all the scandal of all the clubs for the last forty years. He knows who has lost money and to whom; what is the talk of the opera box and what the scandal of the *coulisses*; who is making love to whose daughter. Whatever men and women are doing in May Fair, is the farrago of Tom's libel. He knows so many stories, that of course he makes mistakes in names sometimes, and says that Jones is on the verge of ruin, when he is thriving and prosperous, and it is poor Brown who is in difficulties; or informs us that Mrs. Fanny is flirting with Captain Ogle when both are as innocent of a flirtation as

you and I are. Tom certainly is mischievous, and often is wrong; but when he speaks of our neighbours he is amusing.

"It is as good as a play to see Ringwood and Othello together," says Tom to Philip. "How proud the black man is to be seen with him! Heard him abuse you to Ringwood. Ringwood stuck up for you and for your poor governor—spoke up like a man—like a man who sticks up for a fellow who is down. How the black man brags about having Ringwood to dinner! Always having him to dinner. You should have seen Ringwood shake him off! Said he was going to Gray's Inn. Heard him say Gray's Inn Lane to his man. Don't believe a word of it."

Now I dare say you are much too fashionable to know that Milman Street is a little *cul de sac* of a street, which leads into Guildford Street, which leads into Gray's Inn Lane. Philip went his way homewards, shaking off Tom Eaves, who, for his part, trolled off to his other clubs, telling people how he had just been talking with that bankrupt doctor's son, and wondering how Philip should get money enough to pay his club subscription. Philip then went on his way, striding homewards at his usual manly pace.

Whose black brougham was that?—the black brougham with the chestnut horse walking up and down Guildford Street. Mr. Ringwood's crest was on the brougham. When Philip entered his drawing-room, having opened the door with his own key, there sat Mr. Ringwood, talking to Mrs. Charlotte, who was taking a cup of tea at five o'clock. She and the children liked that cup of tea. Sometimes it served Mrs. Char for dinner when Philip dined from home.

"If I had known you were coming here, you might have brought me home and saved me a long walk," said Philip, "wiping a burning forehead."

"So I might—so I might!" said the other. "I never thought of it. I had to see my lawyer in Gray's Inn; and it was then I thought of coming on to see you, as I was telling Mrs. Firmin; and a very nice quiet place you live in!"

This was very well. But for the first and only time of his life, Philip was jealous.

"Don't drub so with your feet! Don't like to ride when you jog so on the floor," said Philip's eldest darling, who had clambered on papa's knee. "Why do you look so? Don't squeeze my arm, papa!"

Mamma was utterly unaware that Philip had any cause for agitation. "You have walked all the way from Westminster, and the club, and you are quite hot and tired!" she said. "Some tea, my dear?"

Philip nearly choked with the tea. From under his hair, which fell over his forehead, he looked into his wife's face. It wore such a sweet look of innocence and wonder, that, as he regarded her, the spasm of jealousy passed off. No: there was no look of guilt in those tender eyes. Philip could only read in them the wife's tender love and anxiety for himself.

But what of Mr. Ringwood's face? When the first little blush and hesitation had passed away, Mr. Ringwood's pale countenance reassumed that calm self-satisfied smile, which it customarily wore. "The coolness of the man maddened me," said Philip, talking about the little occurrence afterwards, and to his usual confidant.

"Gracious powers," cries the other. "If I went to see Charlotte and the children, would you be jealous of me, you bearded Turk? Are you prepared with sack and bowstring for every man who visits Mrs. Firmin? If you are to come out in this character, you will lead yourself and your wife pretty lives. Of course you quarrelled with Lovelace then and there, and threatened to throw him out of window then and there? Your custom is to strike when you are hot; witness ——"

"Oh, dear, no!" cried Philip, interrupting me. "I have not quarrelled with him yet." And he ground his teeth, and gave a very fierce glare with his eyes. "I sate him out quite civilly. I went with him to the door; and I have left directions that he is never to pass it again—that's all. But I have not quarrelled with him in the least. Two men never behaved more politely than we did. We bowed and grinned at each other quite amiably. But I own, when he held out his hand, I was obliged to keep mine behind my back, for they felt very mischievous, and inclined to —— Well, never mind. Perhaps it is, as you say; and he means no sort of harm."

Where, I say again, do women learn all the mischief they know? Why should my wife have such a mistrust and horror of this gentleman? She took Philip's side entirely. She said she thought he was quite right in keeping that person out of his house. What did she know about that person? Did I not know myself? He was a libertine, and led a bad life. He had led young men astray, and taught them to gamble, and helped them to ruin themselves. We have all heard stories about the late Sir Philip Ringwood; that last scandal in which he was engaged, three years ago, and which brought his career to an end at Naples, I need not, of course, allude to. But fourteen or fifteen years ago, about which time this present portion of our little story is enacted, what did she know about Ringwood's misdoings?

No: Philip Firmin did not quarrel with Philip Ringwood on this occasion. But he shut his door on Mr. Ringwood. He refused all invitations to Sir John's house, which, of course, came less frequently, and which then ceased to come at all. Rich folks do not like to be so treated by the poor. Had Lady Ringwood a notion of the reason why Philip kept away from her house? I think it is more than possible. Some of Philip's friends knew her; and she seemed only pained, not surprised or angry, at a quarrel which somehow *did* take place between the two gentlemen not very long after that visit of Mr. Ringwood to his kinsman in Milman Street.

"Your friend seems very hot-headed and violent-tempered," Lady Ringwood said, speaking of that very quarrel. "I am sorry he keeps

that kind of company. I am sure it must be too expensive for him."

As luck would have it, Philip's old school friend, Lord Ascot, met us a very few days after the meeting and parting of Philip and his cousin in Milman Street, and invited us to a bachelor's dinner on the river. Our wives (without whose sanction no good man would surely ever look a whitebait in the face) gave us permission to attend this entertainment, and remained at home, and partook of a tea-dinner (blessings on them!) with the dear children. Men grow young again when they meet at these parties. We talk of flogging, proctors, old cronies; we recite old school and college jokes. I hope that some of us may carry on these pleasant entertainments until we are fourscore, and that our toothless old gums will mumble the old stories, and will laugh over the old jokes with ever-renewed gusto. Does the kind reader remember the account of such a dinner at the commencement of this history? On this afternoon, Ascot, Maynard, Burroughs (several of the men formerly mentioned), re-assembled. I think we actually like each other well enough to be pleased to hear of each other's successes. I know that one or two good fellows, upon whom fortune has frowned, have found other good fellows in that company to help and aid them; and that all are better for that kindly free-masonry.

Before the dinner was served, the guests met on the green of the hotel, and examined that fair landscape, which surely does not lose its charm in our eyes because it is commonly seen before a good dinner. The crested elms, the shining river, the emerald meadows, the painted parterres of flowers around, all wafting an agreeable smell of *friture*, of flowers and flounders exquisitely commingled. Who has not enjoyed these delights? May some of us, I say, live to drink the '58 claret in the year 1900! I have no doubt that the survivors of our society will still laugh at the jokes which we used to relish when the present century was still only middle-aged. Ascot was going to be married. Would he be allowed to dine next year? Frank Berry's wife would not let him come. Do you remember his tremendous fight with Biggs? Remember? who didn't? Marston was Berry's bottleholder; poor Marston, who was killed in India. And Biggs and Berry were the closest friends in life ever after. Who would ever have thought of Brackley becoming serious, and being made an archdeacon? Do you remember his fight with Ringwood? What an infernal bully he was, and how glad we all were when Brackley thrashed him. What different fates await men! Who would ever have imagined Nosey Brackley a curate in the mining districts, and ending by wearing a rosette in his hat? Who would ever have thought of Ringwood becoming such a prodigious swell and leader of fashion? He was a very shy fellow; not at all a good-looking fellow: and what a wild fellow he had become, and what a lady-killer. Isn't he some connection of yours, Firmin? Philip said yes, but that he had scarcely met Ringwood at all. And one man after another told anecdotes of Ringwood; how he

had young men to play in his house; how he had played in that very "Star and Garter;" and how he always won. You must please to remember that our story dates back some sixteen years, when the dice-box still rattled occasionally, and the king was turned.

As this old school gossip is going on, Lord Ascot arrives, and with him this very Ringwood about whom the old schoolfellows had just been talking. He came down in Ascot's phaeton. Of course, the greatest man of the party always waits for Ringwood. "If we had had a duke at Greyfriars," says some grumbler, "Ringwood would have made the duke bring him down."

Philip's friend, when he beheld the arrival of Mr. Ringwood, seized Firmin's big arm, and whispered—

"Hold your tongue. No fighting. No quarrels. Let bygones be bygones. Remember, there can be no earthly use in a scandal."

"Leave me alone," says Philip, "and don't be afraid."

I thought Ringwood seemed to start back for a moment, and perhaps fancied that he looked a little pale, but he advanced with a gracious smile towards Philip, and remarked, "It is a long time since we have seen you at my father's."

Philip grinned and smiled too. "It *was* a long time since he had been in Hill Street." But Philip's smile was not at all pleasing to behold. Indeed, a worse performer of comedy than our friend does not walk the stage of this life.

On this the other gaily remarked he was glad Philip had leave to join the bachelor's party. Meeting of old schoolfellows very pleasant. Hadn't been to one of them for a long time: though the "Friars" was an abominable hole: that was the truth. Who was that in the shovel-hat? a bishop? what bishop?"

It was Brackley, the Archdeacon, who turned very red on seeing Ringwood. For the fact is, Brackley was talking to Pennystone, the little boy about whom the quarrel and fight had taken place at school, when Ringwood had proposed forcibly to take Pennystone's money from him. "I think, Mr. Ringwood, that Pennystone is big enough to hold his own now, don't you?" said the Archdeacon; and with this the Venerable man turned on his heel, leaving Ringwood to face the little Pennystone of former years; now a gigantic country squire, with health ringing in his voice, and a pair of great arms and fists that would have demolished six Ringwoods in the field.

The sight of these quondam enemies rather disturbed Mr. Ringwood's tranquillity.

"I was dreadfully bullied at that school," he said, in an appealing manner, to Mr. Pennystone. "I did as others did. It was a horrible place, and I hate the name of it. I say, Ascot, don't you think that Barnaby's motion last night was very ill-timed, and that the Chancellor of the Exchequer answered him very neatly?"

This became a cant phrase amongst some of us wags afterwards.

Whenever we wished to change a conversation, it was, "I say, Ascot, don't you think Barnaby's motion was very ill-timed; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer answered him very neatly?" You know Mr. Ringwood would scarcely have thought of coming amongst such common people as his old schoolfellows, but seeing Lord Ascot's phaeton at Black's, he condescended to drive down to Richmond with his lordship, and I hope a great number of his friends in St. James's Street saw him in that noble company.

Windham was the chairman of the evening—elected to that post because he is very fond of making speeches to which he does not in the least expect you to listen. All men of sense are glad to hand over this office to him: and I hope, for my part, a day will soon arrive (but I own, mind you, that I do not carve well) when we shall have the speeches done by a skilled waiter at the side table, as we now have the carving. Don't you find that you splash the gravy, that you mangle the meat, that you can't nick the joint in helping the company to a dinner-speech? I, for my part, own that I am in a state of tremor and absence of mind before the operation; in a condition of imbecility during the business; and that I am sure of a headache and indigestion the next morning. What then? Have I not seen one of the bravest men in the world, at a city-dinner last year, in a state of equal panic? . . . I feel that I am wandering from Philip's adventures to his biographer's, and confess I am thinking of the dismal *fiasco* I myself made on this occasion at the Richmond dinner.

You see, the order of the day at these meetings is to joke at everything—to joke at the chairman, at all the speakers, at the army and navy, at the venerable the legislature, at the bar and bench, and so forth. If we toast a barrister we show how admirably he would have figured in the dock: if a sailor, how lamentably sea-sick he was: if a soldier, how nimbly he ran away. For example, we drank the Venerable Archdeacon Brackley and the army. We deplored the perverseness which had led him to adopt a black coat instead of a red. War had evidently been his vocation, as he had shown by the frequent battles in which he had been engaged at school. For what was the *other* great warrior of the age famous? for that Roman feature in his face, which distinguished, which gave a name to, our Brackley—a name by which we fondly clung (cries of "Nosey, nose!") Might that feature ornament ere long the face of—one of the chiefs of that army of which he was a distinguished field-officer! Might—Here I confess I fairly broke down, lost the thread of my joke—at which Brackley seemed to look rather severe—and finished the speech with a gobble about regard, esteem, everybody respect you, and good health, old boy—which answered quite as well as a finished oration, however the author might be discontented with it.

The Archdeacon's little sermon was very brief, as the discourses of sensible divines sometimes will be. He was glad to meet old friends—to make friends with old foes (loud cries of "Bravo, Nosey!") In the battle of life, every man must meet with a blow or two; and every brave one would take his facer with good humour. Had he quarrelled with any old school-

fellow in old times? He wore peace not only on his coat, but in his heart. Peace and good will were the words of the day in the army to which he belonged; and he hoped that all officers in it were animated by one *esprit de corps*.

A silence ensued, during which men looked towards Mr. Ringwood, as the "old foe" towards whom the Archdeacon had held out the hand of amity: but Ringwood, who had listened to the Archdeacon's speech with an expression of great disgust, did not rise from his chair—only remarking to his neighbour Ascot, "Why should I get up? Hang him, I have nothing to say. I say, Ascot, why did you induce me to come into this kind of thing?"

Fearing that a collision might take place between Philip and his kinsman, I had drawn Philip away from the place in the room to which Lord Ascot beckoned him, saying, "Never mind, Philip, about sitting by the lord," by whose side I knew perfectly well that Mr. Ringwood would find a place. But it was our lot to be separated from his lordship by merely the table's breadth, and some intervening vases of flowers and fruits through which we could see and hear our opposite neighbours. When Ringwood spoke "of this kind of thing," Philip glared across the table, and started as if he was going to speak; but his neighbour pinched him on the knee, and whispered to him, "Silence—no scandal. Remember!" The other fell back, swallowed a glass of wine, and made me far from comfortable by performing a tattoo on my chair.

The speeches went on. If they were not more eloquent they were more noisy and lively than before. Then the aid of song was called in to enliven the banquet. The Archdeacon, who had looked a little uneasy for the last half hour, rose up at the call for a song, and quitted the room. "Let us go too, Philip," said Philip's neighbour. "You don't want to hear those dreadful old college songs over again?" But Philip sulkily said, "You go, I should like to stay."

Lord Ascot was seeing the last of his bachelor life. He liked those last evenings to be merry; he lingered over them, and did not wish them to end too quickly. His neighbour was long since tired of the entertainment, and sick of our company. Mr. Ringwood had lived of late in a world of such fashion that ordinary mortals were despicable to him. He had no affectionate remembrance of his early days, or of anybody belonging to them. Whilst Philip was singing his song of Doctor Luther, I was glad that he could not see the face of surprise and disgust which his kinsman bore. Other vocal performances followed, including a song by Lord Ascot, which, I am bound to say, was hideously out of tune; but was received by his near neighbour complacently enough.

The noise now began to increase, the choruses were fuller, the speeches were louder and more incoherent. I don't think the company heard a speech by little Mr. Vanjohn, whose health was drunk as representative of the British Turf, and who said that he had never known anything about the turf or about play, until their old schoolfellow, his dear friend—his

swell friend, if he might be permitted the expression—Mr. Ringwood, taught him the use of cards; and once, in his own house, in May Fair, and once in this very house, the "Star and Garter," showed him how to play the noble game of Blind Hookey. "The men are drunk. Let us go away, Ascot. I didn't come for this kind of thing!" cried Ringwood, furious, by Lord Ascot's side.

This was the expression which Mr. Ringwood had used a short time before, when Philip was about to interrupt him. He had lifted his gun to fire then, but his hand had been held back. The bird passed him once more, and he could not help taking aim. "This kind of thing is very dull, isn't it, Ringwood?" he called across the table, pulling away a flower, and glaring at the other through the little open space.

"Dull, old boy? I call it doosed good fun," cries Lord Ascot, in the height of good humour.

"Dull? What do you mean?" asked my lord's neighbour.

"I mean, you would prefer having a couple of packs of cards, and a little room, where you could win three or four hundred from a young fellow? It's more profitable and more quiet than 'this kind of thing.'"

"I say, I don't know what you mean!" cries the other.

"What! You have forgotten already? Has not Vanjohn just told you, how you and Mr. Deuceace brought him down here, and won his money from him; and then how you gave him his revenge at your own house in——"

"Did I come here to be insulted by that fellow?" cries Mr. Ringwood, appealing to his neighbour.

"If that is an insult, you may put it in your pipe and smoke it, Mr. Ringwood!" cries Philip.

"Come away, come away, Ascot! Don't keep me here listening to this bla——"

"If you say another word," says Philip, "I'll send this decanter at your head!"

"Come, come—nonsense! No quarrelling! Make it up! Everybody has had too much! Get the bill, and order the omnibus round!" A crowd was on one side of the table, and the other. One of the cousins had not the least wish that the quarrel should proceed any further.

When, being in a quarrel, Philip Firmin assumes the calm and stately manner, he is perhaps in his most dangerous state. Lord Ascot's phaeton (in which Mr. Ringwood showed a great unwillingness to take a seat by the driver) was at the hotel gate, an omnibus and a private carriage or two were in readiness to take home the other guests of the feast. Ascot went into the hotel to light a final cigar, and now Philip springing forward, caught by the arm the gentleman sitting on the front seat of the phaeton.

"Stop!" he said. "You used a word just now——"

"What word? I don't know anything about words!" cries the other, in a loud voice.

"You said 'insulted,'" murmured Philip, in the gentlest tone.

"I don't know what I said," said Ringwood, peevishly.

"I said, in reply to the words which you forget, 'that I would knock you down,' or words to that effect. If you feel in the least aggrieved, you know where my chambers are—with Mr. Vanjohn, whom you and your mistress inveigled to play cards when he was a boy. You are not fit to come into an honest man's house. It was only because I wished to spare a lady's feelings that I refrained from turning you out of mine. Good-night, Ascot!" and with great majesty Mr. Philip returned to his companion and the Hansom cab which was in waiting to convey these two gentlemen to London.

I was quite correct in my surmise that Philip's antagonist would take no further notice of the quarrel to Philip, personally. Indeed, he affected to treat it as a drunken brawl, regarding which no man of sense would allow himself to be seriously disturbed. A quarrel between two men of the same family:—between Philip and his own relative who had only wished him well?—It was absurd and impossible. What Mr. Ringwood deplored was the obstinate ill-temper and known violence of Philip, which were for ever leading him into these brawls, and estranging his family from him. A man seized by the coat, insulted, threatened with a decanter! A man of station so treated by a person whose own position was most questionable, whose father was a fugitive, and who himself was struggling for precarious subsistence! The arrogance was too great. With the best wishes for the unhappy young man, and his amiable (but empty-headed) little wife, it was impossible to take further notice of them. Let the visits cease. Let the carriage no more drive from Berkeley Square to Milman Street. Let there be no presents of game, poultry, legs of mutton, old clothes, and what not. Henceforth, therefore, the Ringwood carriage was unknown in the neighbourhood of the Foundling, and the Ringwood footmen no more scented with their powdered heads the Firmins' little hall-ceiling. Sir John said to the end that he was about to procure a comfortable place for Philip, when his deplorable violence obliged Sir John to break off all relations with the most misguided young man.

Nor was the end of the mischief here. We have all read how the gods never appear alone—the gods bringing good or evil fortune. When two or three little pieces of good luck had befallen our poor friend, my wife triumphantly cried out, "I told you so! Did I not always say that heaven would befriend that dear, innocent wife and children; that brave, generous, imprudent father?" And now when the evil days came, this monstrous logician insisted that poverty, sickness, dreadful doubt and terror, hunger and want almost, were all equally intended for Philip's advantage, and would work for good in the end. So that rain was good, and sunshine was good; so that sickness was good, and health was good; that Philip ill was to be as happy as Philip well, and as thankful for a sick house and an empty pocket as for a warm fireside and a comfortable larder. Mind, I ask no Christian philosopher to revile at his

ill-fortunes, or to despair. I will accept a toothache (or any evil of life) and bear it without too much grumbling. But I cannot say that to have a tooth pulled out is a blessing, or fondle the hand which wrenches at my jaw.

"They can live without their fine relations, and their donations of mutton and turnips," cries my wife with a toss of her head. "The way in which those people patronized Philip and dear Charlotte was perfectly intolerable. Lady Ringwood knows how dreadful the conduct of that Mr. Ringwood is, and—and I have no patience with her!" How, I repeat, do women know about men? How do they telegraph to each other their notices of alarm and mistrust? and fly as birds rise up with a rush and a skurry when danger appears to be near? All this was very well. But Mr. Tregarvan heard some account of the dispute between Philip and Mr. Ringwood, and applied to Sir John for further particulars; and Sir John—liberal man as he was and ever had been, and priding himself little, heaven knew, on the privilege of rank, which was merely adventitious—was constrained to confess that this young man's conduct showed a great deal too much *laissez aller*. He had constantly, at Sir John's own house, manifested an independence which had bordered on rudeness; he was always notorious for his quarrelsome disposition, and lately had so disgraced himself in a scene with Sir John's eldest son, Mr. Ringwood—had exhibited such brutality, ingratitude and—and inebriation, that Sir John was free to confess he had forbidden the gentleman his door.

"An insubordinate, ill-conditioned fellow, certainly!" thinks Tregarvan. (And I do not say, though Philip is my friend, that Tregarvan and Sir John were altogether wrong regarding their protégé.) Twice Tregarvan had invited him to breakfast, and Philip had not appeared. More than once he had contradicted Tregarvan about the Review. He had said that the Review was not getting on, and if you asked Philip his candid opinion, it would not get on. Six numbers had appeared, and it did not meet with that attention which the public ought to pay to it. The public was careless as to the designs of that Great Power which it was Tregarvan's aim to defy and confound. He took counsel with himself. He walked over to the publisher's and inspected the books; and the result of that inspection was so disagreeable, that he went home straightway and wrote a letter to Philip Firmin, Esq., New Milman Street, Guildford Street, which that poor fellow brought to his usual advisers.

That letter contained a cheque for a quarter's salary, and bade adieu to Mr. Firmin. The writer would not recapitulate the causes of dissatisfaction which he felt respecting the conduct of the Review. He was much disappointed in its progress, and dissatisfied with its general management. He thought an opportunity was lost which never could he recovered for exposing the designs of a Power which menaced the liberty and tranquillity of Europe. Had it been directed with proper energy that Review might have been an axis to that threatened liberty, a lamp to lighten the

darkness of that menaced freedom. It might have pointed the way to the cultivation *bonarum literarum*; it might have fostered rising talent, it might have chastised the arrogance of so-called critics; it might have served the cause of truth. Tregarvan's hopes were disappointed: he would not say by whose remissness or fault. He had done *his* utmost in the good work, and, finally, would thank Mr. Firmin to print off the articles already purchased and paid for, and to prepare a brief notice for the next number, announcing the discontinuance of the Review; and Tregarvan showed my wife a cold shoulder for a considerable time afterwards, nor were we asked to his tea-parties, I forget for how many seasons.

This to us was no great loss or subject of annoyance: but to poor Philip? It was a matter of life and almost death to him. He never could save much out of his little pittance. Here were fifty pounds in his hand, it is true; but bills, taxes, rent, the hundred little obligations of a house, were due and pressing upon him; and in the midst of his anxiety, our dear little Mrs. Philip was about to present him with a third ornament to his nursery. Poor little Tertius arrived duly enough; and, such hypocrites were we, that the poor mother was absolutely thinking of calling the child Tregarvan Firmin, as a compliment to Mr. Tregarvan, who had been so kind to them, and Tregarvan Firmin would be such a pretty name, she thought. We imagined the Little Sister knew nothing about Philip's anxieties. Of course, she attended Mrs. Philip through her troubles, and we vow that we never said a word to her regarding Philip's own. But Mrs. Brandon went in to Philip one day, as he was sitting very grave and sad with his two first-born children, and she took both his hands, and said, "You know, dear, I have saved ever so much: and I always intended it for—you know who." And here she loosened one hand from him, and felt in her pocket for a purse, and put it into Philip's hand, and wept on his shoulder. And Philip kissed her, and thanked God for sending him such a dear friend and gave her back her purse, though indeed he had but five pounds left in his own when this benefactress came to him.

Yes: but there were debts owing to him. There was his wife's little portion of fifty pounds a year, which had never been paid since the second quarter after their marriage, which had happened now more than three years ago. As Philip had scarce a guinea in the world, he wrote to Mrs. Baynes, his wife's mother, to explain his extreme want, and to remind her that this money was due. Mrs. General Baynes was living at Jersey at this time in a choice society of half-pay ladies, clergymen, captains, and the like, among whom I have no doubt she moved as a great lady. She wore a large medallion of the deceased General on her neck. She wept dry tears over that interesting cameo at frequent tea-parties. She never could forgive Philip for taking away her child from her, and if any one would take away others of her girls, she would be equally unforgiving. Endowed with that wonderful logic with which women are

blessed, I believe she never admitted, or has been able to admit to her own mind, that she did Philip or her daughter a wrong. In the tea-parties of her acquaintance she groaned over the extravagance of her son-in-law and his brutal treatment of her blessed child. Many good people agreed with her and shook their respectable noddles when the name of that prodigal Philip was mentioned over her muffins and Bohea. He was prayed for ; his dear widowed mother-in-law was pitied, and blessed with all the comfort reverend gentlemen could supply on the spot. " Upon my honour, Firmin, Emily and I were made to believe that you were a monster, sir—with cloven feet and a forked tail, by George !—and now I have heard your story, by Jove, I think it is you, and not Eliza Baynes, who were wronged. She has a deuce of a tongue, Eliza has : and a temper—poor Charles knew what *that* was ! " In fine, when Philip, reduced to his last guinea, asked Charlotte's mother to pay her debt to her sick daughter, Mrs. General B. sent Philip a ten-pound note, open, by Captain Swang, of the Indian army, who happened to be coming to England. And that, Philip says, of all the hard knocks of fate, has been the very hardest which he has had to endure.

But the poor little wife knew nothing of this cruelty, nor, indeed, of the poverty which was hemming round her curtain ; and in the midst of his griefs, Philip Firmin was immensely consoled by the tender fidelity of the friends whom God had sent him. Their griefs were drawing to an end now. Kind readers all, may your sorrows, may mine, leave us with hearts not embittered, and humbly acquiescent to the Great Will !





A RECOGNITION.

